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HOURS
OF
SUN
AND
SHADE



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H O U R S
OF
S U N A N D S H A D E;

MUSINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE;

WITH

TRANSLATIONS FROM SIXTY LANGUAGES.

BY

VERNON DE MONTGOMERY,

(AUTHOR OF "THE IMMORTAL," &C.)

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

"From my heart the unbidden rhyme
Gush'd forth,"—GOETHE.

LONDON:
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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,
THE BRITISH LITERARY ANNUAL.

(Consisting of Original Poems, Tales, Essays, Sketches, &c.
by living Writers,)

Edited by VERNON DE MONTGOMERY, Author of "Hours of
Sun and Shade," &c.

The Editor will feel much obliged to any one who would forward him further contributions. He solicits the efforts of amateur writers as well as the productions of known Authors. Each and all will receive his best attention.

The Author of this Volume will be happy to Lecture, gratuitously, at any time and place, in aid of any good cause.

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PREFACE.

DEAR READER,

THE greater part of this Volume was produced amid great sorrow and suffering, when the mind was darkened with grief and the body aching with pain. Some of the pieces were composed at the age of sixteen. The *Eternal* was written eight years ago, in my eighteenth year. No one can be more aware of the many imperfections of this book than myself, and I trust what future works I may be permitted to produce will be free from the blemishes of the present one. Yet I hope that, with all its imperfections, you may still find something worthy of perusal—something that will find its way to your heart and strike a responsive chord.

If, when your spirit is bowed with grief, and your countenance shaded with sorrow—if, at those sacred moments, anything that I have written will shed but one ray of sunshine within your clouded heart, then will I hope to be forgiven for aught that needs forgiveness.

My earnest desire is to consecrate whatever talents my Creator has endowed me with, to the advancement of His glory, and the welfare of mankind. Although the accomplishment may be weak, the purpose is strong.

I am but tuning my harp: the quivering chords are but vibrating with a feeble prelude; yet I hope hereafter to boldly sweep my lyre, till its tones swell into noble, lofty strains.

Farewell for a while, dear Reader, and that the Almighty may bless you and all dear unto you, is the heartfelt wish of

THE AUTHOR.

4, Chapel Terrace, Johnson Street,
Kensington.

The Author of this Work is preparing another Volume of Prose and Verse for publication. Subscribers Names to be forwarded to the Author.

ERRATA.

- Page 26, line 3, *for gleaming, read gleamings.*
,, 27, line 3, *for it, read its.*
,, 42, line 25, *for gems, read germs.*
,, 175, line 7, *for where, read were.*
,, 178, line 38, *for obeys, read obey.*

The River of Death ...	90
Life ...	91
Sonnet to a Bee in December ...	92
Christmas-Eve ...	92
Sonnet, A Midsummer-Eve ...	93
To——— ...	93
The Stream ...	94
The Grave of my Love ...	94
A Summer Sabbath Afternoon ...	95
Lines with a Bouquet ...	95
Happiness ...	95
Solitary Musings ...	96
Home ...	98
Roses ...	99
The Grandmother ...	99
Sunset, Twilight, Night ...	101
The Crucifixion ...	115
Fear Not ...	116
A Thanksgiving and a Prayer ...	117
The Roses ...	119
The Ocean ...	119
Lines with a Wreath of Wild Flowers ...	120
To——— ...	121
The Rose and the Maiden ...	121
Memory ...	121
To Lady —— ...	122
Oh, Come to me, Love ...	122

ADDITIONS.

A Lecture upon Knowledge ...	126
The Huntsmen ...	149
Remorse ...	150
To the Queen ...	151
To a Departed Spirit ...	152
The Sea and the Soul ...	153
An Appeal to Humanity ...	154
To the Rev. —— ...	154
Life ...	155
Kindness to Animals ...	155
Two Pictures ...	157
The Sister-Roses, A Story for Children ...	158
The Gooseberry Bush, A Story for Children ...	159
Mortality and Immortality ...	160
The Dying Child ...	162
The Sun ...	163
An Ecstasy ...	164
Fragments ...	164

TRANSLATIONS.

The Golden Mean. From the Latin	-	-	169
Epigram. From the Greek	-	-	169
Fancy. From the German	-	-	170
The Love of God. From the Provençal	-	-	171
The Wanderer's Night-Song. From the German	-	-	171
Audi Alteram Partem. From the Greek	-	-	172
The Wave. From the German	-	-	172
The Lark. From the Slavonic	-	-	173
The Rose. From the Persian	-	-	173
Justice. From the Chinese	-	-	173
The Lyre. From the Italian	-	-	174
Lines. From the Chinese	-	-	174
Spring. From the Batavian	-	-	174
The Bird's Nest. From the Spanish	-	-	175
My Angel-Child. From the Polish	-	-	175
A New Year's Lay. From the German	-	-	176
The Departed. From the Bohemian	-	-	176
Invocation to Sleep. From the Spanish	-	-	177
Time. From the Hungarian	-	-	177
The Vow. From the Russian	-	-	177
The Temple of Death. From the French	-	-	178
Man's Ingratitude. From the Franciscan	-	-	178
To-Night. From the Swedish	-	-	179
Faithfulness. From the Polish	-	-	179
The Boy and the Butterfly. From the Italian	-	-	179
The Tree of Hope. From the Spanish	-	-	181
Lines. From the Dutch	-	-	181
The Floweret. From the German	-	-	182
Beauty. From the Italian	-	-	182
To Sweden. From the Danish	-	-	183
Spring. From the Turkish	-	-	183
May. From the Alemannic	-	-	183
Epitaph on an Infant. From the Portuguese	-	-	184
The Soul of Love. From the German	-	-	184
Admonitions. From the Hindoostanee	-	-	185
Ever Near Me. From the Magyar	-	-	185
Spring. From the Suabian	-	-	185
My Friendly Host. From the German	-	-	186
The Captive's Song. From the Welsh	-	-	186
A Thunder Storm. From the French	-	-	187
Thoughts. From the German	-	-	188
An Inscription. From the Sanscrit	-	-	188
Reynard's Misdeeds. From the Flemish	-	-	188
On the Death of a Child. From the Syriac	-	-	189

A Recompense. From the Armenian	-	-	182
The Blessings of Life. From the Tamil	-	-	189
The Song of the Sun. From the Icelandic	-	-	190
A Creed. From the Ferroe	-	-	190
Epigram. From the Moldavian	-	-	190
The Bridal. From the Rouman	-	-	190
God Eternal. From the Karen	-	-	191
Malvina's Song. From the Gaelic	-	-	191
Knowledge. From the Arabic	-	-	191
Farewell. From the German	-	-	191
The Knight of Malaga. From the Catalanian	-	-	192
Farewell. From the Bengalee	-	-	192
A Proverb. From the Mairattee	-	-	192
Balder the Good. From the Norwegian	-	-	193
Proverbs, &c. From the Basque, Romaic, Celtic, Coptic, Breton, Ethiopic, Georgian, Bulgarian, Singhalese, and Malagasse	-	-	193
The Lover to the Maiden. From the Lappish	-	-	194
Generosity. From the Persian	-	-	194
Praise the Lord. From the Anglo-Saxon	-	-	194
A Dirge. From the Albanian	-	-	194
Mira. From the Servian	-	-	195
A Proverb. From the Hebrew	-	-	195
Proverbs. From the Guzeruttee	-	-	195
Faults. From the Telugu	-	-	195
The Day's Duties. From the Burmese	-	-	195
Opinions of the Press	-	-	196

THE ETERNAL.

"From everlasting to everlasting thou art God."-- Psalm xc 2.

Oh Thou, th' Eternal, the Omnipotent,
The Omnipresent, God, Jehovah, Lord,
In whom all glorious attributes are blent,
The "King of kings," the Holy, the Adored !
Oh Thou, the Great, "I Am," the Infinite,
Creator of air, ocean, sky, and earth,
Of worlds invisible to mortal sight,
But seen by Thee, who call'd them into birth !
Of Thee I sing, to Thee for evermore
Let my adoring strains in humble reverence soar.

Oh Thou, th' Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The Three divided, yet the Three in One ;
Whose viewless throne glows 'mid th' angelic host,
Who wert ere time its mystic reign begun,
Who art whilst time endures, and still wilt be
When time shall be no more, ever the same ;
Author of time and of eternity,
Oh let me meekly breathe Thy sacred Name !
Give me the power Thou gav'st to him of old,
Who in undying verse Thy glories did unfold.*

Speak to my shadow'd heart, illumine mine eyes,
Fill me with holy thoughts, my lips inspire ;
Oh thrill my ears with heavenly melodies,
With quenchless glory set my soul on fire.
I deeply feel my utter helplessness :
I'm weak and faint, but Thou can'st make me strong ;
Oh grant my prayer, my feeble efforts bless,
And as I trembling tune my solemn song ;
Let me not seek my own but Thy best praise,
For I am Thine, and Thine these tributary lays.

* Milton.

Oh for a mind imbued with heavenly light,
 To sound Thy glories in immortal strain !
 Oh for a glimpse of that eestatic sight,
 My yearning soul is longing to attain !
 Oh for one ray of splendour from above,
 To dissipate the shades that cloud my thought ;
 To tell of Thy unfathomable love
 In seraph-tones with mighty meaning fraught ;
 Of the o'erpowering, never-waning rays
 Which stream from Thee, and dazzle e'en th' arch-
 angel's gaze !

Oh for celestial wings, to soar away
 Up through the voiceless void of starry space,
 Oh spirit-pinions rise to endless day ;
 Higher and higher mount, until my face
 Reflected lustre flowing from the throne,
 And my rapt soul drank in the melody
 Pour'd forth by seraphs' lips, whose every tone
 Is born of purest love eternally !
 Oh could I gaze on those unnumber'd throngs,
 And bear my lowly part in their adoring songs !

Myriads of angels chant incessant praise,
 With Thy irradiating glory crown'd,
 And myriads more will swell their joyful lays
 When the archangel's wak'ning trump shall sound ;
 When time shall cease, and bursting from their tombs,
 The blest shall soar on glitt'ring wings above,
 Ascend from silent and cimmerian glooms
 To a resplendent home of perfect love,—
 A home too pure for souls unpurified,
 A home for God-like minds, by God's light glorified.

Angelic beauty, spirit loveliness,
 Outlustres all that man can ever tell,
 Whose best conceptions sink to nothingness
 Contrasted with the inconceivable.
 The painter's pencil, and the poet's pen,
 The tongue with language eloquently fraught,
 The sculptor's life-like art, oh where, oh when
 Have these e'er drawn, e'er written, spoke, or wrought
 A painting, poem, thought, or form so bright
 As e'en the least of the seraphic sons of light !

Oh for the power to paint the heav'nly view,
 Glowing beyond the star-besprinkled sea,
 So deeply, calmly, beautifully blue,
 Where Cynthia sails in queenly majesty !
 It far transcends a cloudless summer day,
 Surpassing high ambition's loftiest dreams,
 More dazzling than the fire-illumined way
 Where vivid lightnings flash in flaming streams ;
 Sublimar than the night with beauty crown'd,
 Brighter than brightest morn dispersing glooms profound.

— Eye never hath beheld so fair a land,
 Either in real or ideal sight,
 As that vast realm where white-robed seraphs stand
 Wing-veil'd before the throne so purely white,
 Whence God-blest beams magnificently sail,
 In floods of lustre infinitely bright,
 Whose splendours pierce the cloud-unsullied veil,
 And gem the vault with orbs of radiant light.
 Picturing its scenes, the awed, bewilder'd mind,
 Closes its stricken eyes, with burning glories blind.

Ear hath not heard of half its happiness ;
 The fire-speech'd tongue would be quite impotent
 To give a faint description of the bliss
 The immortal spirit feels, whilst lowly bent
 Before th' almighty, everlasting King,
 Bathed in translucent light, and pouring praise ;
 While the eternal arch is echoing
 With hallelujahs, with the lofty lays
 Of blessed and innumerable throngs,
 That strike their golden harps, and sing their glorious
 songs.

Fancy hath never unto Thought reveal'd,
 In noblest flights, a region so sublime
 As that by the dark veil of Death conceal'd,
 The loveliest, happiest, and holiest clime ;
 Where God, the Highest, dwells for evermore,
 The Sovereign, Friend, and Life of that bright host—
 A King whose boundless reign shall ne'er be o'er,—
 The Mighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The Three in One, and yet the One in Three.
 The Mystery of God. Divine Trinity.

Eden, that heav'n on earth, where fadeless flowers
 Of sweetest fragrance and of varied hue,
 Adorn'd the God-frequented vernal bowers,
 Where Peace and Happiness together grew,
 Where glorious Beauty reign'd,—that cloudless scene
 Was fairer far than fancy can devise,—
 Brighter than poet's pen can paint ; but e'en
 Its amaranthine groves, its azure skies,
 Bore no comparison to heaven above,
 That home of ceaseless bliss and everlasting love.

Great God ! unclouded Sun of that pure land,
 Illuminating with Thy presence there
 The beautiful, the mighty, blissful band,
 For ever youthful and for ever fair ;
 Whose love-tuned voices blend in one sweet song
 Of " glory to the Lamb,"—to Thee, to Thee
 Flow those resounding strains of praise along,
 Have flow'd since thy creative energy
 Call'd into being the first grateful world,
 Flow'd when this earth chaotic through dark space
 was hurl'd.

On Fancy's wings I part the silent air,
 And heav'n-ward take my far ideal flight,
 Soaring in rapture from a world of care
 To a blest home with love and glory bright.
 I gaze upon the fading earth below—
 How well-defined each less'ning part appears :
 Its mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,—
 Majestic trees strong with their many years ;
 Its trackless wilds, dark woods, and rivers deep ;
 Its homes, whose habitants are wrapt in midnight sleep ;—

The boundless sea, whose ever-restless breast
 Heaves with earth's varied wealth, and bears it o'er
 Its moon-illumin'd waves, with beauty blest,
 That gently flow to kiss the sleeping shore.
 Amazed, enraptured at the thrilling sight,
 I soar away from still-decreasing earth,
 With swifter speed to the grand starry height,
 Thinking of Him who call'd these scenes to birth ;
 Stupendous Mind, whose power can ne'er be told,
 That could create all this I tremblingly behold !

All this, and more : for as I higher rise,
 I pass new worlds of mightier magnitude ;
 And as I strain my wonder-stricken eyes
 To where, a few short moments since, I view'd
 The earth a globe,—lo ! now a twinkling star
 It hangs in the infinity of space :
 And all around, above, beneath, afar,
 With dazzled sight imperfectly I trace
 Worlds rolling restless round and rushing past,
 Than sunlit pearls more bright, than space-drown'd
 earth more vast.

Still, still I rise, with countless worlds around,
 Productions of the Great Eternal Mind ;
 And as I higher mount, more globes abound,
 While those vast orbs now gleaming far behind,
 Are dwindling into starry gems of light :
 Now they are gone—quite imperceptible.
 But what is yonder scene, supremely bright ?
 Oh 'tis the home of the Adorable !
 It widens, brightens, as I higher rise ;
 Faintly I hear the murmur of its melodies.

Soar, wings of fancy,—faster soar away ;
 Oh bear me up to yonder land sublime !
 Mount with still swifter speed, nor tire, nor stay,
 Till ye have pass'd through all the realms of time,
 To the light-mantled mansions far above,
 Where God the Father, Son, and Spirit lives,
 Breathing o'er all His creatures peace and love,
 And with His glorious presence ever gives
 A blessedness to those that round Him dwell
 Too high for thought to grasp, too pure for tongue to tell.

I see a light, like to a star, descending ;
 A ray it parted from the lustrous blaze :
 Swiftly to me its brilliant course 'tis wending—
 Oh how it dazzles, while it fills my gaze !
 Mine eyes are overpower'd with blinding light
 The floods of splendour streaming all around :
 Nearer, still nearer to my fading sight
 An angel cometh.—Hark ! oh, sweetest sound !
 It is the waving of those holy wings
 That greet my list'ning ears with heav'nly whisperings

Unwonted bliss ! I feel his piercing glance :
 Revivifying light illumines my soul ;
 I am enveloped in a heav'nly trance ;
 The clouds of darkness from my vision roll,
 And I can look undazzled on the face—
 The angel-face, suffused with lucent light,
 Beamingly bright with every glorious grace,
 Filling my heaving heart with rich delight,—
 A foretaste of those endless joys above,—
 A drop of purest bliss from the clear Fount of love.

“ Spirit of light, list to a mortal's cries !
 Uplure me to the world of deathless day ;
 Unveil to me the splendours of the skies ;
 Let me drink in the heav'n-resounding lay
 That to th' Eternal floats from hosts like thee :
 For one short hour, oh waft me to thy home !
 That land above this vast immensity :
 Guide thou the way ; my vision longs to roam
 O'er that grand scene—to gaze on shining throngs
 That fill the golden courts with everlasting songs.”

In soft melodious tones, with beaming look,
 The angel answers : “ By the Lord's command,
 Erewhile His glorious Presence I forsook,
 To bear thee through this God-lit, pathless land.”
 He grasps my trembling form, and swiftly flies,
 Like rapid lightning-flash athwart the sky :
 The starry orbs dart by my dazzled eyes,
 In endless numbers, keenest brilliancy !
 Beneath is space, studded with gems of light ;
 Above a peerless realm, with wondrous glories bright.

I see the throne where the Eternal reigns,
 The city where the great Redeemer lives ;
 I hear the murmur of the blissful strains
 That burst from those to whom all joy He gives :
 Th' illuminating splendour is descending,
 And steepes us in transcendent streams of light,
 As with undrooping wings my guide is wending
 Fast to the pearly gates his homeward flight ;
 The portal's past—oh, glorious, glorious day !
 Here thought itself seems lost, and dazzled dies away.

Far as my sight can range angelic throngs,

With crowns of glory on each radiant brow,
Strike golden harps, and pour melodious songs,

Tuned ever in Jehovah's praise as now.

"Glory and honour to the Lamb," they sing,

"And praise and power to Him upon the throne:"

While myriads more the words are echoing;

And as they pass the King that reigns alone,

In adoration bends each spirit low,

While lucid floods of living lustre o'er them flow.

- Around, above, beneath, upon the King

All glories are sublimely merged in One,—

The Fount whence suns innumerable spring.

The brightest, purest, never-setting Sun.

Oh, what vast multitudes bend lowly there,

Veiling their stricken eyes with meeting wings:

Their hymns of glory fill the holy air,

That wanders on in joyous journeyings,

Bearing the angels' melodies along

To distant white-robed groups, who sing the same
sweet song.

Vainly I strive to pierce the sacred veil

Enveloping th' Eternal Source of Light;

Dazzling refulgences before me sail,

Withholding God from my sin-clouded sight.

Borne down by streams of sparkling brilliancy,

Heav'n fades away from my entranced view,

I sink in the illimitable sea

Of star-gemm'd space, and far amid the blue

I trace once more the glimm'ring form of earth,—

Ah now how insignificant, how small its worth!

Oh, how can human mind its language raise

To tell the glory of the Deity?

Sublimest eloquence, in loftiest lays,

Hymn'd by the universe, my God, to Thee,

Fails to describe how vastly Thou art wise.

Oh, insufficient is its ceaseless praise,

Inadequate the blending themes that rise

From heav'n and earth, the multifarious lays

From mortal and immortal ranks to tell

The boundless goodness of the Grand Invisible!

Oh ! beautiful is all that 'Thou hast made,
 Angels and men, heav'n, ocean, earth, and sky,
 Morning and night, the sunshine and the shade,
 Whose varied beauties with each other vie ;
 The flower-wreath'd Spring, with her bright beauties
 blushing ;

The golden Summer, with its sky of blue,
 Refresh'd with zephyrs, with cool fountains gushing ;
 The sombre Autumn weeping an adieu ;
 The snowy Winter, with his icy chains.
 Robing in spotless garments, valleys, hills, and plains.

Wave, wave, ye trees, in whisp'ring melody,
 To Him who made you in such beauty rise ;
 Sound, sound your praises over wood and lea,
 To the all-seeing God, the Great All-Wise,
 Who caused the flowers to gem the teeming earth,
 The rill, the stream, the mighty deep to roll ;
 Who call'd all beings, great and small, to birth ;—
 From burning Indus to the frozen pole
 Teach every heart to recognize the Lord,
 That in all lands His Name may ever be adored.

Flow, flow, ye streams, and as ye glide along,
 Murmur your softest, sweetest lays to Him,
 Utter your melodies in rapturous song,—
 Pour a sublime, an everlasting hymn
 Unto the Great Beneficent, the King
 Of time, of death, and of eternity ;
 And thou, resounding ocean, grandly sing
 To Him who was, who is, and is to be :
 Voices of many waters, be ye blent
 In praises to the Lord our God Omnipotent.

Awake, ye warblers, in your moon-lit bowers,
 Unite in one rich grateful concert now ;
 From your sweet homes among the fragrant flowers
 Let those thanksgiving carols ever flow
 To Him who form'd you with harmonious strains,
 That fill the universe with joyous praise ;
 Pour forth your melody, till it attains
 Yon glorious home, and mingles with the lays
 That love-fill'd seraphs sing, with glory bright,
 Whose guileless hearts o'erflow with constant calm
 delight.

And lovely flowers, oh beautiful fair flowers !

Mute monitors, preachers of peace and love,—
Smiling in gardens, woodlands, fields, and bowers,—

Earth's brightest gems, types of a home above,—

Oh, sweetly mingle all your rich perfume ;

In one vast eloud of incense let it float

To where unfading flowers for angels bloom,

And where the blest adoringly devote

Their being; attributes, their all, to Him

Before whose glorious Face e'en heav'n's own light
grows dim.

Awake, ye wandering winds, your whisperings ;

And rousing Nature from her death-like trance,

Wave over water, woods, and wilds your wings,

Rustling the leaves as onward ye advance ;

In soft tones murmur your wide-spreading lay,

And waft the music of trees, birds, and streams,—

Oh bear it with the flowers' perfumes away

To where Jehovah's sacred glory beams ;

There lowly lay them down before the throne,

And thus with prayer and praise His holy Presence
own :—

“ Accept the gift, O God for ever blest,

Which of Thine own we offer unto Thee,

To whom, Almighty Father, is address'd

The worship of all things incessantly.

Small is the offering we humbly bring,

For all that Thou hast wrought upon the earth ;

But Thon from whom all life at first did spring,

Who call'd us all into a happy birth—

Oh, may we feel Thy ever-guiding hand

In all Thy works, made and upheld by Thy command.”

Methinks I hear the prayer the breezes sigh,

Pouring their gifts at the Creator's feet ;

Methinks I hear the echoing melody

From spotless seraphs, that sublimely greet

With holy music, bliss in every tone,

The praise and incense floating through the air.

They humbly bow before the great white throne,

List to the hallow'd lays that mingle there,

And waft them on their wings thro' heav'n's blest bowers,

To mingle with their songs and amaranthine flowers.

* * * * *

A LECTURE ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

“ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

KEATS.

THE beautiful is developed in every work of the Almighty ; it beams from all which His infinite mind has created and is still creating. He, the Eternal God, is its inexhaustible Source—its overwhelming Fount ; and deriving it from Him, heaven, earth, ocean and air are filled with, and incessantly pour forth, the beautiful. We hear it in innumerable melodies, and the heart is enraptured with the sweet music of its beloved voice ;—we gaze upon it in its myriad hues and shapes, and are lost in silent admiration at its constant and unfading charms ;—we feel its all-pervading influence continually penetrating our inmost souls, illuminating all within and without, creating a blossoming garden amid the desert of life, —delighting the senses with its glorious colours and sweet fragrances, until this world becomes a paradise below. There is not a spot on earth but beams with its imperishable impression ; there is not a drop of the ocean but sparkles with its transcendent light ; the air is filled with its resplendent hues ; and the deep blue sky, that boundless canopy—now appearing so calmly clear, its vast expanse unbroken by a solitary cloud ; now streaked with fleecy cloudlets flushed with the rosy tints of the rising or the setting sun, and now richly jewelled with innumerable stars, and chastely illumined with the silvery beams of the vestal moon—throughout the day and throughout the night presents the grandest pictures of the beautiful. Above, beneath, around, its ever-smiling face is unceasingly seen, and all the productions of the Omnipotent, in all their varied aspects, are ever robed with the illimitable mantle of beauty. The world-arousing beams of the morning—the trance-like stillness of the noon—the harmonious colours of the sunset, which the Creator only could mingle—the thoughtful, memory-awakening twilight—the magnificence of the star-crowned night—the solemn grandeur of the warring elements, when dazzling lightnings flash and reverberating thunders peal—the prismatic hues of the prophetic rainbow, that token of everlasting covenant between God and

man—the multitudinous sights and sounds of ever-changing nature—the smiling Spring, scattering her bright garlands of flowers over the melodious earth—the radiant Summer, enriching it with glowing fruits—the sombre Autumn, painting it in russet tints—the snowy Winter, arraying it in robes of spotless whiteness;—each of these unveils a glorious picture of the beautiful, all its own. Earth, with her myriad voices, is incessantly pouring the sublimest music to the Creator, and heaven exultingly resounds with seraphs' songs; and ever mingling in the melodies of heaven and earth, the beautiful returns to its Author, to receive fresh lustre and make all which it visits more lovely still. Who can gaze upon the beautiful, and not be captivated with the varied yet ever-pleasing aspects it assumes? Who can listen to its innumerable yet sweetly harmonizing voices, and not feel a thrill of ecstasy? Who can inhale the beautiful, and not feel steeped in glowing bliss? It comforts the weary soul; it lightens the burthened heart; it encircles life in a celestial halo—a fadeless, amarathine garland; it descended from above, and it is incessantly rising upward, and still upward, to the throne of the Almighty, wafting upon its rainbow wings the thanksgivings of the sweet spots it has visited.—Where fair flowers are brightly blooming and gently trembling at the soft sighs of the wooing zephyr;—in Flora's bowers, in shady groves, and solemn woods, ringing with the melodies of the song-birds;—where the rill ripples slowly along o'er its pebbly bed, now gliding unseen yet not in silence 'neath o'er-arching branches, then gushing again into the golden sunlight, while mirror-like it reflects the honey-laden flowers that blossom upon its banks, and the perfumed gems incline their beautiful heads, and kiss the pellucid water for portraying such pictures of loveliness;—where the lily-fringed stream murmurs its liquid song as it meanders through the flower-strewn meads—its verdant pathway to the mighty ocean, where it loses itself in the boundless expanse, rich with the wealth of every country beneath the sun;—to these, and other innumerable spots, the beautiful hath been; and as a pure fountain scatters its glittering spray, so hath it dropped sweetness and joy wherever it has touched in its angel-flight.

How universal is the reign of the beautiful! It is not alone o'er the lovely isle of England that it wields its heart-swaying sceptre; it is not alone in this happy land that it dwells: there is no spot in the wide world where it is not found; it crowns the summits of the Alpine heights, and it lies beneath the warm Italian sky; it is seen on the ice-bound shores of Greenland, as well as in the luxuriant scenery of

the torrid zone: it exists amid the impenetrable forests of undiscovered regions—in the mine where the diamond shines, and in the deep unfathomed ocean-caves, beneath the petrel's stormy home. But the mind can penetrate farther than this terrestrial sphere, and see fields of beauty in regions far away. It can pierce through the clouds and shadows that envelope our world, and behold the beauty and magnificence of the planetary universe, and contemplate the vast assemblage of worlds that revolve in order and beauty so far beyond us. There the mind is lost in admiration, and fancy can but faintly picture the wonderful aspects the beautiful assumes in worlds more glorious than ours, inhabited by an order of beings superior to humanity, and with capacities fitted to their exalted state.

Study the productions of the mightiest master-minds, and you will find beauty developed there. In the rich melodies of the poet, in the glowing pages of the historian and the essayist, in the life-like painting of the artist, or the statue of the sculptor—an embodied inspiration,—the beautiful is grandly presented to the view. It rivets the awe-inspired gaze, while the impassioned soul pours forth its deepest homage. But not alone in the poet's verse, not alone in the historian's or the essayist's pages, and not alone in the artist's painting, or the sculptor's statue, is the beautiful to be found;—science is illuminated with its lustre; and the philosopher and astronomer, with various others, realize as much beauty in their different pursuits as the poet, when his thoughts are triumphantly soaring away upon the droopless wings of imagination among scenes too beautiful for human language to portray. The astronomer, while endeavouring to pierce the mysteries of starry space—as his eager thought attempts to grasp the vast expanse peopled with worlds whose glory and immensity dazzle his awe-stricken gaze—think you not that he, in his noble pursuit, finds the most exquisite pleasure? As the admirable system of the universe is progressively developed to his astonished thought, he beholds the unerasable impress of the beautiful stamped in vivid characters upon those glorious orbs suspended in the realms of infinity, and his soul-absorbing science becomes still dearer to him as he beholds it irradiated with the magnificence of beauty.

Beauty exists everywhere: the Creator's works are fashioned in its mould, and bear the impress of Omnipotence. "In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches." There is beauty, ay, surpassing beauty, in all the scenes around us—the works of nature and the works of art; and if with such delightful objects the bountiful Author has

embellished this transitory world, scattering along His people's path flowers of beauty and tokens of joy, to shed the light of happiness and hope upon their toilsome way, what tongue can tell the glories of that everlasting land—what mind portray a likeness of the beauty that shall be revealed beyond the portals of mortality? Though there is much of the beautiful around us in our present state, it but faintly foreshadows to our benighted view the hidden beauties of the heavenly home. *There* is perfection, which is not here; hence the immeasurable distance between its scenes of beauty and its sounds of joy, and those which make us happy here.

But let us consider the influence of the one upon the other. We cannot expect that while we remain in this probationary state, much of the future will be revealed to us. Nature speaks in parable and symbolism; natural things represent and prefigure things spiritual. The things and thoughts that seem to belong to us as human beings, shadow forth in deep significance those connected with our future spiritual existence. We are taught by what we see and feel here, something of what awaits us hereafter. The things of beauty which strew our path are but types of those eternal, for those that love them and delight in the precepts of the law of God; the thorns and briars that intercept our way, of the restless and uncertain future of those who forget that this is not their home; and the beautiful here is calculated to influence our souls with regard to the beautiful there, by inspiring us with higher and nobler ideas of our divine prerogative, and creating in us a thirst for the beauties and the glories of that better land, that richer inheritance and more enduring substance.

Life is beautiful,—beautiful in its opening gleam, ere the sombre shadow of worldly care has darkened its path, or the heart sickened with vain regret for what is past recall; for then the eye is bright and the heart full of gladness—joy beams from the unclouded brow, and the path is strewn with flowers and radiant with a joyous sunshine. What is a more beautiful sight than the sparkling eye and dimpled cheek of childhood? What sweeter music than the ringing of its merry laughter—its sportive gambols—its simplicity—and, above all, its confiding love,—so many rays of beauty which shed their lustre round the heart. Life is beautiful in the zenith of its prime, for then is the noblest work of creation in its fullest beauty; that great masterpiece of Omnipotence, endowed with sense and reason, stands forth erect, the living monument of almighty power, the most beautiful of the Creator's works, in connexion with the

world in which we dwell. Life is beautiful when on the wane, when its sun is sinking to its rest, and the shades of evening are gathering round; then the gleaming of immortality become more apparent — humanity seems already to throw off something of the weight which binds it to the world, and to disentangle itself from the things of earth in preparation for its coming change. It is a delightful sight to watch the last rays of the setting sun sinking below the western horizon, tinging the surrounding clouds with brightness, and leaving behind them upon the face of earth the reflection of their departed beauty. So is it at the close of a good man's life, beautiful as its opening dawn. Oh yes! the beautiful is shown forth in death: but it is a beauty which belongs not to earth, which savours not of worldly things. There is beauty in the calm placid resignation exhibited by the dying saint, as his spirit, bursting through the trammels of mortality, is about to wing its flight beyond the confines of earth, onward to the shores of heaven. There is beauty in the mild serenity that rests upon the brow of death; and there is an unearthly lustre in the eye that has gazed its last upon the things of earth, for it beams with the light of immortality. There is beauty in the expression of "sure and certain hope," which streams from the countenance already illumined with celestial brightness, caught from the effulgent rays of angel-visitants from the world unseen, who plume their radiant wings with joy, and hover in readiness to bear the earth-freed spirit to the realms above.

We might illustrate our subject by examples from inferior animal life. How beautiful is the apparent happiness and joy which are seen in the animal creation, especially among the insect tribes. With what exquisite colours are they adorned, baffling the highest artistic skill to express; in endless variety, no two species resembling each other among the countless myriads that enjoy their brief existence in the atmosphere around our globe; and not only are they pleasing to the eye of the beholder, but they possess an intrinsic happiness in themselves, being blest with the peculiar privilege of living a life of almost continual sunshine.

Beauty develops the power and dignity of man: thrilling his soul with its penetrating glances, it calls his attributes into fullest force: it awakens ambition from its slumber—fires it into action—implants it where it is not. Beneath its influence the soul shakes off its lethargy, glows with enthusiasm, and stands apparelled in the majesty of might, with the will to dare and to do things great and good, and noble. Its power is far less limited and more endurable

than earth's mightiest conqueror. Death : for it extends beyond the grave—it blooms in heaven. Its influence is unbounded, it glories ever bright, its work ever doing yet never done ; in all Nature it is ever active, for it is Nature's imperishable soul. By its attractive influence it has led the victor on to win greater victories ; by its all-conquering power kings have been compelled to bow to its superior majesty. How many of the greatest minds have been induced to achieve their noblest works by the encouraging smiles of beauty—monarchs, statesmen, warriors, poets, painters, and philosophers ! In the court, the senate, and the camp—in literature, science, and art—what has not been accomplished under its bright and animating influence ! It fires the warrior's soul, and nerves his arm with strength ; it gives a glory to the poet's verse, and cheers his heart with hope ; it makes the painter's imperishable canvas almost glow with life.

The smiles of beauty have filled the warrior with ambition ; they have led him on until he has grasped the reins of power, and glorious victory has crowned his mighty efforts ; and then, when his grand aim was accomplished, for which he full many times had perilled his life—then, when the dreams of his youth were realized, through which he had passed many sleepless nights, and days of the most acute anxiety—then, when you would have thought that all he wished for on earth was accomplished, that he had reached the consummation of all his desires—oh ! then, for the sake of beauty—for the sake of one far dearer to him than all that bewildering power, that boundless wealth, that world-renowned fame—for the sake of one irradiated with beauty has he resigned it all : for her smiling glance was more precious to him than the magnificence of a court ; her words of affection were sweeter music to his ears than the praises of a nation ; and he enjoyed a higher happiness by her side than when seated on his throne, with the crown of royalty upon his head, and arrayed in all the pomp and magnificence of a king.

Poetry constitutes a glorious part of the beautiful. Who can pore over the pages of the poet, and not be conscious of a peculiar delight ? Oh, who can peruse and really comprehend that musical language of the heart, and not be filled with rapture ? There is a truly magical power—there is an unfathomable depth of beauty, in the fadeless garland of poesy : it seems the language of a brighter, happier world than ours ; and when issuing from the lips of a beloved one, it is the sweetest music that ear ever heard. Some say that poetry is dead. Dead ! it cannot die ; it cries, “ I am immortal : ere earth was made, I was ; when earth hath passed

away, I still shall be!" Yes, beauty and sublimity, whose symbols poetry deciphers, and whose teachings poetry vocalizes, were in existence before time began, and will be when time shall be no more. Poetry—sweet blissful Poetry! it is still as beautiful as ever. The lovely flowers are jewelled with the pellucid rain; they gently bow their odorous heads, and weep rich tears like glittering pearls, and brightly beam with poetry. The thoughtful Night draws her veil across the cerulean canopy; and as she strews her silver lamps in myriad starry groups, she writes upon the solemn skies the golden name of Poetry. Surely the mid-night skies are the poetry of God—the embodied thoughts of Deity.

For when we raise our admiring eyes towards the vast expanse, studded with ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, shining like gold with the reflected light of the luminary of universal nature, we seem as it were to read the handwriting of God, and trace His name in living, glowing letters across the mighty dome. Indeed, we see Him in this His work so plainly, that "he who runs may read." We can there in truth "look through nature up to Nature's God;" and our mind, piercing beyond all that our physical organs can descry, may cast aside all thoughts of earth,

"And look with calm, unwav'ring eye,
To the bright fields beyond the sky!"

Poetry is connected with all beautiful objects in nature; it breathes from the incense-laden flowers, sparkles on the dewy mead, and is reflected in the glassy waters. It has also a sensible effect on material objects; in man it engenders a love for the beautiful by exciting in him a spirit of admiration for the beautiful things which his eyes behold and his mind conceives, and enables him to appreciate the hidden worth, and as yet unrealized treasures which lie even beyond the range of fancy.

Poetry is the beaming reflection of beauty. They are inseparably blended: and as long as the smiles of the Creator shall irradiate the face of nature, will they rejoice the world with their united presence, ceaselessly adorning every spot of creation with their glorious gifts; and then, when time shall cease to reign, poetry and beauty will, with their all-pervading splendour, flood with dazzling light every mansion of the blest; they will sweetly float in the lays which immortal spirits pour to the Almighty, and mingle in each thrill of rapture that they feel.

Before earth was created, yea, before heaven existed, beauty and poetry flowed from their Fount, the everlasting God:

blended together they formed the wreath of glory that crowned Divinity, irradiating the solemn darkness with sublimest rays of splendour: they grandly robed the Deity as He reigned King of the unpeopled and unbounded chaos, while time lay yet unborn in the womb of Eternity. They mingled in every action of the Omnipotent, whenever He spake His words were sweetest poetry, beaming with richest beauty. And when at His mighty command the heavens sprang into a never-ending existence, poetry and beauty clothed all that those life-giving words brought into birth. They wandered together over those indescribably happy mansions, leaving their glorious impression upon every spot: and when myriads of angels were created, to fill that blissful land and feel the ecstacy of life and companionship with their Creator—they, the sweet twin-sisters, Poetry and Beauty, were heard in the music of their pinions, seen in their beaming countenances; and as their joyous voices simultaneously poured forth harmonious strains of celestial adoration, they sublimely mingled in those grateful melodies, and filled the listening air with glorious praise. And when from the chaotic darkness the Almighty created this wondrous world, beauty and poetry descended on the radiant wings of light, they were heard in the warblers' melodies, in the rippling of the rill, in the rushing of the river, in the majestic roll of the ocean, in the gentle music of the balmy breeze, and the rustling of the leaves: they were revealed in the lovely face of nature, for Jehovah infused them into all creation: they have existed—oh, gloriously existed—till the present time. And when Time sinks in the horizon of Eternity, as the rain-drop falls into the ocean, and is lost in its vastness, even then beauty and poetry will not die: they will survive the wreck of Time, and the fall of kingdoms: they will outlive the death of nature, and the death of Death himself: then will they show their immortality and their unyielding power. While the archangel places one foot upon the land and the other on the sea, proclaiming, with a voice of thunder reaching to earth's remotest bounds, that time shall be no more—while the graves give up their dead, who, wondering, gaze upon the solemn scene—while vivid lightnings flash, and loudest thunders peal, amid all the consternation occasioned by the overthrow of time, and the reign of eternity—while the Lord descends in all His glorious majesty, upon clouds dazzlingly white, and mighty armies of angels attend His second advent—poetry and beauty will exultingly arise, with undiminished glory, from the conflagrations of earth.

As an innumerable multitude hear the blissful words from their Redeemer's lips, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," think you not, that to their enraptured ears the sweetest poetry and beauty will be conveyed in those welcome, oh, dearly welcome words! And as upon spirit-pinions they soar upward, and still upward, through the angel-thronged, the melody-resounding sky, irradiating beauty beams from their dazzling countenances, and poetry fills the air with richness at each quiver of their musical wings; and as they follow in their Redeemer's golden track, sweetening their bright pathway with a shower of melody;—

Oh list to the song they exultantly sing,
 As up to their mansions their bright way they wing :
 " All glory and honour, our Author, to Thee—all praise and
 all power be given ;
 We will strike our bright harps in Thy glorious praise, when
 we enter the mansions of heaven.
 We loved Thee on earth, we adored Thee below ; and that
 joy shall be ours now for ever :
 Our affections to Thee will unceasingly flow, as the stream
 to the wide-rolling river.
 As nearer we come to Thy dazzling home, oh, the splendours
 are growing more bright :
 We are lost in refulgences beaming from Thee, Thou source
 of this heavenly light.
 But our vision expands : we can gaze on the scenes,
 though brighter, still brighter they grow ;
 And through glories on glories, that stream from our Lord,
 oh higher, still higher we go.
 What deep thrills of rapture we blissfully feel, as we enter
 the amaranth bow'rs,
 To know that our Saviour shall aye be our King, and His
 heavenly home, too, be ours,—
 To live in the light of His fatherly smile, and the bliss of
 His fathomless love,—
 To hear the kind words of His dearly loved voice, wherever
 in rapture we rove.
 We strike our bright harps, and with glad voices sing, as
 Thee, our Lord God, we adore ;
 All glory and honour our Author to Thee,—all praise and
 all power evermore."

Yes, poetry and beauty will outlive the overthrow of Time ; they will arise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the

world they once glorified; they will arise, with unabated strength and undimmed lustre, upon their unsullied pinions, to the home of the blest, there to exist through the everlasting ages of Eternity.

The Scriptures contain the finest poetry which the pen ever wrote: the language of the Bible is the sublimest that eye ever read, or ear ever heard. How rich in imagery—how full of thought—how pregnant with mightiest meaning is that most holy Book! It is full of wisdom, beauty, and poetry; wisdom is stamped on each verse, beauty clothes each chapter, whilst its every page is gloriously illuminated with poetry. And how could it be otherwise, when the minds whence those undying passages emanated were inspired by God, and the fingers that penned that everlasting Book were guided by a Divine Hand! It is Jehovah's work, and every other work sinks into utter insignificance before that matchless master-piece of wisdom. Would you seek poetry?—unfold its leaves, and you will revel in poetry far more beautiful than any this world has produced or ever will produce. Would you search for history?—oh, where are the narratives that can vie with those of the Bible? Would you find sublimity?—its every page is brightened with the sublimest passages. Would you discover pathos?—it is one of the chief characteristics of the Bible. Would you imbibe truth?—the Bible is an inexhaustible well, full to overflowing with the loftiest and most solemn truths. Would you gaze upon beauty?—go to the Bible, and it will smile upon you in its highest, noblest perfection. It contains rich mines of wisdom, “bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.” All that tends to elevate man can there be found:—it is an everlasting finger-post pointing out the road to happiness—a messenger of love, sent down by God to be the light of life; a welcome, a thrice welcome messenger, kindly speaking to us of a Saviour's love, and soothingly telling us of a land beyond the grave—

A land where sorrow is unknown.

It is the joy of earth: it is the beacon-light that guides the weary, tempest-tossed voyager to the harbour of eternal life.

Oh holy Book! beloved Bible! how precious thou art! far, far more precious than gold of Peru, or the pearls of Golconda! Thou driest the tears of the mourner, and hushes the sighs of the sorrow-laden heart: in thee there is a balm for every wound, and he who sits down to thee in sadness, rises with smiles. Thy voice is sweet music to the troubled in spirit: there are infinitely more attractions in thee than in

all the works of the most celebrated writers of classic ages ; for our whole souls are overwhelmed with thy splendours ;—thou art the rarest and the most inestimable treasure that this world contains. Is there a home without thee ? Can it be called a home where thou art not ? Oh, no ! that house deserves not the sacred name of home where the Bible is not to be found. It is a thought which causes heart-felt thankfulness that Albion does not alone possess the Book of Inspiration, but she has sent it far across the deep blue main, and with it messengers of peace and love to explain it to our far-distant benighted fellow-men. Oh, soon may the blissful time arrive when it shall be as universal as the air we breathe, and when the whole world shall live in accordance with its admirable precepts !

The boldest and noblest flights of the greatest writers of every country—those works by which they are immortalized—oh, how very feeble they are when compared with that glowing fire, that irresistible force, and that lofty sublimity of diction so remarkable in the Scriptures. All other books fade into nothingness before the Bible, like stars before the rising sun. The sweetest melodies of the poet, the loftiest eloquence of the orator, the grandest revelations of the philosopher, or histories world-wide in their range—all of earth's best writings, oh, what are they put in comparison with the Book of books ? It matters not to which of the inspired writings we turn : each is beautiful—each is glorified with unearthly splendours. Whether we read the graphic narratives of Moses, or the unrivalled histories which succeed ; whether we ponder the magnificent foreshadowings of the prophets, or peruse the poetical writings of Solomon or David ; whether we follow the footsteps of our Lord with the evangelists,—who so truthfully portray His birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension : whether we contemplate the doings of the Apostles, learn holiness from their instructive epistles, or are lost in wonder and admiration over that noble poem, the Apocalypse—the prophetic Revelation of St. John :—still poetry and beauty meet our view in every page, and brightly illumine the whole. They wreathed Isaiah's heaven-taught harp, and flowed from the lips of the sweet singer of Israel ; they beamed from the star that guided the wise men to where the Saviour lay in the manger ; they arose in sweetest fragrance from the costly gifts presented to the Messiah by the sages in the East ; they flowed from His lips as He discoursed with the learned doctors ; they richly mingled in His sermon on the mount, and fell upon the listeners' ears like soothing music from above, and sank into their yield-

ing hearts like precious drops of balm from "Hermon's dewy hill;" they unfolded themselves in every miracle which He performed; and when upon Calvary the mysterious plan of redemption was being accomplished, sorrowful poetry issued from His dying voice, as He exclaimed in anguish, "Eli, Eli, lama sabacethani!" and yielded up the ghost. In the death of the Saviour what love, poetry, and beauty were sacredly combined: love, for His affection was boundless, unfathomable as Eternity; poetry, for the awful mystery accomplished was the grandest of poetry; beauty, for, oh how solemnly beautiful was the self-sacrificial death of the GOD-MAN!

The Seasons as they roll along unceasingly unfold the varied shades of the beautiful: its tints, though changeable, are ever bright; and its scenes, though shifting and successive in their aspects, never fade. Each, with its peculiar but ever-pleasing attributes, richly develops the beautiful. The joyous Spring comes arrayed in flowery garlands, beaming with brightest smiles, singing the sweetest melodies, and wearing around her spotless brow the immortal wreath of beauty. The glowing Summer brings her cloudless days and calm twilight nights, and viewless zephyrs that float whispering along, breathing upon her mantle of beauty. The variegated Autumn is apparelled with innumerable tints of the beautiful; and old Winter, although he is robed in snows, is not less beautiful than his predecessors.

It is a calm Spring day. The lovely flowers begem earth's emerald carpet; the warblers pour forth their delicious melodies, as they flit along from tree to tree, whose branches are laden with clustering blossoms; the gentle breeze steals o'er the sunlit sward, fanning the quivering face of nature into sweetest music, making a grand Eolian harp of each blooming grove. A few white clouds, like hills of silver rising from an azure plain, are piled against the deep blue sky. The sparkling stream flows melodiously along, and at the musical whisper of the breeze the smiling flowers slowly bend their fragrant heads, and softly touch its murmuring waters. The blossoms drop from the boughs, the flowers fade and die away; but others as lovely as the departed ones appear, and still beauty reigns upon and brightens the earth.

The Summer comes arrayed in radiant loveliness:—she comes, and earth gradually changes its aspect: but hath beauty forsaken it because the Spring hath wept an adieu? Hath beauty forsaken it because many of its flowers have departed, like lovely visions of the silent night? Oh, no!

for the brilliant Summer scatters jewels as bright as those that have fled with the Spring. Beautiful are the long sunny days of Summer, with its waving corn and fields of fragrant verdure ; when the balmy breezes bear upon their wings the rich, sweet perfume of the new-mown hay ; when everything around—the cottage garden and the cottage wall, with its lattice entwined with roses and honeysuckle, and the purple vine-tree climbing to its eaves—are rich with garlands of loveliness, such as Summer alone can weave. It is a sweet Summer day : not a single cloud obscures the majestic dome ; the bright beams of the golden orb penetrate each spot of the hushed earth, bathing it in a rich flood of glory. But hark ! one solitary sound, like an unforgotten melody, sweetly falls upon the listening ear : it is the gentle gurgling of the mountain-born rivulet, murmuring in its secret way o'er many lovely spots, flowing on to the stream that rolls to the fathomless ocean. How peaceful is the picture ! Nature is unruffled ; for the breeze hath softly sighed itself to sleep, faint with its luxuriant load of perfume. The dazzling sun rolls silently to the blushing west, and in grandest loveliness is descending towards the gold-flushed hills. It is a Summer-even ; the air is refreshingly cool ; the breeze partially awakens from its lethargy, and gently fans the motionless leaves ; they faintly quiver, while a bird with its rich notes makes sound sweeter than silence. Oh the beauty of a summer's evening cannot be portrayed ! It is full ; it overflows with inexpressible loveliness. What thrills of rapture penetrate the awe-filled heart, whilst watching the glorious luminary depart, in all his varied lovely dyes looking a grand farewell, as he fringes each leaf, and flower, and stream, and tree, with his crimson fire !

Beautiful is the rest of Nature at the close of a summer's day. The sun has departed to shed his lustre upon other climes, the birds withhold their warblings, and are lost amid the darkening foliage, the shades of evening gather round, and the world is left to enjoy a brief repose.

The gorgeous Autumn reigns upon the variegated earth ; —Autumn, the carnival of the year ; the jubilee of nature ; the time when earth's loveliness is on the wane ; when the fields put off their verdant aspect, the trees disrobe themselves of their foliage, and the birds, whose vocal melody rang its merry echo over hill and dale, are withdrawing to a more congenial clime. Many of the flowers are gone, but the leaves, with their hues of russet, red, and yellow, that lie scattered in such profusion around, are almost as beautiful as the flowers of the Spring. The wind sighs a plain-

tive requiem amid the trembling trees, divested of their green garments, as if it sorrowed for their departed glory—but Autumn is beautiful even in its melancholy; it is full of that beauty which leaves the greatest impression upon the mind, a beauty over which memory loves to linger, as if it there found something congenial with itself. The fruits of the year hang ripe upon the bending boughs, and nature appears as lovely as when the rosy spring sprinkled her fair blossoms upon its smiling face. The fruits and the flowers seem to vie with each other in beauty, and with silent yet eloquent voices proclaim the goodness of the Creator in thus so beneficently providing for the gratification of mankind. “The earth is full of Thy riches,” and ever displays Thine unerring wisdom.

The Winter comes with icy breath and snowy mantle, robing the earth in purest whiteness: but beauty reigns still; for all the flowers are not yet gone, and the evergreens are fringed with the virgin, pearly white, making the holly’s crimson berries look lovelier still, and glow with a deeper colour. The feathery snow-flakes quiveringly fall through the still air, and beautifully robe each spot they touch. The icicles hang from the cold branches of the trees, and the still colder edges of the rocks; they wreath the eaves of the ancient mansion, and cluster round the crystal fountain that erewhile played in its garden—its dancing waters now locked in the arms of wintry sleep—and the transparent pendants gleam in the mild rays of the sun, like the roof-lights of a fairy hall. No longer does the little stream mingle its merry music with the voice of the birds, and the humming of the bee—but there is a beauty in the solemn stillness of Nature’s slumber—there is beauty in the uncontaminated purity of the untrampled snow, and in the star-lit lustre of the cloudless night, when innumerable orbs of reflected brightness shed their splendour on the world below, and the moon shines majestically across the broad expanse. And in the morning, the enchanting landscapes—beautiful in their very grotesqueness—upon the window-panes, claim our unqualified admiration; and thus is the very breath we exhale, transformed into objects of beauty, to gratify the appreciative eye of the lover of nature. How near akin in its effect is this suggester of sweet meditation to the pictures in the ruddy embers of our winter-evening fire, though the productive causes of these phenomena are the opposite extremes of heat and cold. But all nature harmonizes to produce the Beautiful.

Thus we find the Beautiful ever changing, but never disappearing—there is no single aspect in the whole creation upon which it smiles not; and from the dew-drop to the ocean all is but a mirror of its fair reflection.

Nature is an inexhaustible book whose every page is brightly illumined with beauty and poetry, and the oftener we peruse its glowing pages in a devout spirit, the nobler we become, and the more are we assimilated to the Divine Nature.

Let us take a glance at one or two leaves in Nature's book; contemplate the majestic ocean, what a lesson have we here of the power and majesty of that Divine Being, who "holds it in the hollow of His hands, and meteth out the heavens with a span." The wide-spread ocean, with its mountain waves and ceaseless roar, the myriad tribes of animate existence that people the "vasty deep,"—the invincible armaments and treasure-laden vessels that plough its ever-restless surface; the wide-spread ocean, in its vastness and solemnities, forms a subject of contemplation which the mind fails in the attempt to grasp in all its fulness, for as the eye cannot take in at one view its whole extent, so neither can the mind comprehend the plenitude of its grandeur.

Or again, consider the order and beauty exhibited in the course of things connected with the natural world. Suns rise and set, the seasons perform their revolutions, day rolls upon day, month follows month, year succeeds year, and yet we see no decrease in beauty. All contain beauties peculiar to themselves, and though ever shifting, they reveal thereby another portion of the sublime picture, as redolent with beauty as those which have passed by our eyes before. On the other hand, how wonderful are the changes which have been wrought in things more immediately connected with man, how unlimited is the mighty sway of Death; generation after generation has been swept away; kingdoms have fallen; war has devastated the earth, and peace sweetly smiled upon it; it has known changes which defy description, and yet unchanged the beautiful remains, as bright and as glorious as ever; it mingles in life and it mingles in death,—yea, it mingles in everything: therefore it is immortal. The things that it has beautified have crumbled into dust; the fair forms upon which it hath poured its richest showers have dropped into the dreary tomb; earth's loveliest flowers have been laid low by the ever-working scythe of Death; yet the beautiful hath not died with them, for although it makes its abode in perishable objects, yet it is as imperishable as the undying soul.

Wherever the beautiful exists there is God; His Spirit pervades all creation, and fills the universe. If we look around upon the scenes common to us, we may see the traces of His footsteps in the paths which he has strewn with beauty. If we go further, and contemplate scenes and objects far away, the wonderful as well as the beautiful things which He has made, we may there behold the work of His hands, and recognize His continual Presence. We can trace His pathway in the mighty waters, and across the wild steppes of the north; His footprints are visible upon the burning sands of Araby, as along the flowery plains of Palestine; upon the snow-clad summits of the everlasting hills, and over the verdant prairies of the west. For though He dwelleth in light unapproachable, yet hath He graciously given unto man to see the brightness of His glory reflected in the things of beauty which He showers around him. It requires no extraordinary degree of knowledge to discern His Presence,—

“E'en the rude savage, with untutor'd mind,
Sees Him in clouds, and hears Him in the wind.”

It is He who ruffles old Ocean's face with storms, and saith to the raging waves, “Be still;” it is He who guides the mariner over the pathless deep, and stills the hungry seabird's wail; it is He who darts the lightning's flash; “it is the glorious God who waketh the thunder;” it is He who hurleth mountains from their bases, and breaketh up the fountains of the mighty deep; it is He who raises the wild tornadoes, and shaketh the wilderness with hurricane; He directs the hot simoon, and drives the burning sands across the desert plain. There is neither time nor place where He is not: “If I ascend up to heaven, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, there also shall thy right hand find me.”

Earth is as full of beauty as the lap of spring with flowers. And, oh! when is the beautiful so grandly developed as when the lovely Night comes arrayed in all her magnificence? She strews infinity with grandeur, and firmly sets her seal upon the face of Nature, until it bears the most glorious impression of beauty. Night hath been victorious over Day, and now like a proud conqueror, she nobly treads the starry fields of heaven—her form majestic as a god, her dark robes brilliant with innumerable gems, beauty and sublimity magnificently combined in a crown of glory encircling her regal brow. There is a grander, a far more solemn loveliness presiding over the earth whilst the Night wields her queenly sceptre, for heaven seems nearer and more real

then, and to the thoughtful mind a hallowed influence descends with the calm light raining from those bright companies of stars.

Flowers, fair lovely flowers! ever beautiful! Beauty hath steeped you in all its sweetness: for whether ye are blooming in our gardens, or preserved between the leaves of a favourite book, still, still ye are beautiful: ye spangle the smiling earth with stars of beauty, appearing like diamonds upon the verdant sward. Oh, ye bright jewels, were ye dropped from angels' wings, that ye are so wondrously beautiful! Oh, with what a fathomless love do I love you, beautiful flowers! Fair flowers, ye are Nature's sweetest poetry, her mute but eloquent teachers. If we inadvertently tread upon you, ye gently raise your beautiful heads, ye kiss our feet, then lovingly look in our faces, and breathe a richer perfume in return. Oh, what lessons do ye teach us, beloved flowers! "Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet find his images of beauty, if they were to perish? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence, and the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily; the winning eye is blue as the violet, and the sweet voice like a breeze kissing its way through the flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with fragrant flowers as she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in the narrow coffin, and they become emblems of our affections—of pleasures remembered and hopes faded—wishes vanished, and scenes cherished in memory, all the more because they can never return. We look to the far-off spring in other valleys—to the eternal summer beyond the grave, where flowers that never fade bloom in those starry fields which no chilly winter ever blew over. They come upon us in spring like the remembrance of a pleasant dream—a vision that hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties, and simple delights, embroidered with the richest hues of fancy. Sweet flowers! that bring back again the scenes of childhood,"—that awaken thoughts which unlock the fountains of the heart.

Our sense of the beautiful in Nature is inseparably connected with flowers, they are truly her fairest and sweetest creation. As we gaze upon her loveliness through the eyes of the heart, these fairy-like emanations seem to lie cradled in the lap of earth as her last born and fragile offspring, over which bend, with silent tenderness, veneration, and love, all their more mature brother and sister plants. Through all

the jarring discords and turmoils of life, there are ever rising up some soft harmonies, some chorus of pure emotion, moments when we re-enter as it were the Eden of our childhood, to sport and rejoice amid its unfaded flowers and amaranthine bowers—therefore these blossoms have ever been held sacred as the offering of love, and are bound up and associated with all the most touching epochs and emotions of our lives. They are consecrated in crowning every joyous festival to which they add a grace and poetry all their own; they visit alike the cradle and the shroud, and their silent language is never more touching than when their drooping heads are pillowed on some new-laid grave, and watered by the mourner's tear—or on the green old mound, half obliterated by time—but which still holds (engraven on some heart) the spell of a past and never-to-be-forgotten history. Both poet and philosopher must agree that the Creator, in whom in their profound and spiritual essences exists, the fountain of all true poesy and philosophy, formed these sweet flowers to administer to the soul an innate love of beauty, to feed and awaken its purest and highest emotions, and to lead us on, by a sense of pleasure to the contemplation of the ideal and the secret springs of truth and beauty. The simple and the unlearned may in them find a deep lesson of wisdom, which the acumen of the student and philosopher may fail to compass—or the gazing astronomer not arrive at, in the midst of his profound investigations. With what a sympathetic interest are these dear plants imbued! how often do they speak to our moral consciousness as nothing else in God's universe can! The vast and starry firmament is also fraught with its peculiar message to the soul, raising it in lofty and sublime contemplations—but only at nightfall are we permitted to gaze on its glories. The rainbow that spans the soft and distant landscape is lovely, but too ethereal, and for all our gazing will not stay. The song of birds is sweet, and lulls the heart to repose, but to enjoy and indulge in this solace we must often wander from home and duties, or confine a pining prisoner to an unnatural and comparatively joyless life for our selfish pleasure. Then all hail to the fair flowers that

‘Dwell beside our paths and homes,’—

throwing their fragrance over life, making it a sunny Paradise, instead of a dreary wilderness; that meet our glance mid festive scenes, like sister spirits—or in the peasant's lowly cot, sign of hope and happiness and the better land—ever eloquent and cheering as the smiles of those we love—

or that win our gaze as we roam amid woodland solitudes, telling us ever the same true, holy lesson,—

‘ Live for to-day, to-morrow’s light,
To-morrow’s cares shall bring to sight.
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn shall bless.’—IDA.

“ Beautiful are the wild flowers, the daisies strewn like radiant pearls upon the grass ; and in deep woodland nooks the blue-bells like an azure cloud fallen from heaven ; where primroses and violets nestle side by side on the warm and sunny banks.” But if the field flowers are beautiful, the garden flowers are supremely so. The crimson and white roses, dear England’s loveliest flowers, sweeten the balmy air with richest odours ; they brightly sparkle with glittering dewdrops wreathing them with a tiara of nature’s gems ! Morning, noon, and night are they surpassingly beautiful ; and though the bee whilst humming its summer song, constantly extracts their sweetness, yet are they as rich and as beautiful as ever ; and when they droop and fade away, they still retain their perfume, and are gathered by fair fingers and fondly preserved, giving fragrance to pages of beauty. All Flora’s treasures are beautiful, and the flowers of the garden seem to vie with each other in sweetness and loveliness. We sighingly behold them fade away, but others as bright appear in their stead. How different it is with us ! Death snatches away our dearest and loveliest flowers, but others come not to supply *their* vacant places. Our gardens may be desolate for awhile, but the joyous Spring will again scatter her bright blossoms, studding them with beauty ; but the friends that we have lost by death are for ever gone. Gentle zephyrs will wander over their resting places, murmuring the sweetest music, and wafting the richest perfumes ; the warblers will sing their lays in the branches that overshadow them ; but the melodies of the breeze, and the songs of the birds will not awaken them from their death-slumber. The flowers of the spring will bloom upon their graves, but all their varied loveliness will not restore them to life ;—cloudless skies will smile above, and the sun shed his beams upon their tombs, but all his golden brightness will not chase away the shadow of Death that hovers there :—Autumn will sigh a plaintive requiem, as its gorgeous leaves of many varied hues are scattered over them ; its tears will fall there, and the snows of the winter shroud their place of rest in purest whiteness. But let us hope that in far brighter vesture, far more spotless than the

snowy shroud of Winter—they are now robed, whilst their beloved voices are joining in the glorious hallelujahs that blissful throngs of angels pour to their Almighty King. There their bright eyes will never be clouded with tears; there they will never feel pain or sorrow, for there all is happiness. Perhaps they now are gazing down upon the loved ones left behind, and filling their mourning hearts with blissful hope.

How solemnly beautiful is Death!—Have you not had the indescribable sorrow of gazing upon the lifeless form of one who was very dear to you? Have you not felt that death hath made a void in your heart which nothing on earth could ever fill? Have you not looked with tear-dimmed eyes upon the inanimate clay, and felt your utter desolation, when you knew that all your weeping would not restore the spirit to its earthly tenement? Oh, then have you not felt that there has been beauty even in death—a solemn, a soul-impressing, a spirit-thrilling, a sorrowful beauty, such as defies description, attracting yet repelling, indescribably mysterious?

But though objects in which beauty is portrayed may die, the beautiful itself never dies; it cannot die, it is as immortal as its Author. It descended from above, and wherever it appears, it proclaims that it is heavenly.

Oh, what would earth be without the beautiful! Divested of its glorious lustre, it would be far more gloomy than the darkest night: but with the beautiful, it is a foreshadowing of heaven. Without its presence earth would be a barren wilderness, as it was ere the Almighty fiat had gone forth, “let there be light.” Then the beautiful emerged into earthly existence, tinging the fringes of the morn with brightness, and reflecting in the flowers of the new creation all the variegated beauties of the solar rays. Then “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy:” flowers sprang spontaneously from the untilled soil, and the trees yielded their fruits unpruned; the vine-tree bore the rich luxuriant grape, and the fruit of the olive failed not. From then till now the beautiful has never ceased to exert a beneficial influence in the world. It exhibits its influence in a thousand ways—in whatever direction we turn our eyes. The golden harvest waves in beauty, and in beauty do the tall trees of the forest rear their heads towards heaven; the sun lights up with radiant beauty the deep blue vault above; the “hues of the rich unfolding morn” are as beautiful as ever, and in beauty does the moon still walk in brightness across the starlit plains. The

general effect of the beautiful has been happiness, the distribution of that precious boon among all the tribes of animate existence. It is the design of the Creator to make all his creatures happy, and the beautiful things wherewith he has enriched them, are the instruments whereby he accomplishes his purpose. The beautiful shows to man the boundless love of his Creator in providing so richly for his happiness; it exalts him in the scale of being, and helps him to recognize within himself the principles of a higher nature; it enables him to comprehend within his mental grasp things great and good and holy. He learns the high privilege which he possesses above all other creatures, in his more immediate connection with his Maker, from a contemplation of the things of beauty which that Maker has showered around him, has enabled him to be happy in the enjoyment of them, and to realize and appreciate the beauty of life, which is his peculiar privilege. And the natural tendency of this would be to urge him onward towards the working out and accomplishment of that excellence which his nature inherently possesses, to aid the spontaneous promptings of his soul in the yearnings after better things, and to advance him step by step in the ascent to the summit of excellence, to which the soul of man should ever aspire. Oh, highly favoured mortal, containing within thee the gems of all that is good and beautiful, and a soul immortal as the source from whence it sprung; within whose reach are placed, not only the means to contemplate, but the ability to appreciate the beauties with which thou art surrounded.

Nature with her innumerable voices is everlastingly uttering the beautiful, and incessantly proclaiming that it proceeds from the Omnipotent. The waters, as in solemn music they surge along, roll the sublimest anthem to the Eternal; the majestic trees wave a lofty lay to Him who made them in their beauty rise; the birds pour forth in strains of sweetest melody their grateful songs of praise to the Creator; the flowers waft their rich aroma upon the silken wings of the breeze, that softly whispers its gentle music; all, all is beautiful, for all emanated from God. Then love the beautiful! it loves thee; it smiles upon thee from the dawn till the close of life. In thy infancy it beamed upon thee in a mother's smile, it mingled in the music of her voice, and it gave a brighter lustre to her eyes as she fondly gazed upon her beloved one. All through life it will attend thee in its varied forms and hues; and even when death veils the scenes of earth from thy sight, the beautiful flowers will spangle thy grave, the

trees will musically whisper over thee, and the birds and the breezes sing their sweet melodies there. Love the beautiful; for wherever you gaze you meet its smiling face; every spot beams with its lustre, every flower unfolds its multifarious hues, and forms a part of its all-extended self. Love the beautiful; for it will make thee noble and aspiring; thou wilt gaze upon the scenes of earth with other eyes, and feel sweetest thrills of ecstasy pervade thine enraptured heart. It is worthy of being appreciated; it is worthy of being loved; for when the spirit is cast down, when life is overshadowed with gloom, when the heart is heavy with its load of care, the beautiful comes in its myriad shapes, and with its irradiating smiles brightens all the darkness. Perhaps it floats in a tone of music, or unfolds itself in the pages of a delightful book, or is seen in a sweet landscape: in whatever shape it appears, it is ever welcome, for it brings happiness upon its revivifying wings; the heart loses its sadness, and loves the beautiful with a deeper love.

"Oh cherish and cultivate a love for the beautiful in thy heart, and it shall intersperse thy every care with joy, and shed around thee happiness and peace in thy sojourn here below. Endeavour by every means to promote a love for it among those by whom thou art surrounded, for it will illumine the darkest page of life, and strike its rays of celestial brightness into the depths of the most desponding soul: under its benign influence thy downcast brother "shall take heart again," and go on his way rejoicing.

"Scatter the germs of the beautiful—

By the wayside let them fall,

That the rose may grow by the cottage-gate,

And the vine on the garden-wall.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the depths of the human soul?

They shall bud, and blossom, and bear thee fruit,

While the endless ages roll."

Whatever tends to elevate man in the scale of creation, to raise his mind, and lead him onward in the path of progress to the attainment of excellence, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever is calculated to fill his soul with high and holy aspirations, and make him strive after a more exalted state of existence; whatever helps to restore in man the lost image of divinity, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever tends to create greater degrees of love and happiness in the family circle, to heighten the joys of domestic felicity, and to render home in truth happy, that

contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever instills into the breast of man greater love for his fellow-man, draws more closely the bonds of brotherhood around the heart, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever helps to ameliorate the condition of humanity, to alleviate suffering, or to send a thrill of joy into the heart heavy with the sorrows of the world, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever aids the promotion of happiness and hope in the place of misery and despair; whatever has a tendency to bring peace on earth, and goodwill to men, and to hasten the advent of the happy time which shall behold its accomplishment, that contains the germs of the beautiful; and those germs will break forth and bear fruit a hundred-fold, to the advancement of man's happiness and God's glory.

Language fails to utter all I feel in praise of the beautiful; for if I had drunk deeply of the inexhaustible fount of knowledge,—if I were endowed with the inestimable treasures of deepest thought and richest fancy,—if I possessed the power of the mightiest mind that this world ever produced; even if I possessed a mind capable of traversing the untrodden realms of infinity; I could not portray, in language adequate to the glorious theme, in how many hues and shapes the beautiful presents itself to the view. But if I have succeeded in developing some of the scenes in which it may be beheld, if I have unveiled any of its sweet features, then will these thoughts, imperfect though they be—then will these glimpses, transient as they are, implant within your souls a deeper love for the beautiful.

THE OLD HALL.

THE old Hall lies in ruins, where a happy child I stray'd,
 And Desolation holds her reign, where merrily I play'd;
 The gardens are o'ergrown with weeds, each sculptured fountain's dry,
 And thro' the echoing corridors the wind moans mournfully.

The owl hoots from the lofty tower where the creeping ivy
 clings,
 And wakes a dirge-like music as he waves his sombre wings;
 The court-yard's carpeted with moss, and tear-like falls the
 dew
 O'er rank and tangled grass between the flagstones struggling
 through.

The frescoed ceiling's fallen down; the bat and raven roam
 Throughout that stately edifice, my old ancestral home:
 Where noble forms once proudly stood, dark crumbling ruins
 lie;
 Where lovely faces beam'd with smiles, the lizard creepeth by.

The pictured glass lies shatter'd o'er the broken marble floor,
 And the worm is gnawing to decay each quaint-carved oaken
 door;
 The portraits gaze not from the walls, the moonlight stream-
 eth there,
 And phantom shadows come and go through the solemn
 midnight air.

Dismantled is the ancient park, the deer roam far away;
 The old majestic oaks are fell'd, and wash'd with ocean's spray;
 The rooks have found another home, but no other home have I,
 And tear on tear is coursing down, and sigh succeeding sigh.

I gaze upon my childhood's home, and hear the moaning breeze
 Sighing low and fitful requiems 'mid the trembling cypress-
 trees,—
 And through the lonely chambers where I heard my mother's
 voice,
 Whose tender accents ever made my loving heart rejoice.

But she sleeps the long, deep sleep of death 'neath the ruin'd
 chapel stone,
 And in the wide, wide world I'm left, all friendless and alone;
 Not one to breathe a kindly word, or cheer my drooping heart—
 When will these dark and brooding clouds that shroud my
 life depart?

Weeds mar the broad lake's glassy face, its calm sweet
 beauty's o'er
 The stately, snowy swan will glide o'er its smooth breast no
 more;
 Long grass waves o'er its broken banks, where the forget-me-not
 Robed with romance and loveliness that oft-remember'd spot.

My own dear garden's lying waste, uprooted is each flower;
 Deserted is the summer-house, we named the "Roses' Bower,"
 For roses mantled every spot, and blush'd in every nook,
 Breathing their fragrance as I pored o'er some old ballad-book.

And when the distant hills were streak'd with sunset's gorgeous beams,
 Whose glorious lustre crimson-flush'd the silver-lilled streams;
 Oh! then the roses brightly glow'd with a deeper, lovelier dye,
 While hues of purple and of gold o'erspread the dappled sky.

When solemn night in grandeur reign'd, spangling the boundless blue
 With starry orbs of golden light, like angels gazing through,
 The dew-drops fringed each sleeping flower, and Philomel sang there,
 Filling with music sadly sweet the list'ning balmy air.

But the Roses' Bower has fallen down—the flowers no longer bloom;
 My childhood's home is desolate—all, all have found a tomb;
 And though proud manhood's dawn has come, I long to be at rest,
 And meet the loved ones, gone before, in the mansions of the blest.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS! flowers! beautiful flowers,
 Spangling the gardens, the woodlands, and bowers;
 Filling our hearts with the purest delight,
 Dear as a glorious dream of the night,—
 Rich censers, exhaling fresh incense above;
 Summer-bells pealing of glory and love,—
 I love you in sunshine, I love you in showers,
 Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers!

Oh earth's glowing stars! were ye dropp'd from the skies
 By minist'ring spirits, to gladden our eyes?
 Have ye bloom'd in that land where the seraphim roam?
 Have ye breathed your perfume in yon heavenly home,
 Where Spring ever reigns in her fairest array,
 And not even one blossom e'er fadeth away;
 Where the angels' sweet melodies thrill the blest bowers?
 Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers!

Ye are kiss'd by the breeze, as it wooingly floats
 And wafts you the warblers' thanksgiving notes;
 Illumed by the beams of the bright orb on high,
 And freshen'd with dewdrops that lovingly lie

And sweeten to honey on each velvet breast,
Which the bee and the butterfly sip as they rest :
Whilst ye sparkle with jewels from Summer's soft showers,
Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !

Ye adorn the bright tress of the beautiful bride,
Adding beauty to beauty in glittering pride ;
Ye bloom on the graves of the deeply-mourn'd dead,
And remind us of joys that for ever have fled :
Pure emblems of pleasure, pale emblems of pain,
Causing bright sunny smiles, and the heart's tearful rain,
Your influence is mighty,—oh, great are your powers,
Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !

And when I'm at rest in the dark solemn tomb,
Fair flowers, sweet flowers, I implore you to bloom
On the grave of the one who hath loved you so well,
More deeply, more truly than language can tell.
Ye have caused me to weep, ye have caused me to smile,
And my heart from its sorrows ye often beguile :
I'll love you, I'll love you, 'mid sunshine and showers,
Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !

EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN SORROW.

TRULY each heart its own deep sorrow knows,—
Some hidden woe, too sacred for the world,
Lies ever in its innermost recess,
Silently wasting the fair life away,
Like wan decay slow feeding on a rose.
The face may beam with smiles, the eye be bright,
The brow be calm and placid as a lake
Unruffled by a solitary breeze
To wake the water-lilies from their sleep ;
And joyous words come ringing from the lips ;
Yet the lone heart may ache with agony,
And heave and throb with a ne'er-whisper'd grief.
Friend ! dost not thou this world-wide truth attest,
Thy bosom swelling with some secret pain ?
Dost thou not wear the shadow of some cloud ?
Are there no deep-set thorns that pierce thy soul ?
Ah, by that sigh my answer I receive,
And by that tear is told our sympathy !

A LIFE RHYME.

Suggested by Longfellow's noble " Psalm of Life."

On my brother, spirit-weary,
Toiling up the steep of Time,
'Mid the mist, by passes dreary,
To a nobler, happier clime !

Though thy sky be overclouded,
Though thy path be dark and drear,
Though thy soul with doubt be shrouded,
Oh let Faith still conquer Fear !

Be thy life-cry " Forward " ever :
And thy heart be strong and true,
From its purpose swerving never ;
Much is thine to bear and do.

Though sharp thorns bestrew thy pathway ;
Though thou fallest, yet arise ;—
Undiscouraged, onward, upward
Press with faith that never dies.

Let the cheering thought console thee,
Thou hast one true Friend above,
Who is ever watching o'er thee
With a never-waning love.

Though His face awhile be hidden
From thy sad, desponding view,
Oh, remember clouds of darkness
Often veil the heavenly blue :

Yes ; but when those clouds are parting,
Far more lovely it appears,
As the rainbow comes in beauty,
Like a smile amid the tears.

So the darkest hour remember,
Gloometh just before the morn,
When Night's starry eyes are closing,
Ere her child, the Day, be born.

He liveth well who nobly doeth,
He liveth well who bravely grieves ;
Each his destined path pursueth,
Each his own reward receives.

Be thy life-cry " Forward " ever ;
Let thy heart be strong and true,
From its purpose swerving never ;
Much is thine to bear and do.

THE BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

"MOTHER, mother! *do* look! oh, what beautiful violets!" and the blue eyes of the lovely child sparkled with animation as she intently fixed them upon her mother's face. "May I not gather them, and weave them into a posy? Oh, they will make such a sweet posy to put in my little room." The assent was lovingly given, and the delighted Laura eagerly plucked them, one by one, from their grassy bank, and smilingly entwined them into a nosegay; and with a light-some heart she gaily tripped across the flowery mead,—now chasing a butterfly, whose rainbow hues pleased her fancy, and now gazing on the reflection of her lovely face pictured in the silvery stream.

The violets were tastefully arranged in the clear spring water, and placed on the sill of the casement, whose pretty diamond panes were shaded by the clustering roses that lovingly clambered over them, sweetening them with the richest odours; and the glorious rays of the setting sun streamed through the trembling leaves of the roses, and brightly gazed upon the sweet bunch of violets.

The evening prayer was slowly, softly uttered by that melodious voice; and as it floated from those little rosy lips, angelic spirits bore the welcome music to the eternal mansions above, to mingle with their heavenly harmonies.

Before Laura retired to her little couch, she bestowed another loving look upon her treasured flowers, inhaled their delightful perfume, and leaving a good-night kiss upon each folding leaf, sank into her snowy nest; and folded in the gentle arms of slumber, dreamed lovely dreams of valleys full of blossoming violets.

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A year has rolled away, and that mother is lonely now. In the village church-yard another little mound has been raised, overgrown with violets, planted by the trembling hands of a bereaved and sorrowing parent, and constantly watered by her unavailing tears. The joyous Spring hath again span-gled the smiling earth with her fragrant flowers, and they are blooming around the grave of her who will never more behold their varied beauties. She is sleeping the dreamless sleep of death, beneath that sacred spot over which her little feet have so often wandered, and the flowers that she loved so well are shedding their perfume upon her tomb. Her spirit hath returned to its Creator. The fair bud was too delicate, too beautiful to expand into bloom: therefore Death was commissioned to pluck it from the garden of

Earth, and he intrusted it to the care of guardian angels, who, with a song of glorious exultation, transplanted it into the amaranthine bowers of Immortality.

In her *now* solitary chamber the weeping mother mournfully gazes upon a withered bunch of violets—they are brightly sparkling, not with the rain-drops of nature, but with the tear-drops of one whose sunshine has departed. She is thinking of the blissful *past*, when the merry prattle of her beloved one fell in sweetest music upon her enraptured ears, and when the sight of her lovely face was dearer than aught else in the wide world. She is thinking of the *present*, and knows, alas ! too well, that the tones of that dear voice are for ever hushed, and that never-to-be-forgotten face is for ever shrouded from her view. Low, and lower still, bends that pale face over the moistened flowers ; and through the blossoming roses stream the crimson rays of the setting sun, and brightly fall upon the Bunch of Violets.

A SPRING-TIME SONNET.

THE earth is rich with beauty, sweet with song,
 And fairest flowers begem each verdant field,
 And lavishly their fragrant incense yield ;
 While Zephyr's whisper'd music floats along.
 In blooming bowers the quiv'ring leaves are wreathed
 With crystal drops that fell in cooling showers,
 And all around the balmy winds have breathed.
 And gladd'ning sunbeams smile on glist'ning flowers,—
 Dark violets, fair lilies-of-the-vale,
 Pale primroses, gold cowslips, and blue-bells,—
 And honeysuckles, whose sweet odours sail
 In viewless vapours through the vocal dells,
 Where many a murm'ring bee rich nectar sips
 From pearl-wreathed rosebuds' parting ruby lips.

A PORTRAIT.

OH for the power to paint that peerless one—
 In glowing tints, true to fair Nature's touch,
 Portray the loveliness enthroned on her,
 The matchless masterpiece of Beauty's works.
 She is more beautiful than brightest morn,
 Or fairest visions of the silent night.
 Her eyes are darkly blue as midnight skies
 Unsullied by a solitary cloud ;

For they have caught the blue-bell's deepest dye,
 And the twin lust'rous orbs with light are fill'd
 Like sunlit dewdrops in a violet,
 And ever beam with such resplendency,
 They dazzle the beholder's startled sight.
 Her cheeks appear like pink-flush'd ocean shells,
 Blushing at the soft wavelet's gentle kiss—
 Like snowy roses, delicately tinged
 With the last ray of the reeding sun ;
 And smiles go rippling o'er her lovely face,
 Like sunshine playing o'er a dimpled lake.
 Rich music floats from her vermilion lips
 In strains delicious as the voice of Spring :
 Those parted portals whence such music steals,
 Seem painted with a rose-bud steep'd in dew ;
 Her small teeth gleam like radiant, purest pearls,
 Between twin crimson rose-leaves sweetly wreathed.
 Caressing ringlets cluster round her neck,
 And kiss it for its graceful symmetry.
 She teems with beauty, as the sun with light ;
 Fair Innocence upon her placid brow
 Beams like the moonlight on a lily pale ;
 And gladness flows throughout her guileless heart
 Like a stream gliding through a verdant vale.
 Oh, she is pure and fair as a young rose
 Just bursting from its bud to greet the day !
 Where'er she moves there shines a path of light,
 For happiness ne'er leaves her favourite child.

HOPE.

'Tis the solemn hour of midnight,
 And the world lies hush'd in sleep ;
 But I sit in my lonely chamber—
 I sit all alone and weep.

My heart is laden with sorrow,
 And my life is overcast,—
 For the cloud-robed spectral Present
 Points to the sunny Past.

I hear Life's measured footsteps
 Resound through the halls of Time,
 Unrestingly marching onward
 To the mystic spirit-clime.

So my sad heart's heavy throbbings,
 Bring me nearer to the grave,
 Like a vessel hurried homeward
 By an ever-restless wave.

The starry eyes of the angels
 'Through the cloudless canopy gleam,
 In a ceaseless sentinel watch,
 While I muse in a sleepless dream.

As their holy light is falling,
 Falling all silently,
 A repose steals o'er my spirit,
 Like a calm o'er a troubled sea.

For they solemnly symbol a home above,
 Where sorrow is never known,
 Where the deathless King of a deathless clime
 Sits on the "great white throne."

Though my soul with Despair be clouded,
 Yet the star of Hope doth beam,
 And its glance on my heart descends,
 Like light on a shaded stream.

And my worn and weary spirit
 Gains vigour and strength again,
 Like a fading, dying flower
 Refresh'd by the gentle rain.

Oh, in sunshine or in shadow,
 To Thee, the only One,
 May my trusting heart ever whisper,—
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."



THE BEAUTIFUL BANKS OF THE WINDING WYE.

THERE are climes where bright birds, of rainbow-hued wings,
 Soar gaily o'er gardens of myrtle and flowers;
 Where Beauty profusely her rich treasure flings,
 And Eden seems smiling 'mid blossoming bowers:
 But England has scenes far more precious to me,
 Than the fairest that glow beneath Italy's sky;
 Till Life's river be merged in Eternity's sea,
 Will I think of the banks of the clear winding Wye.

The loveliest flowers bend gracefully there,
 As the balmy breeze whisp'ringly wanders along ;
 Diffusing fresh odours that scent the soft air,
 While the glad stream flows singing its musical song.
 Fair garden of England ! bright gem of our Isle !
 Like a glory-lit star in the infinite sky ;
 Oh, sunny as Summer and sweet as her smile
 Are the beautiful banks of the calm winding Wye ;—
 Green valleys besprinkled with Spring's fairest flowers,
 O'ershadow'd with branches that lovingly twine,
 Illumined with sunbeams that glance through the bowers,
 And over the woodland-paths tremblingly shine.
 The rippling rill slowly meanders away,
 And flow'r-kissing zephyrs steal wooingly by ;
 While the lark is outpouring his jubilant lay,
 As he soars o'er the banks of the bright winding Wye.
 Oh, these scenes of the West shall ne'er be forgot,
 ' Whatever my fate, or wherever I roam ;
 For still will I think of each beautiful spot,
 And there will my memory image its home.
 And as my heart trembles with blended emotion,
 I turn with regret, and depart with a sigh ;
 But roving o'er land, or sailing o'er ocean,
 I'll remember the banks of the fair winding Wye.

A SUMMER EVENING.

THE sky is dappled o'er with snowy clouds,
 Whose virgin loveliness like foam appears
 Floating afar upon an azure sea.
 I gaze and think till thought itself seems lost,
 And my thrill'd soul in admiration's drown'd ;—
 I gaze until mine outward eyes grow dim,
 And inward vision dazzled dies away.
 Oh God ! how glorious are all Thy works,—
 How wonderfully grand, and yet how fair ;
 Rare combination, yet by Thee combined,
 For nothing is impossible to Thee.
 This lovely summer eve seems dropp'd from heaven,
 It is so sweetly beautiful. The breeze
 Is silent, slumb'ring with the folded flowers ;
 The lilled lake is still as childhood's sleep,
 Calm as the sunset sky its face reflects ;

Nature hath hush'd the music of her voice,
 Whose gentle tones have softly died away,
 Like the last notes of an Æolian harp.
 Breathless as marble, lo! she humbly stands
 Absorb'd in holy adoration, mute,
 Her bright eyes solemnized, and her rich lips
 Parted in wonderment, whilst her full heart
 Is palpitating with deep solemn awe.

THE GEM.

A drop fell from the fountain,
 And kiss'd a weeping rose,
 While brightly o'er the mountain
 The silv'ry moon arose.

She shone upon the flower,
 And a resplendent gem
 Glisten'd in that sweet bower,
 Meet for a diadem.

THE DEATH OF ISABEL.

It was night — chaste, beautiful night! Magnificently arrayed in all her loveliness, she reigned in silence o'er a silent world, gemming the boundless blue with innumerable orbs of light, which beamed like the eyes of angel-sentinels keeping an untiring watch over a slumbering world. All above, beneath, around, was so sublimely solemn, so grandly beautiful, it seemed the reflection of a fairer, happier home than ours—a lingering scene of the Paradise our parents lost, or a foreshadowing of that blissful Heaven all hope to gain. All was silent as death, except those sounds which are sweeter than silence, and to which silence—in its vast unbroken intensity too awfully monotonous—lends the charm that the dark shading of a picture produces on its brighter colours. The nightingale sang its plaintive melody among the blossoming roses: below, the breeze conversed in soft whispers with the trembling leaves, as the dew-drops trickled from their delicate tracery; and the pellucid rivulet rippled onwards, bright with the quivering moonbeams.

On many a beautiful spot those gentle moonbeams shone that lovely summer night. They shone on parterres of flowers of variegated hues, purple and white, crimson, gold,

and blue,—all the glorious colours of the rainbow harmoniously combined : and Flora's precious treasures appeared still more beautiful, bathing in the translucent light of the argentine beams of the moon. Where the meandering waters murmured a mingling melody to the star-crowned night—where clustering roses bloomed in the richest profusion, white as the mountain's snow, or of the deep rich hues of a summer sunset ; oh, there pale Cynthia's rays in beauty fell, and brightened all they smiled upon. On sleepless eyes and tear-bedewed cheeks,—on happy beings, dreaming sweet dreams, those moonbeams shone ; on the fevered brow of the pale student as he pursued his midnight toil—on the fair brow of slumbering youth, unruffled by a single care—on the palace and the cot, those moonbeams shone ; on the votaries of pleasure, and the pallid face of want—on the peopled city, and the quiet hamlet, those moonbeams shone ; on the calm sleep of fairy innocence, the placid features of thoughtless, sweetly-resting childhood, and on the broken slumber of writhing guilt, those moonbeams shone ; on the easy postures of recumbent health, and the restless contortions of woe disease, those moonbeams shone ; on the rolling ocean, the flowing stream, and the rippling rill, they calmly gazed and were pictured again to the view : through the wide-spreading branches of the majestic old oaks surrounding a noble mansion—through the Gothic windows they silently stole, and solemnly gazed on the beautiful countenance of the dying.

Oh for the power to portray the exquisite loveliness of that fair form on which those moonbeams shone ! Beautiful are the scenes which the fervid imagination of the poet beholds in the golden realms of fancy ;—glorious are the heavenly portraits that glow upon the eloquent canvas ;—lovelier than aught on earth are the sweet visions of the silent night : but if all the embodiments of beauty were gracefully blended in one form, it could not equal her, who seemed more like a seraph from the eternal mansions, than a being of mortal mould. As purely white as newly-fallen snow was that angelic brow ; and as the luminous beams of night fell upon it, she appeared already one of the blissful throng—that multitude whom no man can number, who people the sides of the everlasting hills, and adorn the banks of the river of life. Upon those fair cheeks clustered golden ringlets, and like radiant sunbeams, the rich silken tresses rippled o'er her swan-like neck, and seemed to caress its faultless symmetry. As deeply blue as the azure vault on high were those radiant orbs, veiled by the long, finely-

curved eyelashes. The lips, now violet-tinged, were slightly parted, revealing twin rows of small pearly teeth, gleaming like jewels in their velvet setting. Oh, she was truly beautiful! and surely those moonbeams had never gazed upon such loveliness.

But she was dying—that lovely one was dying! Her graceful form was soon to be clasped in the chill embrace of death; those soul-thrilling eyes were shortly to be closed in their long, last sleep;—the sweet music of that voice would be for ever silent;—the fond, faithful heart would cease to throb. She was dying!—the idol of my soul was dying!

I knelt beside her bed, my hand in hers, gazing in awful agony upon those beloved features, so ineffably dear to me, but speedily to be for ever hidden from my adoring eyes by the voiceless tomb. She had just awakened from a long slumber; and while the body slept, death had more firmly fixed his grasp upon his prey: I felt his cold shadow in the chamber, and my blood froze at my heart. Then I knew with what boundless affection—with what deep, fathomless devotion I loved her;—she was my all—the star of my existence—the only light, the only joy, the only hope, I had on earth! And she was to be torn from me, to be consigned to the dark, deep, solemn abode of death! At that agonizing thought, the fountain of my anguish overflowed, and the burning tears rolled down my pale cheeks.

Memory's retrospective vision was fixed upon the past, and pictured again those scenes that were now doubly dear. In fancy's gaze I beheld her once more in healthful vigour;—a scene was unfolded to my view which will never be erased from my thoughts. It is a calm summer night, and we are roaming together through the romantic gardens attached to that ancient Hall. Her brilliant eyes are bent now upon the moonlit flowers at her feet, and now upturned to the star-gemmed sky; whilst I am gazing, in mute admiration, upon her seraphic countenance, illumed by the soft beams of the gentle queen of night. And now her loving glance answers mine, and a sweet smile flits like a sunbeam over her lovely face as I imprint a holy kiss upon her ruby lips. That hour, that scene, will never be obliterated from the records of my heart, but will remain indelibly traced there by the pen of sorrow.

There she lay now, the wasted shadow of the beautiful being she had been; but, like the ruin of some stately palace, inspiring mournful admiration. Her eyes shone with a lustrous brightness, but it was the brightness of approaching dissolution—the unmistakeable herald of death. Her slender

lips moved, and feebly uttered my name ;—sadly she looked in my face, and sighed ; and at that heart-rending sigh my tears flowed faster.

“ Do not weep for me,” she sorrowfully murmured, as she beheld the tears rolling down my cheeks.

“ *Not weep for thee!*” I replied, between my sobs ; “ not weep for thee, my beloved one ! when thou wilt soon be forever parted from me ;—all that is dear to me taken from me ! Not weep for thee ! when I shall be deprived of the bliss of fondly gazing into thine eyes, and attempting to tell thee how I love thee ! I will weep for thee till death lays me by thy side.”

Warm tears bedewed her pallid cheeks, and as I gently kissed them away, she faintly whispered, “ I am dying ;—a few short moments, and my spirit will have winged its flight. Yes ; I must leave you ; you will no more behold the one you have loved so well—upon whom you have lavished all your deep affection. Oh, it is sad, very sad to part !—but I am going to a better, a happier land, where sorrow can never enter—where death is unknown. Promise me, oh, promise me that you will strive to meet me there,—never more to be parted. Farewell ! In death I love you,—farewell !”

Her voice died gently away ; and, with her arms around my neck, she breathed a long, last sigh, and expired. For a while I thought she slept. Ah, yes ! it was a sleep—but the solemn sleep of death. Dead ! I could scarcely trust my senses ! Could such a form of living, breathing, incomparable beauty have changed, thus instantly, into lifeless clay ? I pressed my lips to hers,—but the faint breath had ceased to emanate. I laid my hand upon her heart,—but it was still. Then, alas ! in that never-to-be-forgotten moment of deepest anguish, I knew too well that I was alone upon earth. I shrieked in my agony ; and, exclaiming, “ Would to God I, too, could die !” I sank senseless by her side.

When consciousness returned, the sun was streaming through the crimson roses that girt the antique window, casting a blushing hue upon the white drapery, and upon the marble face of death ! Oh, she was sadly, sweetly beautiful, even in the icy arms of the stern king of terrors ! I gazed till I could gaze no longer, for reason seemed about to abdicate its throne ; and imprinting a lingering, farewell kiss upon her bloodless lips, I sought the open air, that the refreshing breezes might fan my burning brow.

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Where a deep-red weeping rose
 O'er a marble tablet grows,
 There, in her last, long repose,
 Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where pale Silence holds her breath,
 Till the hush'd wind whispereth
 To the solemn shade of Death,
 Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where the priest-like cypress tree,
 Waves its dark robes mournfully,
 Sighing a sad monody,
 Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where veil'd Nature's tear-drops fall
 From the sky's funereal pall
 In a sombre shower o'er all,
 Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where the sunbeams gently shine,
 And beloved roses twine
 With the odorons eglantine,
 Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where the woodbine's balmy breath,
 Sweetens e'en the home of death,
 And the bent grass quivereth,
 Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

O'er her bloom the fairest flowers,
 O'er her fall the softest showers,
 In the Spring and Summer hours,
 O'er my lovely Isabel.

All my hopes, which death has shatter'd,
 With which fancy oft was flatter'd,
 Now with Autumn's leaves lie scatter'd
 O'er my lovely Isabel.

There my happiness lies dead,
 There my grief is ever fed,
 There my bitter tears are shed,
 O'er my lovely Isabel.

But the violet's sweet perfume,
 Springing out of Winter's gloom,
 Symbols life beyond the tomb,—
 Life with lovely Isabel.

'Tis but earth on earth that lies ;
 In the land where love ne'er dies,
 Far beyond the vaulted skies,
 Lives the soul of Isabel.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

OH, merry old Christmas has come again,
 Bedeck'd with holly and bay ;
 And his welcome face, with its cheering smile,
 Gleams brightly 'mid winter's decay ;

And friend greets friend with a cordial grasp—
 Dear friends, whom the waves of Time
 Have sever'd for many and many a day,
 In many a distant clime.

And a joy-flush glows on each fair one's face,
 And bright eyes glisten with glee,
 While cheerful words gush forth from the lips,
 For the heart is light and free.

But I feel no pressure of the hand,
 I hear no friendly voice.
 And I see no welcome, smiling face,
 To make *my* heart rejoice :

And that lone heart lonelier feels to-day,
 As I sit in moody thought,
 For Christmas again will have pass'd me by,
 And not even one greeting brought.

I gaze around on my much-loved books—
 Firm friends, select and few—
 My only friends, who speak to my soul
 In language for ever true.

I am floating away on Memory's wing
 Down the vista of the Past,
 And by-gone Years are raised from their tombs
 By a spell she has o'er them cast;

And they wake their children from their sleep,—
 The Months, the Days, and the Hours,—
 And some are bright as the Summer's light,
 Some sad as the Autumn's showers;

And each unfolds a scene to my view,
 Whilst on them I mournfully look,
 As if I were turning over the leaves
 Of a well-remember'd book.

But they fade like a dream all dimly away,
 As slowly I journey along;
 While others arise from their misty tombs,
 In a ghost-like, shadowy throng;

And they picture visions of sun and shade,
 That fill me with joy and woe,
 Like the chalice Pleasure holds to the lips,
 Whence sweets and bitters flow.

And still, as I onward wend my way,
 From my yearning gaze they flee,
 Like his native cliffs from an exile's view,
 As he's hurried away o'er the sea.

But Memory pauses in her flight,
 And I look with lingering heart,
 On a dear old place where early friends
 Play'd a brief but happy part.

I'm far away from the peopled town,
 In a noble, ancient Hall,
 And gaze through the antique lattice-panes
 On the snow flakes as they fall.

They gently fall on the village church,
 And robe the ivied tower
 In a mantle pure and beautiful
 As Spring's first, fairest flower.

They fall upon the sloping lawn,
 Where the holly-berries glow.
 And the crimson gems look lovelier still
 In contrast with the snow.

The sharp winds breathe on the evergreens,
 Till they tremble in the cold,—
 And now in a garment soft and light
 Their shining leaves enfold.

And still the silent and spotless snow
 Descends in crystals white,
 Till the stony griffins at the gates
 Are shrouded from my sight.

I turn from without, and gaze within,
 Where all is warm and bright,
 And dear and lovely faces glow
 In the Yule-log's ruddy light;

And the fire-light fitfully seems to smile
 On the fine old portraits there,
 Where holly and ivy lovingly twine
 Round features noble and fair.

And the joyful chime of the tuneful bells
 From the old church-tower rings out
 With a Christmas peal right merrily,
 Like a loud and jubilant shout.

And sweet smiles answer my cheerful glance,
 And kind words greet my ear,
 Utter'd by those who are dear to me,
 And to whom I too am dear.

But I suddenly start from my waking dream,
 And gaze round my lonely room,
 And my sorrowful spirit broods over the past
 As I sit in the twilight gloom.

WEEP NOT.

WEEP not for thy loved one whose form lies at rest,
 For the spirit now roams in the realms of the blest :
 Thy tears may fast fall, and thy heart heave with sighs,
 But they cannot recall the freed soul from the skies :
 Then, weep not—oh, mourn not !—thy lost one's above,
 In a beautiful land of glory and love.

I know it is bitter from loved ones to part,
 Who are dearer than life to the fond, faithful heart ;
 To watch the last glance faintly beam from the eye,
 To hear the last whisper grow weaker and die ;
 Though angels are wafting the spirit above,
 To a beautiful land of glory and love ;—

Through a dim veil of tears the pale features to view,
 And mournfully murmur a long, last adieu ;
 To feel that the sad heart must sorrow alone,
 And yearn to be join'd to the blest spirit flown ;—
 But that mortal is now an immortal above,
 In a beautiful land of glory and love.

Though on earth the loved tones of that dear voice are o'er,
 Yet the sweet strains are heard on a happier shore,
 Where bright waving wings through the unfading bowers,
 Fan the fragrance that floats from the amaranth flowers ;
 Whilst the music of angels is thrilling each grove,
 In that beautiful land of glory and love.

Thy lost one, made perfect, is join'd to that throng
 Who pour to the Highest their thanksgiving song ;
 Borne away from a world full of sorrow and care,
 A radiant region with seraphs to share—
 Exchanging sad earth for the glad home above,
 The beautiful land of glory and love.

Oh ! there may ye meet, where no partings are known,
 And hymn your loud praise to the One on the throne !
 To God, your Creator, Redeemer, and King,
 Melodious lays through eternity sing !
 Then, weep not—oh, mourn not !—thy lost one's above,
 In a beautiful land of glory and love.

IT IS THE HOUR.

It is the hour, but still his barque
 Floats not upon the stream ;
 The sun hath set, the sky grows dark,
 The day fades like a dream.

Oh, hasten to your Laura's bower,
 Ere night hath spread around
 Its solemn shade o'er tree and flower,
 And hush'd each gentle sound.

The moonlight quivers on the stream ;
 The stars illumine the sky :
 The roses sleep in Cynthia's beam,
 Heedless of Zephyr's sigh :—

Yet still no sound steals o'er the lake,
 Save Philomel's sad song :—
 But hark ! his boat, for Laura's sake,
 Now gaily glides along.

THE OCEAN AND THE SHORE.

THE restless ocean murmurs to the shore
 His boastful song of mighty deeds perform'd :
 He folds her in his tremulous embrace,
 And proudly brings his mingled trophies forth,
 As if he thus would win her smiles and love.
 She heedeth not his wooing words or gifts,
 But spurns him from her presence with disdain :
 Now foams he, fierce with rage, and greedily
 Withdraws his proff'ed treasures from her feet,
 And sweeps away with them to other shores.

THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

LIKE flow'rets broken in their opening bloom
 Are youthful warriors in their early tomb ;
 But like the perfume broken blossom shed
 Is Glory's fragrance floating o'er the dead :
 For deck'd of heroes wreaths around each name
 A fadeless garland ever fresh with fame.

SPRING.

SHE comes!—her eyes are twin forget-me-nots ;
 Her lips red rose-buds, sweet with honey-dew ;
 Her teeth pale lily-bells : her blooming cheeks
 Fair roses, faintly tinged with crimson hues ;
 Her brow a rich camellia, purely white ;
 Her breath a wedded zephyr and a sweet ;
 Her voice all melody ; her look all love.

FAME.

IF thou hast won a great and noble name,
 And Fame hath wreathed her garlands round thy brows,
 And with her sunny smiles now greets thy way,
 Rewarding thee for tedious years of toil,—
 Oh, keep her laurels ever fresh and fair
 By actions worthy of thine efforts past,—
 Thy mind unsullied as a mountain-lake,
 Reflecting mirror-like her glorious light.

BY A ROSE-WREATHED HARP.

By a rose-wreathed harp a lady sits,
 And wakens its golden strings :
 While a moonbeam o'er her pale face flits,
 As with sorrowful voice she sings.

The heart's pure pearls illumine her eyes,
 Like violets fringed with rain ;
 And sad as a cloud-robed evening's sighs
 Is her melancholy strain.

Her rich voice quivereth like the leaves
 That tremble 'neath Autumn's breath ;
 And all alone she gloomily grieves
 While the night-wind whispereth.

The bright stars glance from their homes divine,
 And gaze in her tearful eyes ;
 While the gems that o'er her dark robe shine
 Are heaved by her bosom's sighs.

From her pale, pale lips a requiem floats,
 Like moans from a cypress-tree ;
 And the chords vibrate with answering notes,
 In quivering sympathy :—

“ Farewell, farewell, my beloved one !
 Thou hast nobly, bravely died ;
 High is the fame our Land hath won,
 With Victory glorified.

“ But mingling in her exultant strain,
 There are wailings wide and deep,—
 Long, loud laments for her brave sons slain,
 Who far from her free shores sleep.

“ Through my grief-pierced heart gush sorrow’s streams,
 And my happiness lies drown’d ;
 For ever fled are the dazzling dreams
 Hope’s golden-hue I light had crown’d.”

Her sad voice ceases its broken lay,
 And she droops her lovely head :—
 As the harp’s last murmur dies away,
 Her bosom’s last sigh is shed.

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE IN THE CRYSTALLINE LAKE.

THE beautiful isle, with its trees and fair flowers,
 And blossoming carpet eternally green,
 Its picturesque grottoes and musical bowers,
 Seems ever to me like some fairy-trod scene.
 When the bright beams of morning glance over my face,
 And from rainbow-wreathed visions I suddenly wake,
 From my rose-mantled lattice each sweet scene I trace,
 Of the beautiful isle in the crystalline lake.

When the sunset is shedding its crimsoning light,
 And valley, and mountain, and castle, and stream
 Are array’d in its lustre transcendently bright,
 And glow in the glance of each glorious gleam ;
 While the dying day blushing breathes a farewell,
 As it smiles the old ivy-clad abbey forsake,
 I sail from the silent and flower-fraight dell
 To the beautiful isle in the crystalline lake,

When the shadowy twilight succeeds the bright day,
 Mute, pensive, and solemn, yet dear to my view ;
 When the flowers droop gently in sadden'd array,
 And weep that the sunbeams should bid them adieu,—
 While the Ev'ning Star shines in the dark'ning dome,
 Alone in its beauty, the first to awake ;
 With an awe-inspired spirit, I ling'ringly roam
 O'er the beautiful isle in the crystalline lake.

When the sky-crowning stars of magnificent night,
 Like silvery jewels strewn o'er the deep blue,
 Bespangle the vault with grand orbits of light,
 And Cynthia, their pale queen, uprises to view—
 As her soft, lucent beams o'er the clear waters float,
 With a smile and a sigh the sweet spot I forsake,
 And o'er slumbering lilies return in my boat
 From the beautiful isle in the crystalline lake.

THE SONG OF THE STREAM OF LIFE.

“ STREAM of Life, where art thou flowing ?
 Whither wendest thou thy way ?
 Why, oh why, so swiftly rolling,
 Pausing not by night or day ?

“ Moments, lightning-like, flash by me,
 In an unremitting throng,
 Borne like bubbles on thy bosom,—
 Fragments that to time belong.

“ Hours and days and years are gliding
 In a quick succession by ;
 Now they fill my soul with gladness,
 And anon wake sorrow's sigh.

“ On thy banks are shells and pebbles,
 Gems of bright and varied hue ;
 Landmarks of our brief existence,
 Fading quickly from the view.

“ Stream of Life, oh stay thy current !
 Let me grasp them ere they're pass'd,
 And engrave upon those tablets
 Thoughts that shall for ages last.

“ Fain would I inscribe upon them
 Truths too glorious to die :—
 Leave them there in star-like splendour,
 Wreathed with immortality,—

“ So that unborn generations,
 Of Futurity a part,
 May peruse what has been written
 To support the sinking heart.

“ Profiting, may use their moments,
 And not idly flow along,
 Only gazing at the current,
 Only list’ning to its song.

“ Stream of Life, where art thou flowing?
 Whither art thou hurrying me?
 Tell me, what mysterious region
 Shall my wond’ring vision see?

“ Is it ~~one~~ eternal summer,
 Is the sky for ever blue,
 In that undiscover’d country
 That shall meet my longing view?

“ Is the sun for ever shining
 Upon fair and fadeless flow’rs?
 Silv’ry streamlets gently gliding
 By the ever-vocal bow’rs?

“ Are the breezes soft and balmy?
 Are its valleys aye in bloom?
 Oh, will amaranthine blossoms
 Ever breathe their rich perfume?

“ And do Happiness and Beauty
 Roam together, hand in hand?
 Oh, are Death, and Sin, and Sorrow
 All unknown in that bright land?”

Thus the Stream, with solemn whisper,
 Murmurs its response to me :—
 I am flowing to the ocean,
 Known as vast Eternity.

But when Death's dark gulf we enter,
 Merged within its troubled stream,
 Thou wilt see my waters vanish,
 Yet despair not, Hope will beam ;—

“ Like a golden star of beauty
 Pierce the cloud-enveloped sky ;
 Whilst fair Faith, her sister-spirit,
 Smiles to greet thy gladden'd eye,—

“ With unfolded droopless pinions,
 And her arms around thee cast,
 Whispers sweetest words of solace
 Till the stormy waves be past.”

“ Stream of Life, oh what awaits me
 When Death's gloomy wave is cross'd,
 And my soul upon the ocean
 Of Eternity is toss'd ?

“ Search the Book of Inspiration,
 It will truly answer thee ;
 To its dictates ever listen,
 And thy path then plainly see.

“ Live as if to-morrow rising,
 Would behold thy self-freed form ;
 Live for Heav'n's eternal haven
 After Life's tumultuous storm.

“ Thou wilt find me brief and fleeting,
 For to vast Eternity
 Life is but a bursting bubble
 On a soundless, shoreless sea.

“ Wisely, then, employ each moment ;
 Be not lost amid the throng ;
 HIGHER STILL be aye thy motto.
 Truth and Hope pervade thy song.

“ Soar aloft on eagle pinions ;
 Scale the heights, the deep depths sound ;
 Search with eager soul and longing
 Till thou hast true Wisdom found.

“ If endow’d by God with talents,
 Waste them not, they’re only lent,
 And thy soul must render answer
 How those talents have been spent. .

“ While I speak, and thou art list’ning,
 Still I’m bearing thee along ;
 And the throbbing of thy bosom,
 And the murmurs of my song

“ Still are less’ning, ever less’ning ;
 Snatch the moments as they fly :
 Wisely write, for Truth will flourish
 Like the stars in yonder sky.

“ O’er the wakeless Past lament not ;
 Seize the Present, it is thine ;
 Yearn not for the secret Future,
 Wait not for its light to shine.

“ Work with sanction high and holy ;
 Keep the great award in view :
 Let thy purpose be exalted,
 And thy actions strong and true.

“ Live not for thyself, O mortal !
 Do an angel’s work on earth ;
 Ever scatter words of kindness,
 Seeds that bring sweet joy to birth.

“ Words of truth, when kindly spoken,
 Are far richer than fine gold,
 Brighter than the pearls of ocean,
 Dearer than a love untold.

“ Earth is full of sin and sorrow,
 And her sobbings never cease ;
 Since the shadow fell on Eden,
 Man’s deep cry hath been for peace.

“ Happiness is ne’er abiding :
 ‘Mid the flow’rs that strew thy way
 Piercing thorns are intermingled,
 As with blossoms of the May.

“ Chase the shadow from some pathway,
 Pluck the sharp thorns from the flow’rs,
 And a blessing shall attend thee,
 And true glory gild thine hours.

“ Heav’n will shine with smiles upon thee,
 And thy deeds of love shall glow
 On imperishable tablets,
 Whiter than unsullied snow.

“ And when thou art call’d to judgment,
 ’Mid the scenes with glories rife,
 Thou wilt find thy name is written
 In the unscal’d Book of Life.

“ Of this mystic song the lesson
 Heed, and be for ever blest :
 Fill thy Time with godly action ;
 Wait Eternity for rest.”

BEAUTIFUL ROSES.

BEAUTIFUL roses, sweet summer roses,
 Upon you the moonlight in slumber reposes,
 Humming your tears till they glisten like gems
 That gracefully glitter in grand diadems ;
 While Zephyrus wooingly breathes a soft sigh,
 And the light-shedding stars, the flow’rs of the sky,
 Beam on each bud that in splendour uncloses—
 Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses !

The nightingale loves you, and warbles a lay ;
 While the fountain’s low music floats faintly away,
 And the lucent drops lustrously rise in the air,
 Then fall in a starry-wreathed coronal fair,
 And tremble like tears upon cheeks bright with bloom ;
 And the pure pearls are steep’d in delicious perfume,
 As each hyaline orb on your flush’d leaves reposes,—
 Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses !

Ye are lovely and bright in the sun’s golden gaze,
 And lovely and fair in the moon’s silver rays ;
 Lovely and sweet when the musical shower
 With a crystalline crown encircles each flower,—

When your ruby lips open and sip the rich rain,
 As the balmy breeze murmurs its amorous strain,
 And with whispering kisses each leaflet uncloses,—
 Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses!

Preserved 'tween the leaves of some dearly loved book,
 Oh, oft are ye blest with a sweet smiling look :
 And oft are ye bathed with the sad heart's warm tears,
 As Memory pictures the scenes of past years :—
 Oh, then, ye were blooming, and rich odours shed,
 But now ye lie wither'd like hopes that are dead.
 What scenes ye portray, as each fair leaf uncloses,—
 Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses!

LADY! I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee when morning beams
 On nature's lovely face,
 And its bright smiles from woods and streams
 The shades of darkness chase.
 When the lark heav'nward wings his flight,
 With gushing melody
 Sweet'ning his path of golden light,
 Lady! I think of thee.

I think of thee at sunset's hour,
 When many a crimson ray
 Streams through the roses'-flushing bow'r,
 Where sparkling fountains play.—
 When day's orb, gazing an adieu,
 Streaks river, land, and sea.
 With sheen of gold and roseate hue,
 Lady! I think of thee.

I think of thee when yon blue sky
 Is gemm'd with diamonds bright ;
 When moon and stars resplendently
 Show'r lustre o'er the night.
 While pearl-wreathed flow'rs with drooping eyes,
 Their heads hang bashfully
 To wooing Zephyr's plaintive sighs,
 Lady! I think of thee.

GRIEF.

I'M sitting alone in the twilight,
 And yet not all alone,
 For a shadowy form is with me,
 Who claims me as her own.

And to me she hath long been wedded,
 Although my years are few ;
 And the golden dawn of manhood
 Comes clouded to my view.

And wherever my footsteps wander
 She is gliding by my side ;
 Oh, truly faithful and constant,
 Is my ever-mournful bride !

Her care-worn face is sad and pale
 As the marble face of the dead ;
 Her eyes with bitter tears o'erflow,
 And she ever droops her head.

Her fragile form e'er trembles and bends
 With the anguish of her heart,
 And her bosom heaves with ceaseless sobs,
 That will never more depart.

The name of my mournful bride is GRIEF,
 And I fold her to my breast,
 While her warm tears mingle with my own,
 As her cheek to mine is press'd.

Throughout the day and throughout the night
 She is ever folded there ;
 And I ever feel her bosom's sighs,
 And her sorrows ever share.

THE VASE.

THE vase is perfumed,
 Though the sweet rose lies dead ;
 With the exquisite odour
 It sighingly shed.

Oh, gently 'twas gather'd
 From Philomel's bow'r,
 O'er the gorgeous apartment
 Its fragrance to show'r.

With loveliness beaming,
 It bloom'd for awhile ;
 And surrounded with beauty,
 How could it but smile !

But soon it hung drooping,
 And pined for its home,
 A garden where zephyrs
 Refreshingly roam.

As the bright sun was setting
 It breathed its last sigh,
 Then sank in the water,
 To wither and die.

But the vase is perfumed,
 Though the sweet rose lies dead ;
 With the exquisite odour
 It sighingly shed.

THE SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

O Day most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
 Th' endorsement of supreme delight
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;
 The couch of Time, Care's balm and bay ;
 The week were dark but for thy light,
 Thy torch doth shew the way.

Geo. Herbert.

CHAPTER I.

THE DAWN OF THE SABBATH.

THE sun has just arisen from his cloud-curtained couch behind the grey hills that skirt the extreme horizon, and his resplendent beams chase away the shadows of night from the lovely valley of Flowerdale. Lingeringly they

depart, as if unwilling to release the fair vale from the cheerless embrace of their gloomy wings. One by one the glowing lamps of night disappear from the brightening sky, their now pallid forms scarcely discernible in the rosy flush of the morn. The joyous lark, "rising from his grassy bed," soars aloft in the pure fresh atmosphere, to pour forth his thrilling lay of welcome to the gorgeous sun: a single speck he appears as he mounts to the dappled sky, sweetening his aerial path with grateful showers of more than terrestrial melody. The cheering beams of the advancing sun unfold the dew-wreathed leaves of the flowers, arousing them from their breeze-rocked slumber, and disclosing the varied and unequalled charms of their awakening beauty. And as they seem to open their bright eyes to the glad light of day, they lovingly smile their blushing thanks to the golden orb for his tender care of them.

It is the fair month of May, and the hawthorn's white virgin blossoms impregnate the breeze with their pure aroma, as it passes over the flourishing fields, communicating a gentle undulating motion to the flowers, which seem like censers exhaling their rich perfume. The golden cowslip, the odoriferous violet, the modest primrose, the deep-hued bluebell, with innumerable companions, are shedding their incense to the God of the Sabbath. The blue sky is dappled with a few fleecy, motionless clouds, purely white as angels' wings, except where crimson-tinged by the rays of the sun. And far beyond those clouds, thousands and tens of thousands of angels, with crowns of glory sparkling on their immortal brows, wing their rapturous flight in the abode of ineffable bliss, tuning their golden harps to everlasting songs of praise to the Lamb—to Him who died on Calvary's cross that erring man might enjoy eternal life—who trampled on death, and conquering earth's mightiest conqueror, arose from the tomb, and ascended in all His Divine glory to the celestial home whence He had come, there continually to plead for our sinful race. Oh, what joy to know that our sins can be washed away in Jesu's blood!—to know that we may mingle with that happy throng!—that the door of salvation is opened through which we may enter the mansions in His Father's kingdom that He has prepared for us! Oh, inexpressible rapture to know that we may wear a glorious crown, be clothed in the garments of immortality, and help to swell the everlasting song of glory, honour, praise, and power to Him who reigneth for ever and ever!

CHAPTER II.

THE SABBATH.

It is the sacred Sabbath-day—the holy day of worship and of rest: rest for the wearied body, worship for the never-dying soul. The labours of the week are over, and man arises with a lighter heart, for to him this is the happiest day of the week: he has not to leave his home for his accustomed toil, and he feels an elevating joy in thinking that throughout this divinely blessed day he will be with his dear wife and children, listen to the beloved tones of his partner's voice, and hear the sweet prattle of their offspring; and better far than all, that they will together repair to the house of God, and join in adoring their Creator. Oh holy day, beloved Sabbath! thy return is ever welcomed with a prayer of thankfulness, and thou findest the homes in which thou enterest smiling a welcome at thy approach. The flowers seem to yield a sweeter perfume in thy presence, and nature to assume her loveliest garb. Thou hushes the voice of labour, causing a deep stillness, a calm serenity, to fill the prayerful earth. There are no discordant sounds to break the sweet quiet that reigns around—nought save Nature's ceaseless voices that fill with gushes of melody the awe-inspiring silence; the buzzing of a bee—the flight of a bird—a warbler's song—the rippling of the rill, the gurgling of the brook, and the rustling of the leaves; these are the sounds that are sweeter than utter silence—this is the music that greets thee, O lovely Sabbath-day! Oh for an angel's harp to sound thy praises! Oh for a seraph's voice to speak thy blessings! The songs of earth are not for thee, but the songs of heaven, that purify the heart from temporal thoughts and fill the soul with spiritual hopes. On God's holy day, who can say how many songs of praise, and how many prayers of thankfulness and supplication float upward to Jehovah's throne. Were it not for the Sabbath, earth would be without one presage of future, eternal rest; but with it earth becomes a foretaste of heaven, of that blissful home where it is one unceasing Sabbath. Its reign is universal—o'er the crowded city and the quiet hamlet, the palace and the cot; and monarch and peasant equally honour its approach. The man of business casts aside his worldly cares; the wheels of machinery are still; the busy mart is deserted; for it is the Sabbath-day. Oh come with me into yonder rose-mantled cot, and gaze upon the life-picture within! The father with the large old family

Bible on his knees, is reading precious passages from that holy Book. Look at the devout expression of the countenances that are grouped around him, eagerly listening to the truthful words he is so solemnly uttering ; and those words of consolation and promise irradiate their hearts with celestial light, until they overflow with love and thankfulness to their Creator. The mother holds the infant in her arms, and his prattle is hushed, while his bright eyes are intently fixed upon his father's face, as if wondering why that silence, and what are the words that his parent's voice is so earnestly proclaiming. If thy life be spared, O thou immortal mortal who hast just planted thy footsteps upon the threshold of existence, thou too, I hope, wilt read that holy Book, attend to its counsels, and feel, as thy forefathers have felt, the blessings of the Bible and the Sabbath.

CHAPTER III.

THE VALLEY OF FLOWERDALE.

THE valley of Flowerdale appears a paradise on earth, it is so sweetly beautiful. It is surrounded by lofty hills, whose summits tower toward the clouds in their imposing grandeur. Upon these flower-dotted hills numerous herds of cattle browse, indicating the wealth of those that dwell in the old homesteads below. The picturesque farm-houses are almost hidden from the view by the majestic trees with which they are surrounded, and never doth a Sabbath dawn upon a lovelier spot than that quiet hamlet. Each cottager has his garden-plot, and these seem to vie with each other in loveliness and beauty ; and all the varied flowers of the Spring blossom there, and perfume the breezes that roam through that Elysian scene. Through the vale a silvery rivulet pours its ceaseless ripplings, that joyously blend in delightful unison ; and on either side lofty elm-trees spread forth to each other their mighty branches, forming a leafy canopy among whose boughs the song-birds carol their lays, and make the smiling valley ring with melody. The sunbeams brightly glance through the quivering leaves, and play upon the sparkling rivulet, whose banks are fringed with flowers. The distant tinkle of the sheep-bell floats upon the air, like a strain of music, to those happy dwellings, whence the villagers in groups are issuing. Childhood, youth, manhood, and old age are wending their way to the village church. There is the child of few years, whose little hand is clasped in that of the sire's, who is gazing with a parent's fondness

upon the upturned sunny face. There is the youth, escorting the maiden to the house of prayer, and very happy are they in each other's society. There are the father and mother, smilingly watching their children wandering over the same spots where they wandered many years ago, when they, too, were just starting upon the voyage of life, and saw not the foreshadowings of the storms that at times cloud every one's existence. The aged slowly totter along, supported by their grandchildren, feeling a grateful joy that they are still able to go and listen to the familiar voice of their beloved pastor. And thus, blending in one happy stream, conversing upon holy things and filled with holy thoughts, they enter the village churchyard.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHURCHYARD.

THEY enter, the solemn receptacle of the dead, where

“ Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

Around them lie the graves of many dear departed friends; and what sad memories these green hillocks awaken in some of that company! They tell of the infant torn from its mother's bosom by the relentless hand of Death, and laid within the cold ground; of the husband and wife, the sister and brother, weepingly separated—one to go through the “dark valley of the shadow of death,” the other left behind to mourn over their departure; of lovers torn asunder—and who can describe the anguish of the heart when the one on whom all the affections are placed lies an inanimate mass of clay before the view, the tongue's sweet music for ever hushed, the eye's bright light for ever quenched, and the faithful heart, that beat with such deep, warm love for us, cold and still at the icy touch of Death? To know that we can never more hear the thrilling tones of that welcome voice, and never again feel the fond pressure of the hand; to see the loved one enclosed from our weeping gaze, and borne away to the greedy grave; and there hear the sadly solemn words pronounced, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” and behold the object of our affection hidden for ever from our weeping eyes;—oh, scene of inexpressible anguish! life suddenly becomes devoid of every charm; a sombre shadow darkens all the sunshine, and we wish that

we too could die, and be laid by the side of the one we have loved so well. But it is the clay alone that rests in the sod—the spirit hath returned unto God who gave it: and while we are bewailing the lost one's departure, it may be that the happy spirit is joining in the harmonies of heaven. Oh, wish not a spirit back again, when you know that it has quitted earth in the full assurance of a supremely happy life hereafter! Regret not its flight from this vale of tears, for it is gone to a home where sorrow can never enter, and where all tears are wiped away from the glory-brightened eyes! Live thy allotted time on earth—live so that when thy body goeth down into the tomb, thy spirit may meet the one that is gone before, and be its blissful companion in a land where partings are unknown.

As the villagers wander over the paths of the quiet churchyard, those grassy mounds cause many a sigh to be heaved, and many a tear to dim the eyes of that company. Has yonder hoary-headed old man lost his partner, and is that her grave over which he is bending, and upon which a teardrop falls? Oh, dry thy tears thou aged weeper! thou hast lived more than man's allotted years upon earth, and perchance before the sun shall have set many times behind yonder hills, thou wilt meet thy loved one in that land whither thy thoughts so often wander. On that small hillock, where the grass has scarcely covered the newly-raised mound, a young mother gazes with a mournful countenance, through fast-falling tears: beneath that heap of earth her first-born slumbers: he sleeps the icy sleep of death—his childish prattle for ever hushed, and his sparkling eyes finally closed: but his young spirit hath returned to his Creator. Then why, oh! why art thou disconsolate, thou mourning parent? Happy, thrice happy shouldst thou be, to know that thy child is kindly taken from a world of sorrow and of woe, and that he has found a home in his Saviour's bosom! Wouldst thou rather he had lived, and drunk deeply of the bitter waters of life—have struggled with the world, and perhaps prayed, in the depth of agony, for death? He is gone before thee, but thou canst follow him, and the path will be all the brighter to thee as thy beloved one hath trodden it. Although it is very painful to lose the one in whom such great affection is centred, yet a bright ray of happiness will irradiate the gloom, to know that he died before he became contaminated by the world. Then wipe those tears away, O thou sorrow-laden one! for is not heaven far better than earth!

CHAPTER V.

THE CHURCH.

THE house of prayer is entered, the last straggler has taken his seat : each heart seeks a blessing from the Father of mercies, and each eye is turned towards the pastor. What a holy solemnity steals over the soul while we are in the house of God ; we seem to feel His Presence ! How many generations have been in succession seated in this church, listening to the words of holy Writ ! How many ministers have succeeded each other in that pulpit ! So generation after generation passes away ; and we, too, shall go when our time arrives, and the place that knows us now shall know us no more for ever. Others will take our places, and sit in the same seats, and listen to the same words, but from another pastor's lips. Even the lord of the manor, who is seated in his crimson-velvet-cushioned pew, he, with all his hereditary titles, must follow his forefathers. Not all the splendour that surrounds him, not all the wealth that he possesses, will bribe stern Death, who makes no distinction between the peer and the peasant ; both must yield to his impartial sway. How awe-inspiring are the marble effigies of the ancestors of that noble ! Those time-worn tablets record their glorious deeds, and form conspicuous ornaments to the church ; they fling, as it were, a mantle of antiquity over the walls, robing them with magnificence. There, at the foot of the altar, how many have been united by that holy bond which death alone can sunder. The noble lady and the poor cottage-girl, the aristocrat and the peasant, have there alike vowed to love and cherish those who knelt by their side. And so Time rolls on, but at last it will drop into the unfathomable abyss of Eternity. Then will the graves give up their dead ; and from the peaceful village and the busy city, from the deep-rolling ocean and the wide-spread desert, the blest shall soar upon angel-pinions to enter upon their eternal happiness, and for ever live in that blissful realm where there is no more marrying or giving in marriage, but where all meet in universal love and holy companionship.

List to the organ's swelling notes, pealing like angel-melodies throughout the sacred building. And now the congregation simultaneously rise to blend their voices in that hymn of praise and prayer to God ; and those words of adoration will be borne by ministering spirits upward to the realms above, and mingle in the harmonies of heaven. Now

the organ's majestic tones almost drown the voices of the village choir, anon the magnificent music sinks into a soft, sweet melody, and the chorus of praise, gushing from many a happy heart, is distinctly heard. In a loftier strain the last words are poured forth, and a hush so calm, so still, succeeds those echoing notes, it seems as if some invisible and noiseless influence had stricken all that congregation with the solemn stillness of death.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PASTOR.

GAZE upon that noble countenance, beaming with love; look upon that high, expansive brow, crowned with snowy locks! He is one of the truthful followers of his divine Master; his life is an embodiment of his teachings. He is filled with love for God, and for his fellow-men; his unostentatious deeds show the affection of his heart; few worldly thoughts make their abode there, for it is so full of heavenly hopes that it despises the things of earth. He preaches "Christ and Him crucified;" he rails not at this or that religion; he wearies not his hearers with theological discussion; he excites not their imagination with the flowers of eloquence; but simply leads them to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." What breathless stillness pervades that solemn assembly as he reveals the love of God! How earnestly every eye is fixed upon his countenance, and how attentive is every ear to his words, as he points out the way by which they can enter heaven! How truthfully he delineates the Christian character, and how kindly he tells his hearers how they ought to live, so that they may join those who have passed from earth to heaven! He warns youth of the rocks of life, and explains how they can be escaped; and he speaks to the aged Christian of the glories with which he shall soon become acquainted. He describes the life of Christ, and attempts to portray His sufferings for sinful man; he tells them of the Saviour's boundless love for the fallen race, and how they may become reconciled to God. He closes his discourse by exhorting the unbeliever to come to the Redeemer, and find peace—happiness whilst on earth, and eternal bliss beyond the grave. He implores those who have found that peace, to still keep steadfast, never wavering, but increasing in holiness and love to God; and then with a prayer the service closes. How many happy groups linger on their homeward way, to catch

his smile, and listen to his beloved voice : and it seems as if the sun had suddenly become clouded when the parsonage conceals him from their sight.

Over the flowery fields the children ramble, while their parents are conversing on what they have heard, which will form the theme of conversation with the aged who are too infirm to attend the service, in the after-part of the day. But in their happy homes they will peruse the dearly-beloved old Bible, and ponder over those passages upon which the minister particularly dwelt ; and if their sight is too dim to distinguish the letters, their grandchildren will cheerfully read to them.

It is noon. How still, how calm is this Sabbath noon ! Nature seems absorbed in silent prayer. The cattle lie ruminating upon the green-sward : and o'er the boundless blue dome—the lovely veil of heaven—the fleecy clondlets lie in picturesque beauty. Silence seems to hold a universal reign, all is so sweetly still.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLOSE OF THE SABBATH.

THE sun is setting in glorious beauty, slowly sinking behind the crimson-tinged hills. The smiling Sabbath is drawing to a close, and Nature arrays herself in all her loveliness to bid farewell to the holy day. The glowing west is streaked with deepest colours, blending in one resplendent picture. Earth's beaming face is blushing with rosy light streaming from the farewell glance of the setting sun. A solitary bird pours his last notes to the fading day : the bony-laden bee buzzes its homeward flight to its well-stored hive ; the graceful deer rustle the bushes as they pass to drink of the pellucid waters of the lake. And now every sound is hushed, save the monotonous gurgling of some little brook, as it pursues its onward course through the fragrant meadows and the shady dells : or the gentle whispering of the leaves, fanned into motion by the breath of even.

The sky is one expanse of clear blue, except in the western horizon, whither the snowy clouds have floated : and as they approach the setting sun, they become steeped in myriad dyes, and robe the rugged mountain-tops with crimson drapery. The last gorgeous rays which follow in the train of the royal sun still brightly linger there, as if loath to leave so fair a scene, and bid adieu to the sweet

flowers; but at length, slowly and reluctantly, they withdraw. The thoughtful Twilight mutely throws her dusky mantle over reposing earth, and the world is left to enjoy the blest repose of a Sabbath-night. Farewell to thee, sweet Sabbath-day! Thou hast brought many blessings with thee, and many blessings follow thee in thy silent flight to the mystic realms of eternity, to join thy predecessors. Thou art but a symbol of that eternal Sabbath with which Time shall converge when the last star hath faded from its firmament, and its darkness is lost in the golden splendours of the Sun of Eternity.

GOSPEL-SONG.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—MATTHEW xi. 28.

When thy lone heart is stricken deep with woe,
And down thy face grief-laden teardrops flow:
When sorrow dwells within thy troubled breast,
“Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

When thy sad spirit longs to flee away
From darken'd earth, to realms of endless day;
When hope is faint, and faith is sore depress'd,
“Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

When life to thee is as a dismal dream,
Without the faintest solitary gleam
Of earthly happiness to be its guest,
“Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

Although thy heart be heavy with its grief,
And yearn in vain to find a short relief;
Though mournful thoughts may all thine hours invest,
“Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

When thou dost weep for days for ever o'er,
For happier moments tears will not restore,—
Faded away like sunlight in the west,—
“Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

Hath death bereft thee of a friend most dear,
 And art thou left alone desponding here ;
 Are sighs up-heaving from thy aching breast,
 " Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest."

Oh mourner, wipe thy flowing tears away,
 And to thy God with trustful fervour pray,
 Peace shall return to soothe thy heart oppress'd :
 Go unto Him, and He will give thee rest.

THE ROSEBUD.

A ROSEBUD was drench'd with the silvery rain,
 And hung down its beautiful head,
 Shedding hyaline drops, that glittered like pearls,
 Upon its fair daisy-gemm'd bed.

It wept for the beams of the gladdening sun,
 And trembled as it with its grief,
 While odorous gems with a crystalline crown
 Illumined each quivering leaf.

The sun kindly smiled in its sorrowful face,
 And kiss'd the rich teardrops away,
 As it blushing parted its coralline lips,
 Breathing sweets to the orb of the day.

The balmy breeze play'd with its crimson-hued leaves,
 Revealing its charms to the sight ;
 And amid the bright flow'rs all blooming around
 It glistened transcendently bright.

Oh, how oft do we mourn for Prosperity's sun,
 While Adversity's rain falls around,
 And forget it is by a kind Providence sent
 To make virtue more richly abound.

Though dark be the cloud, and severe be the storm,
 They will pass like a dream of the night,
 And the light will shine forth with a sunnier smile,
 To fill the sad heart with delight.

SONNET.

PALE, ghostly moonbeams gleam through ruby glass,
 And cast deep blushes on the oaken floor;
 And gently trembling on th' emblazon'd door,
 With spectral brightness slowly steal and pass
 Along the faded tapestry, and illumine
 The noble portraits of an ancient line,
 Whose glorious names shall ever brightly shine,
 Whose mighty deeds shall aye immortal bloom,
 In bardic verse, in famed historic page,
 And deeply echo through each future age.
 The warriors' portraits grace the ancient Hall,
 And fairest forms of beauty mingle there;
 While on their marble tombs the moonbeams fall,
 Wreathing each sculptured name in haloes pure and fair.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY new year to thee, beautiful one—
 More blissful, more bright than those that are gone!
 'Tis the prayer of a heart that is warm and sincere,—
 A life full of joy and a happy new year!

May each coming hour bring some blessing to thee!
 May all sadness and sorrow far, far from thee flee!
 May moments o'erflowing with pleasures appear,
 And thy heart beat with joy through a happy new year!

May thy lustrous eyes shine with the light of thy soul,
 And lose not their brightness as days onward roll!
 May blessings surround thee, and kind friends be near,
 To fill thee with gladness all through the new year!

Whatever my lot, and wherever I rove,
 This true heart will throb with its fathomless love;
 All its thoughts shall be thine, whether distant or near,
 To bless thee and love thee through ev'ry new year.

FLOWERS, FAIR FLOWERS.

Flow'rs, fair flow'rs, were brightly blooming, as a happy
child she roved

Through the garden's gay parterres, gath'ring those she
dearly loved,—

Roses with their beauty blushing, roses with their pureness
white,—

Lilies streak'd with gorgeous colours, lilies like the pale
moonlight.

Flow'rs, fair flow'rs, were brightly blooming, and within her
raven hair

An unfolding rose was smiling—spotless emblem, pure and
fair :

Fragrant flow'rs-bestrew'd her pathway, for she was a happy
bride,

And she seem'd herself a white rose crimsoning with joy
and pride.

Flow'rs, fair flow'rs, were brightly blooming, as upon the
bed of death :

Like a broken bud's last perfume, she resign'd her parting
breath.

Oh ! the farewell kiss was given, and her spirit wing'd its
flight

To another home in heaven, fill'd with happiness and light.

Flow'rs, fair flow'rs, are brightly blooming o'er that loved
one's early tomb ;

Tears, sad tears, are gently falling o'er a flow'r no more to
bloom ;

Sighs, soft sighs, are sadly mingling with the moaning through
the bow'rs ;

And a mourner's heart is breaking o'er the flow'rs, the lovely
flow'rs.

SILENCE.

DEEP stillness reigns around, for earth now lies
In midnight sleep : not e'en the faintest sound
Disturbs her gentle slumberings. The breeze
Holds its soft breath ; hush'd are its whisperings
Of fond affection to the trembling flowers,
Now motionless as the pale moon, whose beams
So calmly slumber on the tranquil lake.

Silence, with finger placed on her seal'd lips
 And eyelids folded o'er her dreamy orbs,
 Peacefully reigneth, canopied by Night.
 No cloudlet breaks the deep serene of heav'n,
 And ocean's waves have rock'd themselves to sleep

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

SEASON of vernal beauty, come and robe the earth in green ;
 Bid smiling Nature in her garb of loveliness be seen ;
 Scatter thy jewels all around in garlands of fair flowers,
 While warblers' joyous melodies ring through the sunny
 bowers.

Bid the meand'ring rivulet flow ripplingly along,
 And to the waving woods sing forth its softest, sweetest song ;
 Falling upon the list'ning ear like music from above,
 Or a memory-haunting melody from the lips of those we love.

Bid the violet and the primrose bloom, and the lily of the vale,
 While their sweet perfumes on the wings of gentle Zephyr sail.
 Oh, come, in all thy beauty come, thou season of delight ;
 Ravish the ear with sweetest sounds, with loveliest scenes the
 sight !

DEATH.

DEATH's monarchy is universal ; there is not a spot in this lower creation which his sombre wings overshadow not. He lays his icy hand upon his prey, and Life flies aghast from its now victorious enemy. Labouring incessantly is the stern King of Terrors ; not an instant doth he pause in his sorrow-sowing flight, or suspend his wonted occupation. While I write, and whilst thou, O mortal, art perusing what is written, he is wafting many into eternity. The infant is taken from its mother's breast ere its feeble mind can form a conception of its future destiny ; the high pulse of youth is chilled in its glow ; the pride of manhood bowed, and old age hurried to the tomb. Death is the sole exception to the mutability of earthly things : the tide of ages rolls onward, and he is still the same. When man sinned against the Creator, he

sprang into birth, and has still lived on, in a never-slumbering, ever-working existence; and his reign will continue till the trumpet of the archangel proclaims that time shall be no more. Then, when he ushers in the reign of eternity, the day-spring of man's immortality—then, O Death, thou wilt be subdued. He who hath “overcome the world” will overcome thee also. Then may they who were thy captives exclaim, “O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?”

TRUST IN GOD.

ART thou weary of the struggle?

Longs thy spirit to be free

From the prison chains that bind thee

Down to sad mortality?

O'er thee brood dark clouds of sorrow?

Gleams there not *one* cheering ray?

Is the fire of hope extinguish'd

Ere the close of life's short day?

Is thy lone heart full of anguish—

Anguish only known to thee—

Sinking 'neath its weight of sadness,

Sinking, sinking silently.

Wipe the teardrops from thine eyelids;

Still thy bosom's rising sigh;

Raise thy thoughts from all that grieves thee,

Far beyond the shrouded sky!

Though thy soul be full of sorrow,

Though thou'rt weary of the way,

Though dark clouds may hover o'er thee,

Veiling all the light of day,—

Yet repine not! God is gracious;

He has some wise end in view:

He has made thee, He afflicts thee,

He will safely bring thee through;

He will change the cup of sorrow

Into one of purest bliss.—

Scatter in thy rugged pathway

Sweetest flow'rs of happiness.

Call upon Him ; He will hear thee,
 And will listen to thy prayer :
 Calmly wait, in trusting patience ;
 He will free thee from thy care.

In a richly-laden blessing
 To thy soul He will reply.
 And the golden light of gladness
 Shed athwart the low'ring sky.

Till fair Hope's prophetic rainbow
 Painted on the clouds appears,
 And the sun, in royal splendour,
 Kindly dries thy falling tears.

THE ROSES OF SUMMER.

THE roses of summer are wreathed with the gems
 That descended in musical showers,
 And pour their perfume on the wings of the breeze,
 As it floats by the blossom-fill'd bowers :
 O'er their beautiful petals the sun's golden beams
 In gladdening kisses are straying,
 While sweet zephyrs woo the fair tremulous leaves,
 And with the rich raindrops are playing.

The birds are outpouring melodious lays,
 And fill the soft odorous air
 With music that floats through the violet vale
 To the rill that is rippling there ;
 While the lily-fringed fountains are flinging their pearls
 In the setting sun's crimsoning light,
 And the crystalline diamonds blushing fall
 In tinted drops lucently bright.

A THUNDER-STORM.

HARK to the roaring thunder's echoing peals !
 Each cloud with thrilling voice now loudly groans,
 In awful terror at the lightning's flash.
 One moment the enveloped sky is lit
 With the fleet flashes of electric light,
 Making the brooding darkness visible ;
 And then resumes its boundless blackness. All
 The stars are veil'd ; the moon hath hid her face,
 And stricken earth is wrapt in speechless awe.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE odorous night-breeze wafts on waving wings
 Love-laden music from yon beauteous vale
 Of loveliest roses, and their perfume flings,
 Upon the air, that to the nightingale
 Seems listening. Oh, what soul-soothing notes
 Flow sweetly in a softly gushing stream,
 That to the ear like heav'nly music floats,
 Hymn'd by the angel-choir whose glories gleam
 In golden stars strewn o'er the sapphire sky.
 My heart responds with exquisite delight,
 And trembles with deep, holy ecstacy,
 Whilst gazing on star-jewell'd, moon-crown'd Night,
 And drinking the delicious melody
 Of the sweet songster of the rose-wreathed vale,
 Telling the lady-moon its wild, romantic tale.

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

ACROSS the sultry desert-sands the wanderer bent his way ;
 His lips were parch'd with burning thirst throughout the
 long, long day ;
 From the unclouded sky the sun darted his fiercest heat.
 And the traveller's wildly throbbing brow with strong
 pulsations beat.

He'd journey'd many weary miles since the first dawn of day ;
 But onward, onward, onward still his aching feet must stray.
 He look'd around ; no sight, no sound fell on his eye or ear ;
 No stream, no shade was visible—no spot of rest was near.

He thought of home and friends afar, in England's happy
 isle.

Where cooling zephyrs fan the air, and beauties ever smile ;
 Oh, how he long'd to rest again beneath its waving trees,
 And listen to the melody of streamlet, bird, and breeze.

Fast down his scorch'd and furrow'd cheeks big scalding
 tears did roll ;

His agonizing look proclaim'd the anguish of his soul ;
 He cried for water—but in vain, for in its stead came death ;
 He sank amid the burning sands, and there resign'd his
 breath.

A BRIDAL-WREATH.

FAIR, beauteous bride, on this thy wedding-day
 I pour to thee my simple, heartfelt lay,
 And wish thee a long life of growing bliss.
 May all thy days be bright with happiness ;
 Ne'er may thy bosom heave the bitter sigh,
 Nor sorrow's teardrops dim thy beaming eye ;
 May thy glad heart be light with joy for aye,
 And life appear a ceaseless bridal-day :
 Love weave for thee a chaplet of fair flowers,
 And friendship's sun illumine all thine hours.
 Gently and safely may life's vessel glide,
 With sail unruffled o'er the sunlit tide ;
 No billows rise beneath to awe thy soul,
 Nor sounding tempests e'er above thee roll.
 As each new day appears, oh, may it bring
 Fresh happiness upon its passing wing :
 And when from earth thy spirit takes its flight,
 Then may it soar to realms of fadeless light,—
 Be blest with joys, eternal joys, above,
 In that fair home of happiness and love.

TO A LAUREL-LEAF.

BEAUTIFUL leaf, I gaze on thee with joy,
 And with a heart imbued with gratitude
 To the Almighty Power who fashion'd thee.
 How delicately traced is every vein !
 Thy variegated tints how rich, how clear !
 Where is the artist who could e'er portray
 Such hues,—so fair, so exquisitely wrought ?
 Oh, wondrous Artist, everlasting God !
 The smallest of Thy works far, far exceeds
 The greatest efforts of earth's mightiest minds.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

I STAND upon the shores of Time,
 And gaze o'er Death's dark stream,
 To where Eternity's vast clime,
 Lies shrouded like a dream.

To Hope, low murm'ring, saith my soul,
 " Oh, what awaits me there ?
 Those cold, dark waves, that fiercely roll,
 O'erwhelm me with despair."

Fear not, those billows will be pass'd ;
 For thou must reach that land ;
 Though rough the wave, though loud the blast,
 There shalt thou safely stand,

" And gladly greet the loved, the blest,
 To whom thy thoughts now flow :
 They through that gloomy tide have press'd
 And dost thou fear to go ?"

I will not fear to pass the tide ;
 No more its waves dismay ;
 For Faith my feeble steps shall guide,
 And Hope illumine my way.

And while I feel that guiding hand,
 And see that light above,
 I'll calmly pass into the land
 Of perfect peace and love.

LIFE.

WHEN the young heart is light, and the eye full of gladness,
 And the brow is unclouded by sorrow and care,
 Ah ! little we think of the dark days of sadness.—
 How a few years will rattle the cheek now so fair.

The child that to-day in the cradle is lying,
 Though it knows not the troubles the world has in store,
 Unconsciously tells, by its tears and its sighing,
 That grief is to man as the sea to the shore.

The waters of trouble will reach him to-morrow,
 Though the soul-flooding billows to-day may subside,
 And joy will as surely be follow'd by sorrow,
 As the ebb by the flow of the shore-wasting tide.

But amid all the scenes that shall open before us,
 Be they silver'd with joy, or o'ersadow'd with care,
 We'll calmly rely on the Providence o'er us,
 And for good or for evil by virtue prepare.

SONNET—TO A BEE IN DECEMBER.

COMPANION of fair Summer and sweet Spring,
 Why art thou wand'ring 'mid December's gloom ?
 Thy presence bids fond Memory take wing.
 And picture to my view rich flowers in bloom.
 I see the blushing rose, the lily pale,
 And azure sky enrobed with silv'ry clouds ;
 And like the dear remembrance of a tale
 Of deepest interest, the past now crowds
 Upon my mind, awaken'd by thy song—
 Thy buzzing song of busy minstrelsy.
 I think of vales where streamlets flow'd along,
 And none were roving there but thee and me.
 Alas ! in bleak December's darken'd hours
 Thou rovest still in search of honey'd flow'rs.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

HARK, hark, the Christmas bells ring out, ay merrily they
 ring ;
 And mantled with the falling snow the waites glad carols sing ;
 The music of the village waites and pealing of the bells
 Swell on the keen and gusty air, and die adown the dells.

'Tis Christmas-eve, and slowly fall the feath'ry flakes of snow ;
 The clouds dissolve in coronals, and robe the earth below :
 All soft and silently they fall, and fill the frosty air,
 Like blossoms dropp'd from Paradise, pure, beautiful, and
 fair.

They fall upon the leafless trees, and on the ice-bound stream ;
 They fall upon the evergreens, where crimson berries gleam ;
 They fall upon the lonely flowers, that bloom though Winter
 reigns,

As if they linger'd in the cold to hear the robin's strains.

* * * * *

SONNET—A MIDSUMMER-EVE.

THE ev'ning breeze is faint with fragrancy :
 Its silken wings with flowers' sweet incense droop,
 And scarce can fan the air into a tone
 Soft as the dying whisper of a child,
 Whose morning life is slowly ebbing forth
 Away into the far eternity.
 The leaves awaken at its balmy breath,
 Trembling let fall the pendent orbs of dew,
 Then quiver into motionless repose.
 How still, how calm, is ocean, earth, and sky !
 The placid wave, admiringly, lies mute,
 Awe-struck at Nature's silent slumberings :
 No voice, no sound, scarce e'en a zephyr's sigh,
 Disturbs the quiet of this prayerful hour.

TO ———.

BEAUTY from thy face beams brightly, and 'tis glancing from
 thine eyes—
 Gentle orbs with glory shining, like the stars in azure skies ;
 Shining full of spirit-beauty, ever cloudless, ever fair :
 Ever bright'ning with its glory ev'ry scene of earthly care.

May thy life be long and sunny ; may thy heart be light
 and free ;
 May thy lily-brow e'er slumber in its calm serenity ;
 Never may a tear of sorrow fringe those eyes so pure and
 bright ;
 But a joyous spirit fill them from its fount of inward light.

May God shower His choicest blessings ; be His smile a
 heav'n to thee ;
 Loving angels round thee hover, day and night unceasingly ;
 And when Death shall gently gather from the earth its
 fairest flower,
 May those guardian seraphs bear thee to some bright celestial
 bower.

THE STREAM.

THE stream is melodiously flowing along ;
 Illumined with sunbeams, it sings its sweet song,
 Adorning the flowers that kiss its fair face,
 With tiaras of jewels, their beauty to grace.

Full often I listen, reclined in my boat,
 To its musical murmur, as gently we float,
 While the boatman is singing his favourite lay,
 As he scatters around him the glittering spray.

I linger there till the warm sun hath set,
 And the stars in the fathomless ether have met :
 I linger there till the moonbeams bright
 Envelope the earth in their pure, pale light.

Oh, then it is sweet o'er the stream to stray,
 And watch the quivering moonbeams play,
 While my boat in a silvery pathway glides,
 As I gather the lilies that sleep by its sides.



THE GRAVE OF MY LOVE.

I'm standing alone by the grave of my love,
 While the night-wind steals plaintively by ;
 And the glittering stars, the bright eyes of the night,
 With glory illumine the sky.
 Sweet Philomel poureth a sorrowful lay
 In the grove where the roses are twining,
 While my grief-laden heart is o'erflowing with sighs,
 And my tears in the moon-beams are shining.

Oh Isabel, Isabel, beautiful one !
 Thy grave is enamell'd with flowers ;
 I've gather'd the fairest and loveliest wreaths
 That sweeten'd the musical bowers,—
 And strewn them, bedew'd with my sorrowful tears,
 Upon thy bright, blossoming grave,
 Where soft zephyrs sigh 'neath their load of perfume,
 And the willow-trees mournfully wave.

A SUMMER SABBATH AFTERNOON.

ON what a sacred stillness calmly broods
 Over reposing earth ! The flow'rs' fair heads
 Are humbly bow'd, as if in silent prayer :
 One solitary clondlet streaks the sky ;
 As still as its own shadow on the lake
 It brightly lies, stay'd in its onward course,
 Pausing in solemn wonderment and awe.
 The tall trees stand like silent sentinels,
 Guarding the voiceless worship of the earth.
 A virgin rose, as Parian marble pure,
 Hangs o'er the crystal fountain's glassy face,
 Still as a statue bending o'er a tomb.
 Nature seems wedded now to gentle Peace,
 While heaven and earth their holy Sabbath keep.

LINES WITH A BOUQUET.

I HAVE cull'd thee a bouquet of beautiful flowers,
 The fairest and sweetest that bloom'd in the bowers,—
 Bright red and white roses enrich'd with perfume,
 Geraniums and pansies in loveliest bloom.

Where the bee with the many-hued butterfly floats,
 And the birds are outpouring their echoing notes,
 Bloom'd the flowers I bring thee. Oh, sweet was their home !
 Where music and perfume communing roam.

Let this bouquet remind thee, thou dear one, of me,
 As the shell's gentle whisper that tells of the sea :
 And in days that are coming, oh gaze on these flow'rs,
 While Memory pictures the past sunny hours !

HAPPINESS.

WHAT is happiness, and where shall we seek it ? What
 are the sources from which it springs, and the bands which
 will secure it to the heart ? If we seek it in the giddy maze
 of youthful joy, it is but the ephemeral sunshine of the
 untried heart, which vanishes as the coils of the world
 tighten around us. If we look for it in the little gatherings
 about the fireside, there it is alloyed by the harrowing re-
 membrance that death will hush the voice which rings its
 merry laugh upon the ear, brightens the eye with gladness,

and makes the heart light with joy and love. If we hope to find it in riches and worldly honour, we are still the victims of delusion; for these things make to themselves wings and fly away, leaving only regret for the past, the sighing of the heart for the days that are gone for ever, the sorrowful brooding over "the ghosts of pleasures fled."

But, oh! say not there is *no* happiness on this side of the grave; say not there is no balm for sorrow, no healing balsam for the bleeding heart; for it is not so. Though all our joy be chequered and transient, yet still there are such things as happiness and joy. There is happiness in childhood's mirth; there is happiness in the lightsome heart of youth; there is happiness in calm old age; there is happiness in the cheerful home, where happy faces meet and loving hearts entwine. There is happiness in all the world around us,—in the golden harvests and the sunny fields, in the blossoming flowers, and the murmuring rill, the skipping lambs and the singing birds. Then why should man enjoy no happiness? Is his superior knowledge to mar his present joy by conjuring up presentiments of evil, and not to fill his heart with gladness by revealing happiness in store? Oh, no! however heavily the troubles of life may weigh upon the heart, Hope will relieve it of half the burden, and point to brighter, happier days to come. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

TO THE REV. ———.

PENSIVE I pace my silent room,
 And my lone heart sinks 'neath its weight of gloom;
 Wildly it throbs with fruitless grief,
 And few are the hours that bring relief.
 Life wears an aspect stern to me,
 Restless and dark as a stormy sea:
 Harsh Sorrow hath made her home in my heart;
 When, oh when, will the shadow depart!
 I pine for love as the flowers for rain;
 When will my spirit be fill'd again
 With that thrilling joy, that ecstacy
 I felt when my mother smiled on me!
 Oh, her smile was bright as a summer day,
 And sweet as the sunny glance of May;
 And the soothing music of her voice
 E'er made my young light heart rejoice.

But she sleeps the wakeless sleep of death,
 While the wild wind sighs with sobbing breath,
 While moaning Autumn's leaves are shed,
 Where she calmly rests with the sacred dead.
 There Memory loves to wing her way,
 Till sorrowful thoughts o'ereloud the day.
 Earth, thou art beautiful to me,
 And I love each lovely thing I see ;
 But still my heart is for ever void,
 And my ev'ry bliss with pain is alloy'd ;
 For I am alone, alone with Grief,—
 She is my bride, and my heart's like a leaf
 Waved by the dying Autumn's breath :
 For it trembles with sighs like life at death.
 " Home, what is it ?" I've murmur'd long :
 The sound is sweet as an angel's song ;
 It sends a thrill throughout my frame,
 And my full heart bounds at its lovely name.
 It seemeth rich with every bliss,
 Bright with each social happiness,
 Jewell'd with beauty like Spring with flowers,
 And musical as the Summer's showers !
 Oh, when I wish to picture a home,
 To thy bright fireside my thoughts will roam ;
 For there I beheld the fairest scene
 That has gladden'd mine eyes where'er I've been :
 All thine so kind and full of love,
 Dear to each other as angels above ;
 And the hours I pass'd with them and thee
 Unfolded a paradise to me—
 " A spot which an angel had touch'd in its flight ;"
 A gleaming star on a cloud-robed night ;
 A flower-gemm'd isle in a boundless sea ;
 An ever-remember'd melody ;
 A golden light o'er Life's dark shrouds ;
 A glorious rainbow clasping the clouds ;
 A rapturous thrill to my desolate heart ;
 A dream of delight so soon to depart ;
 A drop of bliss in my cup of woe ;
 The brightest, sunniest beam below ;
 For a few brief hours a heav'n on earth,
 When the purest hopes sprang into birth ;
 A shaded fount in a sandy plain ;
 A sunny gleam amid falling rain ;
 And in joy or grief, whatever my lot,
 Oh, thou and thine shalt ne'er be forgot !

HOME.

HOME is one of the sweetest words of which language can boast. What beautiful associations encircle its beloved name ! Home ! As the precious word is uttered, what dear and never-to-be-forgotten scenes are vividly portrayed to Memory's view. The place where we were ushered into a world of sunshine and shadow,—the spot where we first beheld the light of day, and heard the well-remembered tones of a fond mother's voice,—where we lisped in infantile accents,—*where we were happy* ! Oh, each spot within and around our homes is dear, very dear to us ; but how often are we compelled to leave the dear faces, and the sweet scenes and associations of home behind us, to go forth and battle with the world,—to find that life has its bitters as well as its sweets,—to exchange the golden sunlight for the darkening shadow, and to hear the harsh voice of a cold world instead of the kind tones of our blissful childhood ! How many a noble soul is shipwrecked upon the tempestuous sea of life ! How widely separated are those who grew up together in “ the old house at home.” Home ! how the strangely powerful word strikes the heart, causing each chord to vibrate ! Whether a palace or a cot, it is indescribably dear to us. A lifetime of anxiety cannot erase the recollections of youth : the realities of the present or the dreams of the future cannot efface the memories of the past.

It is related of Napoleon that he was riding one day over a battle-field, gazing sternly and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands around him, when suddenly the evening bells of Brientz awoke a merry peal. The Emperor paused to listen : his heart was softened ; memory was busy with the past ; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent happy school-boy of Brientz : and dismounting from his horse, he seated himself upon the stump of a tree, and burst into tears. The rock was smitten, and the waters gushed freely from it. So is it with us all ; fond reminiscences of days gone by *will* sometimes steal over us, and awaken all our finer sensibilities. We are prone to draw comparisons between the present and the past, and cannot avoid turning with a kind of melancholy yearning to the days of our youthful joys. The heart of man is ever restless, and rarely do the scenes and pleasures of after-life equal in peace and satisfaction the irrevocable happiness of our childhood's home.

ROSES.

BEAUTIFUL roses, rich June's blushing roses !

All sparkling with rain-drops, and fill'd with perfume ;
The soft wooing zephyr your sweetness discloses,
As it greets with its kisses each starry-wreathed bloom.

The bee and the butterfly love to caress you,

The dew-drop is loath to depart from your breast ;
When the rays of the rising sun come to possess you,
And hastes to return when they fade in the west.

The nightingale hovers around and above you,

And carols his love in mellifluous tone :
All beautiful things for your loveliness love you,
And taste of your sweetness to heighten their own.

 THE GRANDMOTHER.

It is a beautiful Sabbath afternoon,—hushed, calm, and holy ! Grandmother is sitting by the window, reading her Bible, for she is too feeble to attend the village church. The lovely roses peep in at the open casement, and sweetly shed their rich perfume around her, as if in commendation of her holy occupation.

Between the pages of that beloved Book are preserved the leaves of other roses, that blossomed when she was a girl ; and as often as they meet her gaze, Memory pictures to her view the unforgotten scenes of the distant past.

She is alone ; for all are gone to the pretty village church, whose spire can be seen towering amid the lofty trees that skirt Grandmother's garden. The quaintly-carved old oaken doors are open, and the melody issuing from the voices of the rustic choir, is wafted to her delighted ears upon the noiseless zephyrs of a summer's day. She places her finger upon the line she is reading, and pauses awhile to listen to those welcome strains. Now they die away upon the breeze, floating to other spots ; and now they return in louder, sweeter tones, as if to compensate for their momentary

absence. Softly they fall, and gently sink into her throbbing heart; whilst tears, not of sorrow, but of gladness, sparkle in her aged eyes. Oh, how she longs to blend her voice with that glorious strain!—How she longs to be there, to listen to the precious words that fall from the faithful pastor's lips! The music gradually subsides, and with a deeper interest she resumes her reading of the Sacred Word; but often has she to pause to wipe her spectacles, for they are dim with tears.

And what is she reading in that old family Bible? She is perusing those solemnly beautiful passages over which so many tears have been shed, and by which so many sorrows have been allayed: "And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly"—for "this mortal must put on immortality." Oh, how many hearts have vibrated at those thrilling words, when uttered in admonition from the chancel, or when solemnly pronounced over the lifeless form of a beloved one! Though full of hope, yet are they tinged with sorrow.

And still the old Grandmother reads on through this radiant Sabbath afternoon; and a heavenly glory overspreads her countenance,—her eyes shine with a brighter light, and her heart is thrilled with a sublimer rapture. And thus she passes from life to immortality. The breeze steals in at the casement, whispering its soft melody around her; it plays with her silvery hair, and rustling the leaves of the Bible, floats back again unto its beloved roses. And now a sunbeam comes and smiles upon the page, and looks sweetly into Grandmother's face. How tranquil she appears as she sits there—looking as if she slept, as though life had not departed!—And so she appears as if in a dream, while the sunny hours steal silently away, and the pastor is drawing his holy duties to a close.

Lovely little Eva, the picture of health and happiness, like a bright sunbeam darts into the room, with her hand full of flowers to present to her dear Grandmamma. Beaming with smiles and overflowing with joy, she hastily runs up to her, and with her musical voice exclaims, "Oh Grandmamma, here is such a lovely nosegay for you!" and she holds it up to her face,—but no glad recognition rewards her, no thankful word or loving action repays her. She looks in vain for the wonted welcome—she looks in vain for the accustomed kiss. She sleeps, dear Eva,—but she sleeps the solemn sleep of death. You may call aloud, yet she will not hear—for, nought but the trump of the archangel will ever awaken her from that death-slumber!

SUNSET, TWILIGHT, NIGHT.

THE glorious day, magnificently robed
 With crimson garments of resplendent light,
 In calm sublimity serenely dies
 In the grand palace of the glowing west,
 Whose beauties deepen as his glories fade.
 Weary and faint with his unceasing march
 From east to west, across the boundless blue,
 Where even not one resting-place he found,
 Though all was bright beneath his golden gaze :
 Gifting with glory all he smiled upon,
 On, on he travell'd to the distant west,
 His strength declining with his onward march :
 And as he near'd his long, long journey's end,
 His fainting feet were pierced with gushing wounds,
 Which left a glowing track in rosy paths,
 Tinging the snowy whiteness of the clouds
 That silently arose to welcome him,
 With deepest tints, like warriors' precious blood,
 Making the blue sky like a battle-field.
 And thus he reached his gorgeous palace-home :
 Now on a radiant couch of mingled hues
 He gently sinks to rest, and slowly dies,
 Like a grand conqueror whose course is run,—
 The white-robed clouds his only witnesses,
 Who bend like angels by his side, and dip
 Their spotless garments in his purple wounds,
 To stay the life-blood brightly ebbing forth,
 Till their pure virgin robes absorb the tide,
 And streak the awe-inspired and voiceless earth
 With roseate rays of beautifying light
 From that bright orb which gladden'd it with smiles.
 Tinged with the deepest colours he reclines,
 A noble form—too glorious to live.
 His dying splendours Nature's face suffuse
 With kindling blushes, while the rivers change
 To glowing crimson :—e'en the lovely flow'rs
 Grow lovelier still, and flush with deeper hues.
 The virgin roses blush to see him die,
 And gently bend their modest heads in grief,
 Seemingly to breathe a prayer that he may live.
 The topmost branches of the giant trees
 Are crown'd with glory, which is streaming down
 Upon the shadow'd sward, and brightly plays
 In shapes fantastic as a midnight dream.

Oh, what resplendent dyes yon orb displays
 Ere he departs—like to the rainbow bright,
 Too beautiful, too brilliant far to last.
 Oh, much more lovely, in his dying robes
 Of crimson, orange, violet, gold, and blue,
 Than when he rose, in orient splendour clad,
 And shed his glances o'er a sleeping world,
 That woke to gaze on his magnificence !
 Oh, he was glorious then, when like a stream
 His lucent wavelets rippled o'er the earth,—
 Flooding fair Nature's face with beaming smiles,—
 Lissing its sweet and dewy tears away ;
 When new-born beams play'd with the quiv'ring leaves,
 Trembling with gladness at the grateful lays
 Of morning's songsters on their waving boughs :
 Yet the bright sun looks far more glorious now
 That his grand course is run. He streaks the field
 O'er which he proudly march'd in gorgeous state
 With the last rays of his departing light,
 Expiring with a calm sublimity.
 'Tis like the close of a true Christian's life,
 Hov'ring between Eternity and Time,
 As Twilight glimmers between Day and Night,—
 Mysterious link outstretch'd between them both,
 A part of each, yet neither of the twain.
 Thus when the good man passeth from this world,
 Exchanging time for immortality,
 Earth's chast'ning grief for Heav'n's surpassing joys,
 His pale face shineth with celestial light,
 Fore-splendouring a glory yet to come :
 Gleams of the sunlight of another sphere
 Fall on his brow, and glorify his soul ;
 These gild his mystic path to other worlds,
 Where neither sun declines, nor day withdraws,—
 Where God shall be his everlasting Light,
 The orb of cloudless and unsetting Day.

Day, with his radiant garb of light, hath sunk
 Into Eternity's mysterious tomb,
 Adding another link to that vast chain
 That shall be finish'd at the judgment-day.

O mighty Time ! from thy grand diadem
 Another gem, like a bright star, hath dropp'd,
 To give a grander lustre to the blaze
 Reflected from the jewels thou hast lost,—
 The unreturning hours, days, months, and years
 Claim'd by the all-absorbing conqueror,
 The unportrayable, the unreveal'd,
 The solemn, infinite Eternity.

Time proudly stands upon a pedestal
 Composed of balls known unto man as days :
 On the high summit of that mount Time wields
 His regal sceptre ;—at its wide base yawns
 A gulf more sombre than a cloud-robed night ;
 E'en not a single solitary ray
 Pierces the solemn darkness brooding there ;—
 That deep black chasm is Eternity :
 And as the west throws open its bright gates
 To welcome home the slow returning sun,
 Oft as that royal orb in splendour sets,
 One of those balls that form the throne of Time
 Sinks in that gulf, never to rise again.
 Day rolls on day, and when the last is gone,
 Then thou who sway'st thy sceptre o'er the earth,
 To whom all bend, and own thy majesty ;
 Whose impress meets our view where'er we roam,
 Whose touch can change the aspect of a world—
 Change blooming beauty into wither'd age ;
 E'en thou, O mighty Time ! shalt fall and sink
 Lower and lower still ; while dying Death,
 With the last effort of declining strength
 Shall hurl his sole remaining dart at thee,
 And gladly die when he beholds *thee* dead,—
 Lying amid the ruins of thy throne ;
 While bright Eternity, with crown complete,
 (Whose jewels once encircled thy fair brow,)
 At the archangel's dead-awakening trump,
 With giant strength shall burst the bonds of sleep,
 Grandly up-rising like a new-born god,—
 Thought-fired, elated, on life-beaming wings,
 Mount up in triumph o'er a burning world,
 Up through the angel-throng'd and song-fill'd air,
 To hold his universal endless reign.

Time and Eternity, most solemn words,
 Full to o'erflowing with unfathom'd depths
 Of mightiest meaning, indescribable,
 Pregnant with mystic thought which finite mind
 Can never grasp, or human tongue explain !
 How close they are, and yet how separate !
 Placed in comparison, how brief is Time !
 A single drop from the stupendous tide
 Of an unsounded, shoreless, waveless sea—
 A bursting bubble on its boundless breast ;
 A single star out-fading from the sky ;
 A dewdrop in the splendours of the sun ;
 Brief prelude of a never-ending lay ;

The childhood of an endless life ; the school
 Where for the great Hereafter we prepare ;
 The dim foreshadowing of another life ;
 (That Life the infinite Eternity,—
 Ages to ages join'd, without an end,
 Uninterrupted—with no first, no last ;
 No alpha, no omega ;—mystery all !)
 The golden morning of the night of Time ;
 The haven after Life's tumultuous storm ;
 The wanderer's home,—the calm, eternal rest ;
 After Life's battle the grand victory ;
 The Christian warrior's rewarding crown ;
 The patient labourer's golden harvest-time ;
 The gracious recompense for deeds of love ;
 The interest for the talents our kind God
 Hath now endow'd us with. O mortal man,
 Thy deathless soul must render an account
 How thou hast spent thy ev'ry talent here !
 Oh, aye remember they are not thine own !
 Thy God has only lent them unto thee :—
 Then use them wisely—use them gratefully—
 Use them in giving glory to His name ;
 Shed happiness within thy brother's soul,
 And cheer him in the battle-field of life !
 Oh, guide his erring steps, and point the way
 That leads to glorious immortality !—
 Eternity ! age of the living God !
 Thought shrinks abash'd within its little self,
 As it contemplates thy dread majesty !—
 A trembling shadow flitting at thy base,
 Thou grand, sublime, cloud-cleaving pyramid.
 Portentous mystery, what dost thou conceal ?
 Impenetrable veil withdraw awhile—
 Of the hereafter give me now a glimpse !
 O mighty mountain move, divide, disclose
 The scenes that lie beyond the range of Time !
 A wall of mysteries encircles thee,
 Impassable but by the gate of Death,—
 A solemn gate, guarded by Life's dark foe ;
 A sacred barrier which separates
 The stream of Time from the eternal deep,—
 Till that day comes when Time shall cease to flow,
 And tributary days and years to run,—
 All merging in one boundless ocean-flood,—
 And centuries shall, star-like, fade away
 Before the blaze of an unending day,
 * * * * *

The bending flow'rs are crown'd with dewy pearls,—
 Nature's tiaras of refulgent gems,
 Wreathing around sweet Flora's glowing gifts
 Translucent garlands of fair diamonds.
 The sad breeze sighs a melancholy song
 Among the boughs with blossoms cluster'd o'er,
 Sorrowing for the sunny smiles of Day.
 The sombre Twilight, in her shadowy robe,
 Like a pale spectre gliding from the tomb,
 Steals noiselessly across the dark'ning blue
 To the still, solemn chamber of the West,
 Where Day lies sleeping in the arms of Death.
 Awhile she pauses with averted eyes,
 Then, sighing, summons up her fading strength,
 And sadly gazes on his lovely corse ;
 Her dark cheeks glisten with fast-falling tears,
 That drop in quick succession on his form ;
 Slowly she stoops, and with pale, trembling lips
 Doth gently kiss each wound ; with mournful voice,
 Broken by many sobs of bitter grief,
 She softly whispers o'er him her lament :—
 " And thou, the Burning and the Strong, art dead !
 Thou who hast brought such loveliness to birth—
 The beautifier of a mighty world,
 Now in deep sorrow mourning for its loss.
 The flow'rs are weeping, and their lovely heads
 Are tremblingly hung down in gloomy grief ;
 Each blade of grass and every leaf is bright
 With teardrops for thee. Even Zephyr sighs
 A gentle requiem as it floats along,
 Moving the trees to whisper their lament.
 Earth sorrows for thee ; her once smiling face
 Grows melancholy to behold thee dead.
 But more than all, I mourn for thee, dear Day !
 How bright, how fair, and full of life thou wert ;
 How sad, how pale and motionless thou art !
 I'll fold thee in my mantle as a shroud,
 And closely clasp thee to this aching heart,
 That soon will cease to beat. I too must die,
 And solemn Night will lay us in one grave.
 There our ancestors sleep,—there we must sleep,—
 In the vast tomb on which is written PAST :
 And our successors too must follow us :
 The Present there must join us, and be like
 What thou art now, and what I soon shall be.
 Incomprehensible Futurity
 Is ever giving birth to things to come ;

Yet they and she must all succumb to Time,
 And Time must bend unto Eternity,
 And that be governed by Infinity.
 How cold thou art, O Day ! that wert so warm ;
 Thy iciness hath chill'd me, and I feel
 That I am growing like thee. To my breast
 I clasp thee closer, and on thy pale lips
 I fondly press my own :—thus, thus I'll die,
 And feel a sad sweet joy in death like this.
 Thou shalt not go to the dark tomb alone ;
 In death thou shalt not be companionless,
 Although thou wert through life. I come—I come—
 Life steals away, and Azrael appears :
 Death's arrow comes—I see—I feel its flight.”
 Her trembling voice hath ceased its gentle moans,
 Dying away in faintest murmurings ;
 And Twilight sleeps the everlasting sleep
 Of dreamless death upon the corse of Day.

One solitary star begems the sky,
 To herald the approach of solemn Night ;
 And then another and another comes,
 Successively emerging out of space,
 Like warriors when forming in array.
 Clad in sublimest splendour, lo ! she comes—
 The beauty-laden empress, thoughtful Night ;
 The moon her crown, the stars her diamonds.
 Slowly and royally she wends her way,
 To reign in silence o'er a silent world.
 Oh, what a brilliant pageantry she brings !
 She strews with grandeur vast infinity,
 And firmly stamps her seal upon the skies
 While bright and brighter still the impress glows
 Gloriously beautiful, deeply sublime.
 She over Day hath been victorious,
 And, like a proud, spoil-laden conqueror,
 Divinely treads the starry fields of heav'n,—
 Her beaming form majestic as a god,
 Her dark robes sparkling with refulgent gems.
 Beauty and might magnificently form
 A wreath of glory round her regal brow ;
 Her silver lamps illumine the azure sky,—
 The sacred screen dividing heav'n and earth :
 Above is blessedness, which finite mind
 Can ne'er conceive, or human language tell :
 E'en an archangel's voice could ne'er proclaim
 The glory unreveal'd, but now reserved
 For those whom Christ hath with His blood redeem'd.

Yea, none but He, their Author, can reveal
 Those joys, unseen, unheard, and unconceived,
 That now await the earth-freed soul above.
 Beneath that floor of heav'n pale Sorrow dwells,
 Making its home in many a darken'd heart.
 From many an eye the teardrops trickle down,
 And bosoms heave with agonizing throes ;
 The cheek is wan with care,—the throbbing brow
 Is clouded with its grief, the countenance
 Impress'd with traces of despondency.
 Anguish and trial, solicitude and sin,
 Claim a vast portion of the world that lies
 Beneath yon glorious roof—but, oh ! beyond,
 Far, far above, reign purity and rest !

The boundless dome of blue, the cloudless sky,
 Is glist'ning with its myriad gems of light,
 Bright jewels strewn upon a waveless sea,
 As were they eyes of seraph-sentinels
 Keeping their silent and unceasing watch
 Over a world wrapt in its midnight sleep.
 Their penetrating glances gaze alike
 On sleeping innocence and wakeful guilt :
 And I have thought, when raindrops fell at night,
 Those angels saw such sin and pain below,
 That tears bedimm'd the lustre of their eyes,
 And fell in limpid show'rs on sorrowing earth.

O glorious stars, the sky's undying flow'rs,
 Teachers of immortality to man,
 The faint reflections of the light of heav'n !

How calmly beautiful art thou, O Night,
 In modesty, and grace, and loveliness !—
 Fairer than thine own daughter, gentle Sleep,
 And all the visionary progeny
 Of joyous dreams that claim descent from thee,—
 A sweeter, softer, purer thing than Day ;
 Seeming to bring God's creatures nearer heav'n,
 Like a dim picture of a long-lost home.
 Thy regal loveliness surpasses all
 That ever flash'd on the enraptured mind,
 When lost in thought or fancy's highest flight
 Upon undrooping wings to mystic worlds ;
 Or fairest visions rich with golden light,
 When Sleep hath clasp'd us in her shadowy arms,
 And folded us within its calm embrace,
 With gentle whisperings of soothing words ;
 As the heart clasps the image it adores,
 And folds it up in its absorbing love,
 With secret vows, affectionate and strong.

O Night ! thou'rt glorious as a dream of heav'n ;
 Thou far excellest grandest works of art ;
 Richer than all the kingdoms of the world ;
 More beautiful, with all thy myriad charms,
 Than all the varied loveliness of earth ;
 More inexpressibly beautiful
 Than all the wonders of the world combined.
 Thy noble form, in queenly majesty,
 Is more majestic than the noblest form
 Reflecting beauty on th' admiring world :
 Sublimity, grace, might, and loveliness
 Are brightly traced in glowing characters
 Upon thy royal brow, and brightly beam
 In awe-inspiring splendour from thine eyes ;
 And those transcendent orbs with grandeur gleam—
 Magnificence out-shining all the gems
 That glow with lustre in Golconda's mines ;
 Their rays of fire strike with full thrilling power,
 And dazzle e'en imagination's gaze.
 Thy matchless face is unportrayable,
 So varied are the beauties floating there ;
 'Tis rich with every loveliness, as Spring
 With fragrant flow'rs, and with melodious songs.
 Beauty on thee hath poured her richest showers,
 Steep'd thee within her marble rose-wreathed urns,
 O'erflowing with their sweetly-perfumed streams
 Of crystal brilliancy and deepest dyes—
 Spread a rich ray of glory o'er thy face,
 And flush'd it with a glow which poet's pen
 Or painter's pencil never can portray.

Close by the side of Night pale Silence stands,
 Motionless, thought-enrobed, calm, statue-like,
 Holding her sceptre o'er a sleeping world,
 Hushing its faintest murmurings to rest.
 Cynthia superbly sails along the sky,
 Peacefully gazing on the shrinking stars,
 Who wait far-off, as though in reverence ;
 She bathes all nature in a flood of light,
 And softly rains a gentle silv'ry shower,
 Upon its moveless face with glory bright,
 In breathless slumber wrapt, mute, placid, deep,
 All quiet, calm, and motionless as death.

How still is all around me, sweetly still !
 The breeze hath hush'd its whisp'ring melody,
 And sunk to rest beneath its balmy load,
 Its silken wings o'erpower'd with fragraney ;
 For it hath kiss'd the roses' ruby lips,
 Till tremblingly they parted, then imbibed
 In rich delicious draughts their odorous breath.

The beauteous roses bow their dew-drench'd heads,
 And gently touch the moon-illumin'd sward ;
 Fair flow'rs drop sweetness on the smiling earth,
 And stars direct their holy glances there.
 The lili'd fountains fling large liquid pearls
 High in the balmy air ; in glowing groups
 They fall, a sparkling shower, on all around,
 On roses, purely white as spotless snow
 Crowning the lofty mountain's mighty brow.
 The crystal orbs in coronals descend
 On roses blushing at the glance of night.
 Like beauty's cheeks at fond affection's gaze ;
 And they, dear England's loveliest flow'rs, appear
 As if their leaves were dipp'd in sunset-dyes.
 The dew-drops and the fountains' drops combine,
 And mingling in one glist'ning garland, form
 A grand tiara, wreathing the fair flow'rs.
 They brightly fringe with lucent gems each leaf,
 And strew the emerald sward with diamonds
 With splendour sparkling, or pure radiant pearls
 In ocean caverns wash'd by whispering waves,
 Which gently kiss them for their beauty's sake.
 The nightingale awakes a plaintive lay
 In yon sweet bower of roses, and it floats
 O'er many a moon-lit scene of loveliness ;
 The breeze, awaken'd by the silv'ry notes,
 Bears them away upon its viewless wings
 O'er beds of flow'rs of multifarious hues,
 That look as they were steep'd in rainbow tints,—
 Melodiously kissing the sweet buds,
 That blushingly unveil their loveliness ;
 Deep crimson, mingled with the purest white
 In one fair flow'r appears ; another blooms
 As deeply blue as the star-studded sky.
 And while with heartfelt gratitude I gaze
 Upon the vast extent of garden-ground
 That like a beauteous picture lies beneath,
 Chastely illum'd with Cynthia's solemn light,—
 Oh, what transcendently fair ones I view,
 As o'er the varied scene my vision roams,
 Imbibing richest beauty at each glance,
 Causing emotion's tears to dim mine eyes !
 Some stand alone, like mighty master-minds,
 Magnificently tow'ring o'er the rest,
 Feeling their grand superiority ;
 Some lovingly are blooming on one stem,
 Like happy members of one family.

My inmost soul o'erflows with love to God
 For these beloved angel-ministrants—
 Sublimely eloquent, though ever mute,
 Whose heav'nly loveliness doth melt the heart—
 Whose silent teachings lead the soaring soul
 To glorious worlds above the star-strewn skies.

O lovely flow'rs, my ever-faithful friends !
 Ye are the sweetest poetry of earth ;
 Ye are the dim foreshadowings of heaven :
 Bright angels shower'd ye from the realms above
 To give us a faint picture of their home,
 A gleam of its ne'er-fading loveliness.
 Ye kiss our footsteps wheresoe'er we roam ;
 Ever with sweetest smiles ye welcome us ;
 We inadvertently may tread on you,
 And yet ye gently raise your trembling heads,
 And with the same sweet smile look in our face,
 And breathe a richer perfume in return !
 Ah, what deep lessons may we learn from you,
 Ye open books, bright with the light of God !

Night, with her solemn sister Silence, reigns ;
 Her star-set banners she hath wide unfurl'd,
 Out-spreading them athwart a shad'ring world,
 All mute as death, save Nature's melodies.
 But Beauty slumbers not, 'tis ever seen
 In all the works of the Omnipotent ;
 Its voice is heard in softest melody
 While Philomel pours forth his pensive tale
 In dulcet carols to the flow'rs and stars.
 'Tis heard in the rich ripplings of the rill,
 That day and night still sings the same sweet song,—
 Pleasing, unchangeable monotony,—
 Murm'ring its lucid path 'mong weeping flowers,
 That gently bow their odoriferous heads,
 And faintly touch its crystalline fair face,
 And, trembling, weep translucent drops of dew ;
 Whilst it reflects the grand God-written sky,
 With its rich wealth of jewels thickly strewn
 As summer daisies on the verdant mead ;
 And beauty beams from those refulgent orbs,
 Lustrously bright with glory-gleams from heaven,
 In yon cerulean dome, of deeper dye
 Than darkest sapphire, or sweet Spring's blue-bells ;
 And beauty falls in a resplendent stream
 From Cynthia's glowing face on sleeping earth,
 And doubly beautifies each beauteous spot.

The beautiful presents its smiling face
 Where'er the eyes may turn; we ever greet
 With grateful heart this glorious work of God.
 Whether at morn's first blush or eve's decline,
 Or when grand Night in loveliness appears,
 It sparkles still above, beneath, around.
 We thank Thee for the beautiful, great God !
 For life would be a dark and dismal dream
 Without this fairest, noblest work of Thine.
 It constitutes a part of all below,
 It fills and mantles everything above ;
 Yea, all is it, for all is beauty there.
 We need no voice to say it sprang from Thee,
 For thou art beauty, grandest beauty all.

Earth is more heav'nly during solemn Night,
 Than when th' irradiating golden orb
 Floods it resplendently with dazzling light ;
 A deeper, holier, hallowing loveliness
 Presideth o'er the world while midnight reigns ;
 For to my mind a sacred influence
 Is sweetly falling with the silv'ry light,
 That rains from those bright companies of stars ;
 And heav'n seems nearer and more real now,
 While angels' eyes are calmly gazing down,
 Watching a beautiful, though fallen world,
 Filling the heart with awe at each rich glance—
 Causing proud man to bend his knees in prayer,
 And praise the Author of such loveliness ;
 For He is worthy of the heart's sole love ;
 Its deepest adoration e'er should flow,
 In a continuous, unceasing stream,
 Unto the One who causes it to beat,
 And feel such thrills of glowing ecstasy
 Whilst gazing on His works magnificent.

* * * * *

A star hath left its heav'nly realms of blue,
 And lightning-like, descendeth from its home,
 Parting the still air with a trail of light,
 Leaving a golden track of glowing rays.
 Brighter and brighter to the view it grows,
 As nearer it approaches to our world,—
 A ray of splendour falling through vast space ;
 And as I strive to follow with my sight
 The downward motion of this falling star,
 Lo, it assumes a shape angelical,
 All radiant with its heav'nly attributes,
 With glory crown'd, robed with the light of God.

Nearer and nearer still he wings his flight,
 Raining a show'r of splendour o'er the earth;
 My vision blinded with the brilliancy,
 I tremblingly avert my aching eyes,
 Shading them from the overpowering sight.
 Hark! what celestial music strikes my ear?
 'Tis the sweet sound of the majestic wave
 Of his seraphic pinions, and I feel
 A spirit-thrilling flash of living light
 Fall on my upturn'd face at each rich gush
 Of that melodious music. As I strive
 To ope my longing eyes the brightness grows
 Intensely brighter, and the melody
 Nearer and nearer flows, till I am bathed
 In the resplendency, and my rapt soul
 Seems floating in a sea of liquid light.
 Oh, blessedness! I feel his piercing gaze;
 It purifies my soul, inspires my mind,
 Divests my heart of all its earthliness,
 Etherealizes, strengthens, sanctifies;
 Illuminating with translucent rays
 The shades of darkness, till my being grows
 Bright, clear, and holy, as a sin-freed soul.

The veil withdrawn, my vision purified.
 I now can look undazzled on the face—
 The angel-face, suffused with light and love,
 Benignly bent upon my countenance.
 O that I could for ever gaze as now—
 For ever feel those glances beam from eyes
 Of star-like splendour—ever still behold
 That noble, spiritual, God-like form!
 It is a glimpse of heav'n,—a foretaste here
 Of those unequal'd raptures death reveals!
 My full heart throbs with exquisite delight,
 Ecstatic flows the life-stream through my veins,
 I tremble with the highest happiness,
 And at each gaze I drink in deepest draughts
 Of admiration, wonder, love, and awe,
 Sublimely blended in one glowing stream.
 Earth, what are all thy transitory joys,
 Placed in comparison with what I feel
 At this blest moment?—to return the gaze
 Of one whom God Himself hath smiled upon!—
 But I must break this blissful spell with words,
 Or I shall die with joy ere I attain
 The consummation of my great desire!

Speech feebly rises to my trembling lips,—
 With falt'ring voice imploringly I cry :
 " Angel of light ! bright spirit from the skies !
 Oh, for one moment list to my request,
 And let me not beseech thine aid in vain ;
 Up-bear me on thy pinions far above,
 To that sweet home of love and happiness
 Where He, my Maker dwells, who is all Love,
 All Peace, all Truth, all Light, all Loveliness ;
 The Spring of purest bliss, the Source of joy,
 The Glorifier and the Glorified.
 Bear me away to that beatific elime,
 Reveal the glories veil'd from mortal view ;
 Oh, let me hear the heav'n-resounding lays
 Hymn'd unto God in seraph-tones like thine !
 My spirit yearns but for one glimpse of heaven—
 One moment, but one moment, to be there,
 And I should live a thousand years of bliss
 In that bright fleeting interval of time.
 I've nought wherewith to recommend this wish,
 Nought worthy thy acceptance in reward,
 Save heartfelt gratitude and fervent thanks ;
 In these I am rich ; these thou shalt gladly have.
 My heart is fired with this intense desire ;
 Oh, thwart it not ! See how my whole form throbs,
 Longing for droopless pinions like to thine,
 So that through boundless space my soul may soar
 Higher and higher still, through yon blue veil,
 Into the Presence of thy God and mine.
 Thy pinions are outspread ; before thee lies
 That yet fair pathway brightly traced by thee
 In thy descent. I pray ascend it now,
 And bear me with thee to thy heav'nly home !"

He grasps my trembling form, expands his wings,
 And reascendeth through the solemn air,
 Which ev'ry movement of his pinions fills
 With heav'nly music and with golden light.
 Up through the vast immensity of space
 We swiftly go ; the hush'd earth lies beneath :
 How grand, how beautiful it now appears !
 Its grassy carpet spread before my view ;
 Its mighty forests ; rivers rolling on
 To boundless ocean, whose majestic waves
 Heave with the mingled wealth from ev'ry clime ;
 Its mountains crown'd with everlasting snows,
 Magnificently tow'ring to the sky ;
 These, and innumerable other scenes,
 Fast fade away the higher we ascend,

We rise to worlds of mightier magnitude :
 And as I cast my wonder-stricken gaze
 Down to the earth,—behold ! a globe it hangs
 In the infinity of solemn space :
 And still it smaller grows, and lessens, till
 A solitary star it faintly gleams—
 A small speck in the everlasting void ;
 While all around me roll irradiant worlds,
 To which yon dwindled earth seems nothing now.
 Higher and higher still he wings his flight,
 While glowing planets flash in grandeur by,
 And lose themselves in distant realms of space.
 A star each first appear'd, and then a globe,
 And vaster grew and magnified itself
 Until a glorious world it was reveal'd.
 O ! mighty Power ! how wonderful, how great !
 Stupendously mysterious, to create
 All this, and more :—for as we higher rise,
 Ten thousand times ten thousand myriads more
 Star-like begem the darkness with their light.

The angel still, upon untiring wings
 Sustain'd by heav'nly and increasing strength,
 Soars upward to his native home on high.
 The brighten'd space around more brightly glows,
 And my thrill'd soul with trembling rapture feels
 It is the light of heav'n. Th' effulgence streams
 In floods around me, like a silv'ry sea,
 Drowning the starry worlds, and filling space
 With purest and unclouded brilliancy.
 We float through regions of refulgent light,
 Whose brightness ev'ry moment brighter grows ;
 We're robed with splendour, and the angel's head
 Is wreathed with glory—a bright crown of light,
 A golden halo round a spotless brow.
 Like distant music from a multitude,
 I faintly hear the harmonies of heav'n ;
 And still as we soar higher, the sweet strains
 Grow grander, louder, more distinctly clear :
 We breathe an atmosphere of melody.
 Space and its rolling orbs lie far beneath ;
 Nought is around us but resplendent light.
 Heaving with throbs of music. Higher still
 The angel speeds his ever-onward course—
 Oh, glorious, glorious scene !—the air is fill'd
 With angel-throngs, and from their lips and hearts
 Flow blended melodies of praise ; and now
 My guide joins his exultant song with theirs.
 We're mounting to the Throne, the Throne of God,

O'erclouded with the shades it casts around,
 So radiant is it with transcendent light
 From the Eternal King who sitteth there,
 My spirit trembles with deep, solemn awe
 As nearer to the sacred spot we come,
 Innumerable seraphs, in white robes,—
 The blissful robes of immortality,—
 With crowns of glory sparkling on their heads,
 And palms of victory waving in their hands,
 Strike simultaneously their golden harps,
 And pour forth one celestial harmony ;
 While the eternal realms reverberate
 With the deep echoes of their joyful song :
 " Blessing, and glory, wisdom, power, and praise,
 Thanksgiving, honour, might, and majesty
 Be unto God for ever, and for ever."
 And as they sing their mingling melody,
 They fall before the Throne, and worship God.
 Around, above, beneath, upon the King
 All glories are combined—from Him they spring,
 He is their quenchless Fount, their Life, their All,
 A glorious halo crowns the Deity,
 A fadeless wreath around th' eternal God,
 His dazzling eyes are like bright flames of fire,
 His countenance more clear than cloudless day,
 And far more spotless than unsullied snow :
 Whiter than wool His head and hair appear :
 There crowns on crowns in glorious grandeur glow,
 For He is King of kings. O, glorious crowns,
 Now ye are honour'd and not honouring,
 Around His waist a golden girdle's clasp'd :
 He's clothed with a vesture dipp'd in blood,
 Descending to His splendour-sparkling feet ;
 And there, upon that ever-blessed robe,
 Is written, " King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
 Around the great white Throne a rainbow rests,
 Like to an emerald ; and from the Throne
 Proceedeth vivid lightnings' dazzling flash,
 While mighty voices, blent with thunderings,
 Are solemnly reverberating there,
 * * * * *

THE CRUCIFIXION.

DARKNESS envelopes solemn Calvary—
 Deep darkness at mid-day, for the bright sun,
 Unwilling to behold the Saviour die,
 In sombre clouds now hides its sorrowing face,
 Veiling its glory from the wond'ring world,

Th' astonish'd earth is struck with shiv'ring awe ;
 The veil of Israel's temple rends in twain,
 Revealing the most holy place to eyes
 That ne'er before beheld its sanctity.
 The vivid lightnings, like a fiery stream,
 Dart wildly, widely down the darken'd air ;
 Loud thunders roll around the solemn scene
 In deafning answer to the lightning's fire.
 The rocks, as if in pain, asunder burst ;
 The graves give up their dead, who glide along,
 'Mid murky twilight, through the silent streets.
 There on the Tree of Shame the Lord is pierced ;
 Upon His head is placed a crown of thorns ;
 Large drops of blood are streaming down His brow :
 In words of mystery He loudly cries
 " Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani."
 His pallid lips are parch'd with burning heat ;
 Faint with the piercing pain, He cries, " I thirst."
 They bring Him wine and myrrh ; He scarcely tastes,
 But in full consciousness endures the woe.
 One struggle more, in which He gathers up
 The strength that makes atonement, and He cries
 "'Tis finish'd. I have done Thy will, O God !
 Into Thy hands my spirit I commend."
 He bows His head, and thus gives up the ghost.

FEAR NOT.

O YE who on the sea of Life,
 Shrouded with clouds and tempest-toss'd,
 Surrounded with the beating waves,
 Despairing, deem that all is lost ;—
 Whose hearts are full of phantom-fears,
 Whose ev'ry joy seems ever flown,
 Whose course is dark as starless night,
 Where once the cheering sunbeams shone ;—
 Arouse ye from your moody thought !
 Awake ye from your lethargy !
 Erect in form and firm in mind,
 And strong in purpose, true and high,—
 Fear not the clouds, but dare the storm ;
 Press onward, though the waves o'erwhelm ;
 Conquer the surge, repel Despair ;
 Keep Faith for ever at the helm.
 Then all the clouds shall roll away,
 The stormy billows will subside,
 And Night will change to brightest Day,
 As o'er the sea ye gently glide.

A THANKSGIVING AND A PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, I thank Thee for the gift of Poesy ;—
 Accept the humble praise and prayer I offer unto Thee !
 My heart o'erflows with gratitude, that fills mine eyes with
 tears,
 To Thee will I devote my powers thro' all my future years.

I thank Thee for the thoughts that come and glow within
 my mind,
 And for the varied loveliness in all Thy works I find ;
 I thank Thee for the bliss I feel when beauty meets my view,
 Whose radiance brightens land and sea, and gems the
 boundless blue.

I thank Thee for the life Thou'st given ;—oh, may I live
 for Thee !
 Give me the power to sound Thy praise through Immortality !
 Illuminate my darken'd soul, fill it with heavenly light,
 Irradiate it with Thy beams—glories divinely bright.

With trembling voice, with clasped hands, knees bent in
 fervent prayer,
 And supplicating eyes upturn'd unto Thy home so fair ;
 In broken accents, Lord, I pray—oh, pour Thy light within,
 So that its sacred radiance may drown each shade of sin.

Make me more like unto Thyself,—true, holy, just and mild ;
 Blest with a strong and soaring mind, yet humble as a child.
 Oh, for the sake of Thy great Name, most earnestly I pray,
 Illume my mind till it becomes bright in Thy bright'ning day.

Give me the gift of Poesy—the rich, the glorious gift—
 As wealthy as it was of old, so that I may uplift
 My grateful voice in praise to Thee, in strains that will not
 die,
 But whose expanding lays shall live as long as yonder sky.

Oh, Thou didst bless those holy bards who lived in days of
 yore,
 Those Prophets of Thy precious Book—bright lights on
 Time's dark shore,
 Whose harps by seraphim were dropp'd from heaven's tune-
 ful bowers,
 And fell into their trembling hands wreathed with fair
 fadeless flowers.

Oh, lend me for a little while, a short, sweet space of time,
 One from the myriad golden harps swept in yon upper clime,
 Whose ever-sounding strings are touched by angels' tireless
 fingers—

E'en now, while heaven's exultant song within its chords
 still lingers !

Let me awaken from those chords a grateful song to Thee
 Of mingled prayer and thankfulness—a heartfelt melody ;
 Oh, let me sweep the poet's lyre with strength that will not
 wane—

A world-awak'ning song of fire, a spirit-thrilling strain.

My whole soul longs, prays, pants, and burns, to claim
 bright Poesy ;

To feel the overpowering joy, dearer than all to me ;
 To have the consciousness of power to sound my Maker's
 praise,

And pour the tribute to Thy Name through all my future days.

Almighty God, I thank Thee for the spark I now possess ;
 But humbly I implore, my mind still further bless ;
 Kindle the spark into a flame, an aye-increasing flame,
 That I may raise a worthier song to Thine eternal Name.

Oh, cause the world to listen to the music of my lyre !

Oh, let its ev'ry melody be warm with heav'nly fire !

Thou'st but to utter the command, Thou'st but to breathe
 the thought—

Yea, even less, far less than this, and the desire is wrought.

The stars are gazing on me as I raise my tearful eyes,
 And look in awe and wonder upon the beaming skies ;
 They are raining their calm lustre upon the slumb'ring earth,
 And soothe my heart with thoughts and hopes that claim
 celestial birth.

Yes, Thou can'st fill my ardent mind with purest rays of
 light ;

I ask not Fame's bejewell'd crown to fill me with delight,
 I ask but power to praise Thee, Lord, of whom, to whom,
 are all ;

And on Thy all-inspiring Name for inspiration call.

Oh, wake within my waiting soul the powers of Poesy,
 That I may pour my grateful thanks in deathless lays to
 Thee—

Praise Thee on earth, and when my soul from mortal things
 shall sever,

Praise Thee above, in realms of love, for ever and for ever.

THE ROSES.

THE roses' sweet dewdrops beam sparkingly bright,
 For seraphs have kindled the stars in the sky,
 And Cynthia is lovingly smiling to-night,
 And her crystalline rays on the fair flowers lie.
 Oh, some are as white as the tender moonlight,
 And some like the blush of the sunset bright :
 While hues of rich lustre in others unite,
 And in beauty and loveliness gracefully vie.

They bloom by the fountain, and list to its song,
 As it mirrors the gems upon Night's azure veil ;
 While Philomel's music steals softly along,
 As he pours to sweet Zephyr a love-laden tale.
 The lay of the warbler, the sigh of the breeze,
 Melodiously float through the blossoming trees ;
 While the fountain is fringing the quivering leaves,
 As the flowers' fresh fragrances float through the vale.

There are garlands of jewels above and below—
 O'er the sapphire sky, in the beauty-blest bowers ;
 Oh, gloriously grand they glitter and glow,
 Like flow'rs in the heav'ns, and like stars on the flowers.
 Tiaras of dewdrops enwreath the rich roses,
 Where the smile of fair Flora in sweetness reposes :
 While the breeze with a soft kiss a red bloom uncloses,
 Which blossoms the brightest and best in the bowers.

THE OCEAN.

FATHOMLESS Ocean, grand, unbounded deep,
 Far-spreading empire, changeless mystery,
 Majestic mirror of unnumber'd worlds,
 Thought-beaming impress of Divinity,
 Wide-rolling voice of the Omnipotent,
 Eloquent symbol of Eternity,
 Nature's sublimest scene, her noblest page,
 Where God has written down His deathless Name !
 Unfetter'd freeman, joyous traveller,
 E'er-reigning monarch, wealthy potentate ;
 Thou hold'st the stores of nations in thy grasp ;
 Thou art a glorious world within thyself ;
 Thy subjects numberless, mysterious ;

Thy sway resistless, vast, victorious ;
 The waves thy weapons, crown'd with might and power.
 Thou art the tomb of thousands, whose wild dirge
 Is loudly chanted by thy roaring winds.
 Deep are the lessons thou hast taught to man,
 Unconquer'd conqueror of yielding earth.
 How grand thy voice, when 'mid the tempest's rage,
 In awful anger, fierce with passionate wrath,
 Thou roll'st thy deafning answers to his shrieks,
 And madly tосsest to the rumbling clouds
 Thy fragile toys, the living-freighted ships,
 Till they are torn to pieces, and go down
 With one despairing cry to thy dark depths,
 While lightning-flames the solemn scene reveal.
 Heedless of all the ties thy waves have rent,
 Unmindful of the hearts made desolate,
 The morrow's sunbeams find thee calm'd to smiles,
 Joyous as ever, singing a sweet song.
 While gentle breezes whisper unto thee.

LINES WITH A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS.

I HAVE roam'd far away this bright sunny day,
 And gather'd for thee fair flow'rs,
 Where the clear streams leap in their channels deep,
 And dance through the jubilant hours.

In the violet vale, where soft zephyrs sail,
 And the pure pale lilies uncloze ;
 Where melody floats in the warblers' notes
 O'er the blushing and white wild rose.

Where the woodbines bloom, and pour their perfume,
 And the rill sings its rippling song ;
 Where the bonnie blue-bell and the primrose dwell,
 And the busy bee buzzes along.

The fairest of flow'rs I have cull'd from their bow'rs,
 And twined in a chaplet for thee ;
 Through life's coming hours, in sunshine or show'rs,
 Oh ! let them remind thee of me.

TO ———.

TEARS cannot call thy Spirit back to earth ;
 Sighs will not wake thee to a second birth :
 E'en if I wept till sorrow's fount was dry,
 E'en if my full heart heaved its every sigh,
 Could these reanimate thy lifeless clay,
 Could these bid Death resign his solemn sway ?
 Ah, no ! my bitter tears and sighs are vain ;
 They cannot call thee into life again.
 Oh, sadd'ning thought, to think that thou should'st die,
 When beauty's glance beam'd brightly from thine eye—
 Gather'd by Death when bursting into bloom,
 And borne away to the cold, dreary tomb !

THE ROSE AND THE MAIDEN.

A SWEET rose in beauty and brightness was blooming,
 When morn's golden sunbeams glanced over the mountain ;
 And the murmuring breeze, it was softly perfuming,
 As dewy pearls fell in the lily-gem'd fountain.

But when the last sunbeams the broad West were dyeing
 With radiant colours of crimson and gold,
 The breeze for the death of that sweet rose was sighing ;
 Its frail stem was snapp'd, and it lay on the mould.

A beautiful maiden arose in the morning,
 An angel of loveliness, full of delight ;
 But when the sun's ev'ning beams earth were adorning,
 They robed her dead form in a mantle of light.

M E M O R Y.

THE Day hath faded into Night ; the sky
 Beams with the splendours of another world ;
 Earth slumbers in the soothing arms of Silence.
 I'm one step nearer to the voiceless grave ;
 Another star hath faded from my sky ;
 Life's rosary hath lost another bead.
 Oh for a deep draught from dark Lethe's stream,
 To drown my Memory in forgetfulness !

The Present weepeth for the blissful Past,
 And pale Thought trembles on its tottering throne ;
 My heart heaves with its anguish, and o'erflows ;
 My burning brow throbs with its agony.
 Man, bird, and beast have sunk to peaceful rest,
 And yet *I* slumber not—I cannot sleep :
 For Thought hath drawn the bow of Memory,
 And the pain-poison'd arrow of Regret
 Hath pierced and rankles in my aching heart.

TO LADY ———.

On bright as the smiles of a golden-hued morning,
 And sweet as the flow'rs of the beautiful May ;
 Oh, fairer than visions soft slumber adorning ;
 More glad than the soaring lark's jubilant lay ;
 Out-shining the summer with loveliness beaming,
 Were the mornings that rose so cloudless on me ;
 And brighter than sunset with magic hues streaming,
 Were the swift evening hours, while conversing with thee.

Then earth seem'd a heav'n, and my soul leap'd with gladness ;
 Life changed from dark winter to bright sunny spring ;
 In streams of deep rapture I drown'd all my sadness ;
 Joy flutter'd around me on radiant wing.
 Thy beautiful image I'll evermore cherish :
 'Tis shrined in the innermost depths of my heart ;
 There, there 'tis engraven, oh, never to perish ;
 Nor even at Death shall its impress depart !

OH, COME TO ME, LOVE !

Oh, come to me, Love ! in the beautiful grove
 Where the moonbeams are pouring their light ;
 And through the luxuriant gardens we'll rove,
 And gaze on the splendour of night.

Ten thousand bright stars look down from the sky,
 And the fountains are filling the air
 With crystalline jewels, that lucently vie
 With the lilies and roses fair.

The soft air is laden with sweetest perfume,
 And the nightingale warbles his lay ;
 The faint zephyrs sigh where the fresh flowers bloom,
 And bear their rich fragrance away.

Then, come to me. Love ! in the beautiful grove,
 And fill my lone heart with delight,
 As through the luxuriant gardens we rove,
 While the moonbeams are pouring their light.

THINE eyes are bright as the stars of night ;
 They pierce my heart and dazzle my sight :
 Thy lips are red as the sunset's glow ;
 And thy clustering ringlets droop from a brow
 As white as the mountain's spotless snow,
 And pure as the virgin lily of May ;
 While thy musical accents softly flow,
 In tones as sweet as an angel's lay.

THOU'ST made my heart as restless as a sea
 With storms betoss'd. Oh, how it wildly swells
 With love's unfathom'd waves ; it yearns with all
 Its deep intensity of boundless love
 But to behold thy beauteous face again.
 When shall I see thee ? Shall I see thee more ?
 I'm like the day without its radiant orb,
 Like night without a solitary star.
 Thou'st bound a chain around my faithful heart,
 And drawn it to thyself. My memory
 Enshrines thy image : the strong waves of Time,
 The adverse winds of Life, can ne'er erase,
 Even for one single moment, from my soul
 That much-belov'd image ; thought and love
 Have so indelibly impress'd it there,
 That nought but Death can tear it from its home.
 I pine to see thee, as the parch'd earth
 Pines for refreshing rain ; I would give worlds
 With all the power and riches they contain,
 Were they but mine to give, to win thy smiles
 How shall I win them ? If my deep, deep love
 Is not enough, then ardently I'll strive
 To gain th' immortal wreath of glorious Fame,
 And humbly at thy feet my trophy lay.
 Now with the eager throng which, struggling, toils
 Up Fame's crisp, jagged steep, I'll proudly press
 With tireless energy ; for thoughts of thee
 Shall nerve my spirit with unfailling strength.

* * * * *

My beautiful ! my well-beloved one !
 The only star that gems my firmament,—
 My all on earth,—the one sweet, lovely flower
 That beautifies the garden of my life,—
 My faithful heart o'erflows with love for thee ;
 My life is one unchanging dream of thee ;
 Where'er I turn I see thy angel-face—
 Alas ! I see it but in fancy's view !
 And when kind slumber folds me in her arms,
 Stilling the restless tumult of my breast,
 Still, still I dream of thee—and wake to weep.
 I know that I am nothing unto thee,
 Yet thou art more than all the world to me :
 In happiness and woe, in life and death,
 Unchangeable my love will e'er remain.
 Although my heart is breaking with its grief,
 Its spirit-weighting load of agony,
 I still will love thee,—though that love be crown'd
 With the unbroken sleep of solemn death.
 My dearest, oh my dearest, can it be
 That thou hast quite forgot those blissful hours,
 When soul held converse with familiar soul,
 When heart to heart responded, and thy lips—
 Breathed, like to fragrant flow'rs, thy inmost thoughts ?
 Methinks I see thee now as thou wert then,
 Thy bright eyes beaming on my smiling face,
 Thy warm hand fondly clasp'd within my own,
 Whilst, trembling with my love, I gazed on thee.
 Will those sweet moments never more return ?
 Oh, am I left alone—all, all alone !
 Without thee earth is a wild barren waste—
 A moonless, starless, cloud-robed wintry night ;
 But with thee earth would be a paradise.
 By the unutterable agony
 That fills my tortured soul, and by the tears,
 The sorrow-laden tears, that fill mine eyes,
 Let me once more behold thy lovely face—
 But once more hear the music of thy voice—
 But once more feel the pressure of thy hand,
 E'en if my spirit were to wing its flight,
 O'erfill'd with gladness, to the unseen world !
 Throw off the sombre veil that shrouds my soul,
 Uplift the heavy burden from my heart,
 Ere the last quiv'ring chord be snapp'd in twain !

ADDITIONS.

A LECTURE

UPON

KNOWLEDGE; ITS PLEASURES, ADVANTAGES, AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

IN undertaking to lecture on the pleasures, advantages, and responsibilities of knowledge, I am fully aware that the subject has been treated in the most masterly manner by many of the greatest minds; that widely extended as are the dominions of knowledge, there is scarcely a tract that has not been explored by some inquiring mind, and its features analytically developed to the world. But as every fresh traveller to a country finds something new to say respecting it, or exhibits in a new light what has already been discovered and expounded by those in whose steps he has trodden, so would I attempt to lay before you some of the characteristics of this magnificent theme, and give utterance to my own thoughts and views of the constituent elements of Knowledge. At the same time, I deeply feel my many deficiencies; for the more I think upon the subject, the more do I perceive how imperfect and superficial is my acquaintance with it, viewed in all its varied branches. When the most profound and learned philosophers, at the end of their long and laborious lives, have confessed, that after devoting the whole of their powers to the acquisition of knowledge, they had, as it were, but learnt how much they had yet to learn—surely it must be thought that I am somewhat presumptuous in choosing such a subject as this upon which to expend my desultory thoughts. But I trust that what I am about to say will not be found altogether unworthy of your attention, and I hope that some seeds may fall on fruitful soil, and at length bud, blossom, and bear fruit.

Knowledge, what is it?—how shall we define it? I take knowledge to be the grasping by the mind of facts, with the relations that subsist between them—the result which is obtained by the employment of observation, reflection,

imagination, memory, and all the other intellectual faculties, either upon the materials which are supplied by the external world, the world of mind, or the labours of other minds embodied in their works. To obtain a full knowledge of a subject, we must have a complete acquaintance with it in all its bearings and dependences—a thorough unravelment of the mysteries that encompass it—a total dispersion of the mists that envelope it—till it stands clear as noon-day before us. But this is not all: we must probe it to the core, with the dissecting-knife of thought separate its component parts, thoroughly investigate its hidden meanings, strike to its very root, and again and again renew our studies upon it, taking the greatest care that the minutest and most remote part does not escape our observation—and not alone our observation, but our undivided *attention*—not to leave it till we have made it a part of our own being; then, and then only, do we arrive at the true knowledge of a subject. I would urge upon you the great importance of obtaining a complete knowledge of whatever study you undertake. Put your whole heart and soul into it; let it make such an impression that *nothing* shall be able to erase it from your mind. Unless you set to work at it in this spirit, it were almost better you left it alone; for, besides the waste of invaluable time, a commodity of which no man can have but a limited quantity, how often does it happen that we make such a superficial acquaintance with a subject, that it is almost forgotten when we arrive at a period in life when it would be of invaluable service to us. Then we have to traverse the same ground, without the interest of novelty to stimulate our faculties, and with minds not half so ductile as they were when we wandered there so carelessly before.

Knowledge is the solar orb of the world of intellect: without its glorious light, all would be chaos. It is the very life of all intelligence,—the warm living blood running through every vein and artery of the mind. Perhaps you may consider this definition hyperbolical; but what is this mind, which expresses itself in the glance of the eye, the utterance of the voice, the action of the body? We cannot see it, but we witness its effects: without it the body is as nothing. Then seeing that the mind possesses and exercises such absolute power, and that, deprived of its control, man is but as the brute creation, may we not liken it to a living, breathing shape, radiant with the light of immortality, and imbued with an unsatisfied longing, a continual craving for knowledge.

And in what varied phases does knowledge develop itself ! Yet, diversified as are the characters, differing as they do from each other, we easily recognize the seal of knowledge beaming over all. We read its glorious language in the solemn star-strewn sky : we hear its eloquent voice in the roll of the waters ; we feel its magnificent presence in hill, and valley, and plain. Where shall we go and not find knowledge ? The mine glows with its splendour ; the burning desert sands bear its impress ; the frigid zone mirrors its image. Literature, science, and art embody it. It draws away the veil that shrouds full many an object from our view, explaining many mighty mysteries. With its aid we may penetrate almost wherever the thoughts may flee, and by its light behold wonders without end.

But before proceeding further, I must inform you that I would seek rather to give a generalization of my subject than a technical explanation of its elemental parts ; for viewed even collectively and comprehensively, its paths diverge to such an extent, and its windings are so intricate, that to take but a discursive view of its immense territories, and to penetrate into but a few of its labyrinthine paths, will occupy all the time our circumscribed limits will permit. Briefly, then, I can but take some of the heads of knowledge.

And first we may well mention Astronomy. There is no science more elevating to the thoughts than this : it raises the mind from earth to heaven ; it fills the soul with wonder, admiration, gratitude, and love for the great Creator of all things. Gaze upon the vast assemblage of worlds peopling the immensity of space ; there they revolve in order and beauty, each of them a star to us, and this world a star to them. Doubtless they are inhabited, but by what order of beings ? Are they the homes of immortal spirits ? Are their climes unsullied by sin, unshadowed by death ? Science and reason are as yet silent ; they cannot answer these questions, much as we wish to know. But let us be thankful for what we *do* know, and let our hearts throb with gratitude to Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and that glorious company through whose noble studies we have arrived at such a knowledge of Astronomy.

And Philosophy, in all intricate windings, its abstruse reasonings, its metaphysical argumentations, abounds with a profundity of thought : it contains overflowing wells of knowledge, unfathomably deep. Philosophy, the parent of all knowledge, which thoroughly investigates the causes of all phenomena of mind and matter. Truly has Coleridge said, " In wonder all philosophy began, in wonder it ends,

and admiration fills up the interspace : But the first wonder is the off-spring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration."

Then we have History, one of the most important branches of Knowledge. History, by whose light we witness the actions and read the characters of those who figured so conspicuously in past ages, and by whose aid trace the rise and fall of empires and potentates, and the progress of our own loved land from a state of barbarism to the enviable position it has obtained. History, which consists not only in the narration of successive conquests and diplomatic intrigues, but in the description of the characters and actions of those great men through whose instrumentality the changes so beneficial to mankind have been made.

Then there is Science, comprising mechanics and chemistry ; and what a world is suddenly opened to our view at the bare mention of its name ! How prominent the position it occupies : how valuable and innumerable the offices it performs ! It has perfectly revolutionized the world. We behold its wonderful operations in whatever direction we turn our eyes. It ministers to our wants ; it increases our wealth ; it measures the heavens ; it sounds the ocean ; it carries messages with lightning-speed from one country to another. By its aid we are hurried from place to place with almost incredible velocity. Take a railway map, and behold the vast network of black lines denoting the different railways stretching over the length and breadth of the land. Let your eye traverse from one junction to another, and see how city is joined to city, town to town, village to village. Take in the whole scope of the land which is thus bound together with rods of iron, and you will witness one of the mightiest exemplifications of the limitless power of knowledge. Little could the poor boy, James Watt, as he sat looking at the lid of a teakettle raised by the steam—little could he foresee, as he mused over the cause of so common a phenomenon, that his thoughts would lead to such grand results ; causing a revolution in the field of labour, working a change so mighty, and of such incalculable benefit to commerce, and to the world at large. What do we not owe to steam ? To take one example, how many death-beds have been made easier through its agency ; the absent loved ones have speedily arrived, the last blessing has been received, the last farewell given, and the spirit calmly launched on the mysterious ocean of eternity. If its power had not existed, the distant friends would only have arrived in time to have gazed upon the inanimate clay.

Then we have Philology, or the study of language—language, the medium of intelligence, the exponent of genius, the channel in which the stream of thought flows from the fountain of the brain. In studying language we study the human mind itself, and by an acquaintance with the diversified developments which it has assumed in various ages, or among different nations, we are enabled to hold communion with the master minds who have lived and laboured in centuries gone by, who, though dead, yet speak; and with the living ones who glorify the countries in which they dwell. And we are also enabled to translate their productions for the benefit of those who are conversant only with their mother tongue. Our libraries would be robbed of some of their brightest lights if the immortal works of foreign authors were excluded from them. If our forefathers had not exerted themselves to acquire any other language than their own, what glorious mental feasts we should have lost! Why, even the Bible would be a dead letter to us but for this branch of knowledge! And do not underrate the value of acquiring a knowledge of languages simply because you have translated for you the productions of other ages and other lands. Let not this deter you from mastering their languages; for you will find many beauties in the originals, lost in translation; and every fresh language you master will open to you new fields of knowledge. “Languages,” says La Bruyere, “are useful to men of all conditions: they equally open to them the entrance either to the most profound or the most easy and entertaining parts of learning.”

What a realm of beauty is unfolded to the view when we enter the department of Art. Here nature is depicted with truthful fidelity by the pencil of the immortal painter. Here upon the imperishable canvas, as vividly as if in a mirror, glows the human face divine, startling the beholder with its lifelike expression. What a valuable branch of knowledge is this; elevating to the mind, pleasing to the eye, dear to the heart—for how deeply we prize the portraits of those, “though lost to sight, to memory dear:” we feel a sad sweet pleasure in gazing on the representation of the beloved features; and we gaze and gaze, while the thoughts of other days fill the heart with sorrow, and the eyes with tears. And, viewed in its different departments, how grand are the features exhibited by art! Here we have the noble historical painting, embodying important incidents recorded in the annals of the world; there the homely picture, illustrating the scenes of daily life and manners; the landscape painting, with its green woods

and fields glittering in the rosy gleams of morning, or beaming with the golden tints of evening. The flowers of the field, the foliage of the forest, the glories of sunrise and sunset, the soft grey of twilight, the beauty of the moonlit night, the blackness and the grandeur of the storm—these are among the scenes which the artist loves to depict. The productions of the great master of landscape, the consummate sovereign of manipulation and technical composition, and the patient and microscopic delineator, diversified as they are, combine and form an harmonious whole.

And now we arrive at that branch of knowledge without which all the other branches are of no avail to man as an *immortal* being. I allude to Theology—the very life and soul, the glorifier of all knowledge. Taking the Bible as its guide, it teaches us incontrovertible and soul-saving truths. Take away theology, and we are left groping in the dark, benighted both spiritually and temporally. Theological knowledge is the sun and centre of all other knowledge. It dispenses a glory and a beauty wherever its beams extend. I do not allude to theology as an abstract study, but in its divinest, most spiritual, and at the same time most practical sense. I speak of it not merely as a branch of education, as we would speak of classics and mathematics, but as the thorough regenerator of the inward man. It is well to understand it theoretically, but it is far better to understand it practically. Let it not be to us like the cold glaciers of the Alps, but as a stream of living water refreshing and purifying as it flows; until we understand it in this manner, we shall not have obtained a really profitable knowledge of theology.

What I have said must not be taken as a systematic exposition of the many branches of knowledge, but merely as a discursive view of some of the chief parts in the mighty whole. There are many others which I have not time to enumerate or particularize, all constituting important and pleasing studies.

Cicero has truly said, "Knowledge nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day or by night, in journeying or in retirement."

View knowledge in all its phases, attempt to comprehend it in all its immense magnitude, behold its wondrous diversity, and, as you perceive what mighty problems it has the power to solve, then will you begin to realise its inestimable value; then will you feel the promptings of your soul, and yearn to explore still further its boundless domi-

nions, and penetrate more deeply into its inexhaustible mines. "A desire of knowledge," says Dr. Johnson, "is the natural feeling of mankind, and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

Books, who can estimate their value? To the real lover of knowledge, they are as indispensable to the mind as food to the body—nay, I would far rather dispense with a meal than with a favourite book. Should not the mind be fed equally with the body—ay, much much more so, since it takes the pre-eminence of the imperishable over the perishable. Never let those passions which pamper the body get the upper hand. Let the mental faculties hold undisputed sway; put under strong subjugation the animal instincts that so permeate our natures. Let more of the immortal mix with the mortal; let the ethereal, and not the sensuous, have the ascendancy. The passions are generally strong enough without fostering them; then be careful in your choice of books; choose those that will lead the thoughts heavenward, instead of those that would drag them earthward. Gaze sunward, and your countenance must be illumined with the glory of the great luminary: so let your mind turn God-ward, and it must grow luminous with the light of Divinity. I would strongly recommend to you for your recreative reading such writings as those by the Author of "John Halifax," feeling assured that all whose hearts are attuned to the good, the true, and the beautiful, cannot fail to thoroughly appreciate the pure ideas, the noble thoughts, and excellent teachings with which those inestimable works abound.

Books are deep fountains, of which we drink to gain strength and courage to encounter the stormy voyage of life. There we read of those who have manfully struggled with the billows of Time until the shores of Eternity were gained; and when we compare our troubles with theirs, it is like contrasting one thorn with a crown of thorns.

Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, who flourished above five hundred years ago, has thus written upon books:—"How great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods and ferulas, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if, investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."

But where would our books and knowledge have been if the art of printing had not been discovered? It has reared the great bulk of the edifice, if it did not lay the foundation of all knowledge. The vast improvements which have taken place in society have been owing chiefly to its labours. By spreading knowledge among the people it scattered the seeds of truth and virtue, which found a ready reception and a fertile soil in the hearts of those who were yearning for knowledge and improvement. This great epoch in human history took place in the year 1471, and is a proof that mankind had even then made considerable advance in science, that its cultivation had gained some ground. Had it not been so, the art would not then have been introduced, but must have remained for another and a more enlightened age; for it was not an event of common occurrence, but one which had an effect upon everything around it. It shed its glorious influence like rays of light to the darkest corners of ignorance. Caxton, who introduced the art of printing into England, initiated a rapid growth and diffusion of all literary and scientific knowledge. From the first existence of this art, "Onward" has been the motto of civilized nations, intellect has made a continued progress—comparatively slow, perhaps, at first, but the more sure and the more safe, soon taking vast strides in its onward march, and though anon, beaten back by the blows of its assailants, yet at last overcoming them all. And now there is no place where civilization has appeared, but there also the press has reared its standard and shed its influence. Four centuries have not elapsed since its first establishment in England, and since then it has proclaimed English liberty in many a far-off land, and is now flourishing at her antipodes. Thus the great work has gone on, and will continue to go on, for its purpose is not yet fulfilled; much remains for it to do, and much it will yet accomplish.

Great changes and improvements in society are not effected very speedily, and it is very rarely that the age in which a discovery is made, can carry it to completion—certainly, never does it behold it in full perfection, or enjoy the benefits it may indeed surmise are to be produced by it, but which must be left to future generations to elaborate. The mind of man must be ever progressing; and doubtless it was the same then as now, only it was then as it were in the germ; now it is approaching the full-blown flower. The art of printing has contributed more than any other invention of the human mind towards the comfort and improvement of society. To it is owing almost all we now possess of the history of

past ages, and we are also indebted to it for the history and literature of the present. It has been the means of disseminating knowledge both human and divine throughout the world; it has carried truth to the remotest quarters of the globe, and annihilated the darkness of ignorance and superstition. It has been the means, by effecting the interchange of ideas, of bringing to light truths and discoveries which might otherwise have been unknown to us for ever, and of laying the foundations of systems and constitutions which cannot be destroyed until the final dissolution of all things. In short, whatever of greatness, whatever of usefulness, whatever of grace and beauty, there is in any work of man in the present day, is, in some degree, indebted to the art of printing, and influenced by it; because without it, art would never have fully developed itself, and science would have made little progress—much less have arrived at that degree of excellence to which they have now attained. These are its fruits in a human sense; as regards divine things, what has it done? It was, in the first place, the great means of bringing to light the true knowledge of God's Word, and of removing from before the human intellect the thick veil of darkness which had been gathering there for so many ages. It was the forerunner which prepared the way, by enlightening the mind of man, for that great epoch in history the Reformation. It has been the great instrument, in the hand of man, of propagating Christianity in lands which had lain for ages in the darkness of heathenism and idolatry; it has taught to the savage the truths of the gospel and the mysteries of redemption, and made known to the wild inhabitant of the desert the God whom he ignorantly worshipped.

In your pursuit of knowledge be persevering. There is nothing done without perseverance. What is the grand secret of success? Put that question to a dozen individuals in different positions in society, and you may receive as many different replies; yet the opinions, diversified though they be, will be comprised in the word Perseverance. A patient, an indomitable perseverance will accomplish wonders. How multiform its actions, how energetic its power, how resistless its sway. With the strength of a mighty army it manfully assails and proudly overcomes every obstacle that besets its path, as it pursues its irresistible march. Its bloodless victories rank first in the annals of mankind, and are engraven in fadeless characters upon the imperishable scroll of Fame. Perseverance is the universal law of Nature, who with varied voices and manifold actions ever preaches

This immortal lesson unto man. Even the minutest of the insect tribe concentrates within itself the very quintessence of perseverance; and if we are close observers of the workings of Nature, we need not be reminded of the words of Holy Writ to go to the ant for a lesson in industry. Watch the up-springing of a plant; how gradual but yet how certain is its growth; it relaxes not in its efforts to rise; the sun may withdraw his cheering beams, the clouds may lower and envelope it in gloom, but there is no cessation in its development; it rises and expands in sunshine and in storm, asserting the supremacy of the law of Nature, the glorious law of perseverance. The little rivulet, as it musically glides over its pebbly bed, is often impeded by the fallen branch of a tree or a complicated mass of vegetation, yet it does not turn back or pause in its career: difficult as the task may prove, it manages somehow to work a passage, and flows on more merrily than before. Nature is replete with thousands of instances, each and all proclaiming the potency of perseverance. From the rivulet to the measureless ocean, whose mountain-waves are eloquent with its praises; from the soaring skylark, sweetening with song his golden pathway to the sky, to the lordly eagle reigning in undisturbed majesty upon the summit of some cloud-embraced cliff; from the tiny ant to the king of the forest; from the tender sapling to the magnificent oak, whose gigantic trunk and many mighty arms sprang from an acorn; there is not a spot in creation but stands forth as an eloquent preacher and constant exemplifier of the power of perseverance. And shall man, the lord of creation, shall he be found wanting in this priceless boon? Must he, who is placed a little lower than the angels, be deficient in an attribute which even the reptiles possess? O ye of the measureless mind and the immortal soul, who are wanting in one of the chief requisites of life, even vegetation, dumb though it be, will be a valuable monitor if ye will but watch its motions. Man, created in the likeness of God, the impersonification of your Creator, why are you so deficient in this inestimable quality? Do you not require it?—are you one of the favoured few whose wants are all provided for? Then show your gratitude for your happy lot by taking some of the heaven of kindness in your heart, and with a spirit of love and perseverance go forth among the poor and suffering; administer to their wants, alleviate their sorrows, and your kindness and perseverance shall meet their reward by the happiness that will flood your soul, by the blessings of those to whom you have ministered, and, better far than all, by the

glorified smiles of the archangel as he registers your deeds in the Book of Life. There is no class of society to whom perseverance would not be of incalculable service—from those who work with their hands to those who work with their heads, how much it is needed! Overthrow the demon that has so long reigned with such absolute sway; trample beneath your feet and exterminate in the dust the dark shadow Procrastination, and in its stead raise up Perseverance with its sun-illuminated countenance; Hope on one side, Faith on the other, and the immortal crown of Victory encircling its brow; and thus, O author, artist—by whatever name thou wishest to be known—stand forth with mien erect, with the fire of genius glorifying thine eyes and beautifying thy countenance; manfully go forth and press onward in the path thou hast chosen, conquering and to conquer! The world shall hear of thee if thou art true to thy talents, true to thyself, true to thy God.

O man, awake from thy slumber! God has endowed thee with a mind; He hath blessed thee with talents for which thou wilt have to render an account; cultivate that mind, and employ those talents, for the present and eternal welfare of thy fellow-man. Demonstrate to the world that thou art, and to future generations that thou hast been; let not thy name die with thee, and be buried in the grave of oblivion.

But literate or illiterate, high or low, rich or poor, are you persevering in all your actions? Is there nothing left undone that could have been done, and that with benefit to yourself and to others? Have you no talents lying dormant? If so, then shame upon you!—you are committing a sin by your inanity, for which you will have to answer. Remember that you have to render an account of every talent you possess. Then awake from your idle lethargy, manfully set to work and make up for lost time. Whatever you undertake, perform; be not disheartened by repeated failures; gain fresh strength and renewed courage every time you fail, and believe that every new effort you make will succeed, and you must succeed before long. Then how trivial will your repeated defeats appear contrasted with the victory gained! Be not despondent in adversity, for it is then that you require the whole of your strength gathered together in a focus; take *Nil desperandum* for your motto, and let the cheering thought console you, that the darkest night is often succeeded by the brightest dawn; struggling bravely on in the dark, the light will glimmer at last, ay, brighten and brighten, till all the darkness is lost in its conquering

splendour. We require to be more hopeful, more trustful ; we should, prophet-like, throw our piercing thoughts more into the future, and although we may not uplift the veil separating it from our view, yet we may calmly reason with ourselves and make part of that future. I believe that all may create their own destiny. Fate, chance, believe them not, blot the words out of your vocabulary ; marshall your thoughts before you, analyze them, unravel the mysteries of your being, fathom the depths of your soul, solemnly commune with yourself, let thought respond to thought, let them hold a discussion with each other, and your destiny will develop itself, pregnant with studies to be pursued, actions to be performed, hopes to be realized.

Perseverance is to man what the steam is to machinery ; it puts his functions into proper play ; with it we may remove mountains, without it we cannot remove a mole-hill.

I am almost ashamed of my race when I think that amid the many millions of thought-endowed, talent-gifted human beings there are so few who have made for themselves a name, that the number is so small which has asserted the true dignity of life, standing forth singly and alone in the arena of the world, and by deeds of love and charity, by noble thoughts expressed by voice and pen, proclaiming to an admiring world, " I am, and as long as I exist I will do all the good I can for my fellow-men." Yes, I say I am surprised that amid the mighty masses peopling the length and breadth of the land, there are not more who have associated themselves with that glorious brotherhood of the great and the good. I know that we are not all gifted alike, but there is not one present who has not some talents, undeveloped they may be, and perhaps unfelt, untended, and uncared for amid the anxieties of every-day life, verifying the beautiful words of the poet—

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

No doubt there is many a genius lost to the world for the want of a fostering hand. The biographies of our greatest men prove how trivial were often the circumstances that induced them to undertake those studies in which they have become so eminent. Gifted with genius, and therefore endowed with impulse (for the greatest minds are accompanied with the most impulsive temperaments), they were swayed to and fro with the tide of circumstance. The direction of the thoughts in another channel, events which would have appeared of the

commonest importance, and we might have lost many of those works and discoveries which are a blessing to ourselves and a glory to our land. Oh, when I think of those giant minds—of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, and many, many more, those glorious stars that shine, and will for ever shine, so brightly in the firmament of time—I no longer feel *ashamed* but *proud* of my race, and yearn to possess gifts akin to theirs, to make myself worthy of their companionship. But I am still astonished that the world has produced so few of them; that with the thousand easy aids to advancement in the paths of learning, so few avail themselves of the privileges that are placed within their reach; that with books, classes, and lectures, there is such an apathy, such an indifference to learning, such an apparent contempt of knowledge. Wherever I go the general complaint is that our Mechanics' and Literary Institutions are declining—and why? Because the young men will not avail themselves of the advantages of these halls of learning. No, they would rather waste their time and their money at the tavern and in places of amusement, rather be smoking cigars and cultivating moustaches, talking nonsense, or worse than nonsense, to any foolish girl who will listen to them; prefer wasting thus the priceless moments that God has lent them, to drinking of the inexhaustible founts of knowledge, storing up within their minds those imperishable fruits which the great and the good of past ages laboured so hard to bring to perfection. I hope the young men here present are noble exceptions to this almost general state of things; but should such not be the case, I would earnestly and affectionately urge upon them the vast and vital importance of acquiring knowledge. Cultivate your minds before a moustache; let the desire for the improvement of mind outweigh the desire for the adornment of person; and instead of spending your money in cigars and drink, and wasting your time in frivolous conversation, expend it in purchasing books replete with ennobling thoughts, and converse with *them*; they will open to you the gates of knowledge, so that you may enter into the promised land, and verily you will find it a land overflowing with milk and honey. Would that half the time and money that are expended on the human body were expended upon the immortal mind! I am now speaking to both ladies and gentlemen—would that there were the same desire that the attractions of the mind should please as well as those of the body! then there would be no longer that want of conversational powers, except upon fashionable topics, which is so prevalent in society. How is it that so

many seem totally lost when an intellectual subject is started in conversation? Oh, they were eloquent enough before upon the staple talk of the day, but now they can only reply in monosyllables! How is it that by the majority of people a play or a concert is preferred to a lecture on an intellectual topic? Why are the senses to be pleased in preference to cultivating the mind? Why is it that the exciting novel is more in demand than the essay upon some important branch of knowledge? I fearlessly answer that the education of the present day produces these effects. The instruction that our youth receives is good enough so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. There is not sufficient care bestowed upon the right direction of the mind. Instructors of youth, lead the tastes and feelings in the proper channels; think not you have done enough when you have made your pupils proficient in those branches of education without which they would not be fitted for society. There is a branch of education, neglected though it be, of far more moment than these, and you are to a great extent responsible for the right prosecution of that all-important study. Imbue the minds of those committed to your charge with a taste for the good, the true, and the beautiful; teach them to love virtue wherever it is found, and to shun vice in whatever shape; prove to them the advantages of a book full of the seeds or fruits of thought over the tale, the narrative, the adventure—the one strengthening, improving, and expanding the mind, the other simply pleasing the taste. Remember that you can shape the sapling into whatever form you wish it to grow. If by neglect a wrong bias be given, or the mind be left so unstable as to be easily led away in whatever direction it may be tempted, how you will have neglected the grand opportunities you have possessed, how you will have abused the great duties that have devolved upon you. Great is the influence one mind has upon another mind in this probationary state of existence, and greatly will that influence tell hereafter, in the unerring balances of eternal truth, to the honour or shame of him whose mind has influenced another's. When we think of the mighty responsibilities that will devolve upon the rising generation, when we consider that it is they who will have to conduct the affairs and extend the glory of England, how requisite is it that they should be thoroughly fitted for the positions they will occupy—that they should have such a love for the good instilled into their natures that it would be almost an impossibility for them to go wrong. No matter how humble the position they will

occupy, there is no knowing *what* position they may occupy; fit them for any position, then they will be prepared for all. The Bible is not sufficiently read and studied in our schools and seminaries—it is too much neglected everywhere, but more especially so in the very places where it is most needed. It ought to be the groundwork of all education. Parents, do not trust your children to the tuition of those who are not *real* Christians—Christians not alone by *profession* but by *action*.

I consider knowledge to be the fountain-head of virtue: if it does not make man a better man morally as well as intellectually, he had better be without it, for he prevents others acquiring it who cite him as an example of its influence and as an excuse for their apathy. It is false to say that too much knowledge makes man an infidel. Knowledge brings man nearer to God. The more deeply we dive into the ocean of knowledge the more plainly do we see God, for he has written His name in such unmistakable characters upon all His works, that even a fool may recognize His presence. Every one contains within himself a part of divinity, and the more we think of God and His works, the more we adore Him, and the divinity within us increases, till at last the mortal is lost in the immortal. We should pray for and strive after more of that heavenly knowledge, without which all the other is as nothing.

What has knowledge done? Rather, what has knowledge *not* done? It has raised man from a state of barbarism into the noble position he occupies—it is the very foundation and sustainer of all the good that exists in the world. Like a sun it arose o'er a benighted world, dispersing the gloomy shades of darkness that brooded over the land, brightening and brightening till it reigns in its meridian splendour. Every day its light is increasing; and when we endeavour to penetrate the future, and picture to the eye of imagination what it will yet do, thought is obliged to droop its wings, foiled in the attempt to behold what lies in store for coming generations.

The pleasures of knowledge—they are more innumerable than the stars that gem the firmament, more solid and enduring than any other pleasure earth can boast. All others are but of rainbow durability; the pleasures of knowledge, they fill the longing soul with deep satisfaction, they smooth the ruffled brow and fall like sweet drops of healing balm into the wounded heart. In sickness and in sorrow hold communion with some beloved book whose pages abound with ennobling thoughts, and under the magic sway of that

spell your soul will gain strength. In such moments we feel the potency of genius and render a willing homage to the author. What a benign influence a noble book exercises upon the mind, stilling its restlessness, raising it from the petty cares of life to the glorious destiny that awaits it. When your heart is full of sorrow, drooping beneath its weight of anguish, almost ready to burst with its inexpressible agony, go to the Book of books, and you will find comfort; its blessed promises will cheer and strengthen you.

The advantages to be derived from knowledge are far more valuable than the costliest gems that ever graced a monarch's diadem: they are innumerable as the sands upon the sea-shore, or the minute globes of water that compose the mighty ocean.

Life without knowledge is as day without night, if we can allow such a paradoxical simile. When we cease to acquire knowledge, we descend to the level of the brutes. Of what use is a mind to a man if he will not exercise that mind? He were better without it, for he is worse than an idiot. His kind Creator has endowed him with a mind whose powers are unlimited, a mind capable of being a source of the highest, the noblest enjoyment to its possessor, if its functions are properly exercised. Life, without knowledge, I say, is a living suicide.

Have you not watched a bird winging its way through the clear ether, soaring upward to the dazzling orb of day? Did it falter by the way, did it turn back? Ah no, but on, on it flew, higher and higher, till your dazzled eyes could behold it no longer. Then imitate that bird, mount upon the wings of desire up to the sun of knowledge; waver not, falter not, but steadily pursue your course. You shall gain fresh strength as you proceed, to gaze upon its glories; and every effort you make, every advance you gain, will give you a greater stimulus, will implant within you a deeper love; your soul will grow brighter and brighter, and you will feel as if bathing in a sea of splendour—a sea without a shore, whose depths no plummet has sounded, whose peerless pearls are beyond all price. Love knowledge as the miser loves his gold, let “More, more!” be ever your cry. Love knowledge as the conqueror loves victory; add realm to realm with eager haste; for even if you lived as long as Methuselah, you could not, like Alexander, weep because you had no more to conquer; for the dominions of knowledge are so widely extended, her treasures are so inestimable and so vast, that if the lives of all that have existed,

that are in existence, and have to exist, could be combined in one life, even that life, although so long that it would seem an eternity—that life would not be long enough for its possessor to fathom the depths, to ascend the heights, or to measure the limits of knowledge. Love knowledge with a deathless love; love it as it deserves to be loved. Have you never enshrined within your heart of hearts the image of some beloved one over which your thoughts have brooded and brooded with the deepest intensity of feeling? Has not your whole life seemed bound up in that love? Oh, then, love knowledge with a love like that, and you shall be repaid for your fidelity; you shall meet with no unfaithfulness there; age may wrinkle your brow and whiten your hair; the bloom and the freshness of youth may depart, yet knowledge will not forsake you, but grow with your growth, and increase with your years; and when the hour of your departure draweth near, it will brighten your pathway through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and when mortality shall put on immortality, such knowledge will be revealed to you as it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Do not think that you are excluded from knowledge because you may not have books, when you have nature and experience always within your reach. In the course of a single day, not a person whom you see, not an action that is performed, not a sentence that is uttered, but may, if the mind be actively exercised, become a page of living knowledge. What is the great charm we experience in the perusal of such works as those of Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Dickens—what is it, but the feeling that we are in the very presence of reality. But you possess the original yourself. Once cultivate the powers of observation and reflection, and you will never be without the means of steady progression in knowledge. And do not think that an imperfect education will withhold you from grasping the higher branches of knowledge. If you have not had the advantages of a good education, then I say educate yourself—self-education is the best education. A man that wishes to succeed *will* succeed, no matter what difficulties he may have to contend with. It is not money, position, education, or friends that are requisite for the acquisition of knowledge—no, it is the will that is wanted; possess that and you will find the way.

We require the full development of our intellectual powers to fortify us to fight the solemn, stern, restless battle of life. The present is an eventful age—an age de-

manding the right exercise of all the talent that England can boast—then let us all, individually and collectively, awaken to the august duties that devolve upon us. Let us make ourselves worthy of the land that has given us birth, and do our utmost to extend the glory of that land. Oh, let us at least add one more flower to the glorious garland encircling the land of our birth.

Solve the problem of your life: you will easily discover what is your mission upon earth, if you will but think. You are endowed with life and intelligence; you are placed among other beings with the same thoughts, feelings, and passions as yours; you are living in a beautiful world, which yields food and raiment for you; you have a home and comforts, and everything that mind and body requires is provided for you; you are blest with a thousand blessings;—well, and what have you done, or what are you doing, in return for all these? Have you shown your gratitude to your Creator by carrying out the commands contained in His Holy Book? Is there any one who has had cause to bless you? Throbs there a heart that you have cheered by a kind action or a kind word? Would your loss be felt by any who are not of your own kindred if the death-angel were to summon you away? If you cannot reply in the affirmative to these questions, how utterly selfish, how almost useless your life has been! Awaken to the noble destiny of your being; throw off the armour of selfishness encasing your soul; go forth at once among your fellow-men, and let your actions, your words, your very countenance, prove the goodness of your heart. Break down every barrier that separates you, forget old animosities, forget everything in the joy of reunion, and if you are not a happier being it must be your own fault. Oh that there were more sympathy in the human race, more of that goodwill towards each other which Christ came on earth to teach, what a happy world this would be. Let us look upon each other as all belonging to the great human family, which, though divided on earth, we hope to see joined in heaven. Do not think I am preaching you a sermon; I know sermons are not palatable out of the pulpit, and sometimes not even there: but I would, if I could, impress upon you the vast importance, the duty, of brotherly affection. We should require no conservatism, liberalism, charitism, or any other *ism* if we would but carry into daily practice the golden rule, the heavenly law, "*Love thy neighbour as thyself.*" The words are few and simple, yet how mighty the lesson they convey. You would find it so easy

to carry the precept into practice. If all were to take that lesson to heart, and let it diffuse itself throughout all their actions, earth would almost become a paradise. We could dispense with prisons and everything else which blots the fair landscapes of the world.

And how can we show our love to our neighbour? One of the best means at our command is by disseminating knowledge; by scattering the seeds of learning among those who stand in need of it. Be a very spendthrift in knowledge; giving instead of diminishing will increase your store, for the more you think and speak about knowledge the more will you acquire. With a lavish hand scatter it far and wide, and, like alms given to the poor, it will return to you ten-fold. There is not one here but possesses the power of making his fellow-creatures happier and better; the means at his command may be few, but remember the widow and her two mites. And here let me remark that a kind word is often more acceptable than aid proffered without it. We look to the feeling that prompts an act of kindness and value it all the more when we see that it springs from pure and disinterested motives. And which is the best way to set about the reformation and instruction of those less fortunate than ourselves? Show and prove to them that you have an interest in their welfare, that your heart is in the cause you have undertaken. Widen not the breach that exists between you by your distant manners and patronizing words, but rather bridge over the chasm by kindness; let them see that knowledge improves the heart as well as the head.

The most difficult branch of knowledge is the obtaining a knowledge of man. Here is a noble study, here is a subject upon which you may bring to bear all the knowledge you have acquired, and still be baffled. Here is a living book—a book, ay, much more than that, for one single human being may put thy powers to a greater test than all the books that have ever been written; the passions that sway that human breast, the thoughts that spring to birth within that busy brain, will put to shame the erudition of earth's best philosophers. Those passions and those thoughts are even to the most penetrating mind hieroglyphs which baffle the skill of the wisest polyglot to interpret.

All creation is replete with priceless lessons of wisdom for us. Take a flower; behold the delicate pencilling, the fine tracery of its leaves, the harmony and beauty of its colours; inhale its sweet perfume; what a fund of knowledge it contains! I would say to all of you love flowers, make them one of

your chief studies; they will fill you with pure and holy thoughts, and smooth and beautify the rugged pathway of life.

But in your pursuit of knowledge never, oh! never forget that the best of all knowledge is to be found in the Bible. Look upon the sacred Book as the production of Him who is the fountain-head of all wisdom. It is the sun around which all other knowledge revolves. Study the Bible earnestly, reverentially, prayerfully; its inspired pages glow with immortality, its teachings are not alone for this life, but for a life without an end; its blessed truths will comfort you in affliction, and support you under all your trials: go to it with a devout spirit, for when you open it the voice of God speaks to you from its holy leaves. Touch not the sacred Book unless your spirit be fully impressed with the solemnity of the undertaking. It is sacrilege to peruse it with a mirthful countenance or wandering thoughts. The great and the good of every land and every age have borne ample testimony to the immense advantages they have derived, in a worldly as well as a spiritual sense, from a regular and careful perusal of it. "I have," says Sir William Jones, "carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever language they may have been written." And what does grand old Milton say? "There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach."

During the present century the progress of knowledge in literature, and in artistic and scientific pursuits has been beyond all parallel. Both here and in other lands has the march of science maintained its onward course, until it has arrived at that degree of excellence which we now enjoy. Never did any other epoch in the world's history record so marvellous an improvement—both in giving birth to new inventions, and in bringing to perfection those conceived in an earlier age—as that of the nineteenth century. What are our extensive railroads, covering like vast network of iron the surface of the earth, and affording such extraordinary facility to commerce and to the traveller, the pleasure-seeker and the tourist;—what is that subtle and mysterious agent which carries communications from one end of the world to the other, swift as the lightning's flash; which

arrests the criminal on his guilty way, and enables men to converse together though the ocean rolls between;—what are the vast improvements in those instruments by means of which the human eye can penetrate into the starry sphere, and roam at will among the orbs of heaven;—what are all those numerous and astounding discoveries in chemistry which have thrown such light over the whole field of science;—what are the various and interesting theories connected with geological research, which discover to us so much of the nature of the earth on which we dwell, and the different races of living creatures who have inhabited it;—what are these, and many more which might be mentioned, but certain indications of the onward march of the light of truth and knowledge, and the rapid development of the human mind? And what are our mechanics' and literary institutions, our societies for the propagation of knowledge among the middle and lower classes, and our public libraries, now so common, but proofs of the continually increasing spread of knowledge among the people—*that* knowledge which can alone distinguish them among their fellow-men, and constitute them the co-actors in the moral and social regeneration of the world, which nothing but education can ensure, and raise them from the enslavement of the mind to the noblest privileges of our nature?

And what are the objects and effects of these our institutions and societies? Various as the systems are on which they are established, differing as they do from one another as to their foundations, they all have one object in view, and all tend to the same great end, the increase and promotion of learning and knowledge, and the furtherance of ~~the~~ development of the human mind. Here a society is established where all scientific topics are discussed; there another devotes itself to the study of one particular branch, and thoroughly searches out its philosophy and investigates its hidden mysteries. We have architectural societies, through whose exertions those ancient fabrics which adorn our land, and which the ruthless hand of Time or of the despoiler was fast hastening to decay, are restored in all their old magnificence, and the ancient styles have been revived which our forefathers studied: and archæological institutions, whose researches are daily bringing to light some forgotten relic of primeval times, and drawing away the veil which has concealed for centuries the skill and labour of the ancient world. Then we have others, devoted to engineering, effecting the most valuable discoveries tending to the advancement of scientific and mechanical

art; and the present age abounds in improvements accomplished by this science alone. There are many which embrace all branches of science, while others again devote themselves to literature and the fine arts.

These, and many more, work out the one great aim which they all have in view, and tend to place the working classes in a more social and responsible position; all are subservient to that great and universal law which teaches us to bring to the highest attainable degree the excellence of our nature and the greatness of the human intellect. They all follow in the train of wisdom, and combine to crush the hydra-head of ignorance which thrusts itself forward to oppose her progress. By the exertions of our countrymen in this matter, England has become the foremost among the nations of the earth in promoting the increase and development of science and learning. Yes, England indeed possesses a name even for her own sons to wonder at, and a power and influence which no other nation ever attained, Rome only excepted. . . . Wherever the name of Englishman is known—and where is it not?—it inspires a feeling of reverence; and go wherever he will he carries with him a name which commands respect; there is something in his very nature which makes him as it were to be prepossessed of the goodwill of those among whom he dwells. And when we ask ourselves why it is so, what answer do our thoughts return? Is it for his glorious achievements in the battle-field, or his unflinching valour in his country's cause? Is it because his nation stands unrivalled in the annals of the world's history? Is it because his high-born pride will brook no insult, or because he looks upon the tardy coward with a frown of deep disdain? Or is it not rather because he possesses a natural, inherent goodness of heart, ever ready to take the part of the weak against the power of the strong—to avenge the cause of the innocent, and to rescue the poor from the hand of the oppressor; ever foremost when danger is near, and willing, nay, even anxious to run the most imminent risks in order to save a fellow-creature from harm, or to assuage a suffering brother's pain? Is it not on account of his philanthropy, and because he possesses in an eminent degree the desire to do unto others as he would they should do unto him? Is it not because he loves honour and integrity in whatever cause, and hates injustice, hypocrisy, and deceit? In short, is it not because his character stands first in the history of mankind as possessing all those qualities which *adorn* our nature. And though, alas! there are many exceptions, yet the picture I have drawn is, I think, a correct

one of the *true Englishman*. Yes, these are the laurels which adorn his brow, these the trophies which proclaim his victory over the principles of evil and ignorance, and form a halo of glory round his name.

And to carry our panegyric a little further, in how brilliant a light does the English character stand forth when contrasted with the Roman of old!—the Roman, whose very citizenship made him rank above the nations of the earth, but whose power consisted only in his possessions, whose empire extended itself over the whole known world, and relatively far exceeded our own in extent of territory, resources, and population. They reached the summit of worldly distinction and the topmost pinnacle of cosmical glory; but, as the house built upon the sands without foundation, they fell, and great indeed was the fall. From the height of glory they were swept down by the warlike barbarians of northern regions. And what was the cause? The very elements of their power caused their overthrow: their intellectual power, great as it was, was confined to a very small number; and there being nothing to sustain them, they were lost. But turn to England: our national possessions are not so large, yet our national power is quite as great; it extends itself over the whole globe, and carries with it wealth and prosperity. But mark the difference: England's political power may fail, her possessions may be stripped from her, her wealth be all lost; but her real strength can never depart, her intellectual superiority can never be lost, and to the latest ages of mankind the name of England will never go unaccompanied with all that is great, and good, and noble.

And I have not the least hesitation in saying that it is to these institutions and societies that England owes her glory. They have led men to think on their position *as men*—as social, responsible beings; have helped to unfold, as it were, the opening bud of the youthful mind, and enabled it to expand into the full-blown flower; have initiated the rising generation into a knowledge of their present state and their future prospects; have taught them to consider themselves as the persons who in after-years will have to conduct the extension of a nation's glory, and have assisted to develop in every shape and form the germ of knowledge and further the progress of our country's fame.

There is one circumstance more, too important to be omitted; namely, the growing and increasing connection of religion with the advance of mental enlightenment—how with the increase of human learning the knowledge of God has

kept pace. That science which has made known the existence of far-off lands, had not completed its work till it had carried the missionary there, and unfurled beside the ensign of England the banner of the cross.

This is a fact which cannot, must not, be overlooked in the history of our country. She is destined to fulfil a high and mighty purpose, to mould the minds of millions who shall hereafter spring from the colonies, and of generations yet unborn in lands where as yet no holy fane has reared its head towards heaven: and who shall be responsible for them but herself?

Let us then, as individuals, exert ourselves (and may the nation as a body exert itself also), that our conduct may be such as to advance the glory of God, and the present and future welfare of mankind, establishing everywhere the principle announced at the advent of our Redeemer—"Peace on earth and goodwill towards men."

THE HUNTSMEN.

OH, the huntsman is gone to the woods to-day,
To chase the wild red deer:
Hark! hark to the bugle's clarion cry!
Echoing loud and near.

Through bush and brake, through dingle and dell,
He merrily hurries along,
And the clang of his whip and the bounds of his steed
Keep time with his jocund song.

"Hurrah! hurrah for the noble sport!
Away, away we go;
The thickets we thread and the streamlets leap,
To the cry of hallo! hallo!"

And another huntsman goes forth to-day
Among the haunts of men:
He has no bugle to herald his way,
As he roams through each peopled glen.

But wherever he wings his unseen flight,
A wild and wailing cry
Springs from the depths of some desolate heart
Throbbing with agony.

And away, and away, on his spectral steed
 Rides the ever conquering king,
 And as softly still as a snow-flake's fall
 Is the wave of each shadowy wing.

And from morn till night, and from night till morn,
 His poison'd arrows fly,
 And will fly till the night of time is lost
 In the dawn of eternity.

REMORSE.

And he is dead, and I'm his murderer !
 His murderer ? Ah, no ! that cannot be
 For I but oped the prison-door of Life,
 And gave his soul the boundless liberty
 To roam at will, through immortality ;
 And can you call me murderer for that ?
 Then stigmatize with that most cursèd name
 The gentle child, whose heart's so full of pity
 To see her petted bird encaged, that she
 With trembling fingers, parts the bending twigs,
 And, with tear-laden eyes, but joy-lit face,
 Watches him soar away on quivering wings,
 Singing a glorious song of liberty.
 But how the poor wretch begg'd and pray'd for life !
 As though it were a thing to be desired,
 As though it were all sweets, instead of bitters—
 A sunny day, and not a gloomy night.
 He should have thank'd me on his bended knees,
 And blest me with the latest gasp of life,
 For freeing him from so much misery.
 Yet conscience cries, I am a murderer,
 For I have kill'd his grief which was so great,
 And drown'd the sleepless agony of thought
 In the calm river of oblivious death.
 But then I slew *him* when I slew his grief,
 And men will cling to life though life be woe.
 I feel the fiery glances of his eyes
 Pierce through my throbbing brain. Those glaring eyes
 Have set my murderer-branded soul on fire :
 Fierce hissing scorpions tear my heart in twain,
 And pierce it through and through with poison'd fangs:
 Around me swarm ten thousand mocking fiends,
 And cry, " Thou art accurst in life and death !"

Oh, could I call him back from death to life—
 Ignite the spark this guilty hand hath quench'd !
 'Twas but a moment, and his soul was gone ;
 And an eternity of agony
 I now must suffer for that moment's work.
 But surely I could not annihilate,
 In such a fleeting interval of time,
 The thoughts, the passions, all the hopes and fears,
 The God-like aspirations, hell-born thoughts
 Bewildering pleasures, speechless misery,
 That make the sum of being ! Can he be dead ?
 Expression sits on his contorted visage,
 Like sunlight on a ruin ; and those eyes
 Glare life-like in their ghastly vacancy,
 And seem as they would speak, if speech were theirs :
 Yet is their silence eloquent ; they cry,
 With voices louder than the thunder-claps,
 " Thou art a murderer, thou art accurst ! "

TO THE QUEEN

On the Marriage of the Princess Royal.

Thy first-born, thy belov'd one, from thee must now depart,
 And by that separation leave a sorrow in thy heart.
 Thou'lt miss the music of her voice ; thou'lt miss her loving
 kiss,
 And the fond glances of those eyes that gave thee thrills of
 bliss.

No more at morn or eventide her gentle step thou'lt hear,
 And the memory of other days will cause full many a tear
 To well up from thy kindly heart, and gem thy soul-lit eyes,
 Like stars that, when the day is gone, illumine the deep-blue
 skies.

Old ocean's waves will roll between thy darling one and thee ;
 But in thought and feeling ye will still be join'd eternally.
 Distance may have the cruel power belov'd forms to sever ;
 But when the soul to soul is knit, there's union for ever.

In spirit she'll be with thee still ; each old familiar scene
 With her dear presence will be blest, and nought shall
 intervene
 To chase her image from the page of faithful Memory :
 There, haloed with the light of love, 'twill sweetly smile
 on thee.

The brightest rosebud of our Isle will pour its sweetness forth

Far from its world-renowned home, to beautify the North :
But thou, the rose, wilt still remain in all thy loveliness—
Old England's glory and her pride, her wealth and happiness.

God bless thee, our beloved Queen, and give thee strength to bear

The loss of her whom Prussia gains, the fairest of the fair.
Full many blissfull meetings yet the future may reveal,
And what unutterable joy thy spirit then will feel !

Anticipation will be sweet, and like a ray of light,
Irradiate thy soul whene'er 'tis wrapt in sorrow's night :
But sweeter far 'twill be to thee, unto thy loving heart
Again to fold the one so dear, while happy teardrops start—

To gaze upon that lovely face, and hold communion sweet,
To know that life is unto her with every joy replete !
Oh, may it be so—may this thought dispel thy spirit's gloom,
And cause within thy shadow'd path Hope's radiant flowers
to bloom.

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

AND thou art gone, gone to the world above,
To chant the song of immortality,
While we are sorrowing for our great loss.
But wherefore should we grieve because thy soul
Hath pass'd Death's gloomy valley into Heaven ?
We feel the vast immeasurable void
Thy death has made within our aching hearts ;
We think of all thine acts of kindness here—
Of all those joyous hours that we have spent
With thee, beloved one ; and then the tears,
The burning, blinding tears, rush to our eyes,
And deeply, bitterly, we mourn for thee.
But though thou never wilt return to us,
Yet we may come to thee. Bright blissful thought,
To know that we may meet thee in a land
Where partings are unknown ! No sorrow there.
To plunge the soul in darkest depths of gloom !

No death, to tear asunder tenderest ties!
 There we shall meet those that are gone before—
 "The dead, but not the lost," though lost to earth.
 There we shall swell the everlasting song
 Of glory unto Him who died for us.
 He gave, and He has taken but His own.
 Oh, blessed be His Name! We humbly bow,
 And cry "Thou knowest what is best, O God!"

THE SEA AND THE SOUL.

Gloomily grand the solemn sea
 Moans in its deep unrest,
 And sobs, and sobs, by the lonely shore,
 Kissing its pulseless breast.

Sullenly dark the rolling clouds
 Cover the starless sky,
 While the wild wind sweeps o'er the desolate beach,
 And dies in a wailing sigh.

I hear not a sound save the ceaseless dash
 Of the grandly eloquent waves,
 As they seem to sing a solemn dirge
 O'er a myriad moundless graves.

Type of the mystical soul of man,
 The passion-troubled soul,
 Whose wave-like thoughts, in restless pain,
 For ever and ever roll.

They break o'er the ruin'd wreck of Hope,
 Pursued by the fiend Despair;
 While the wailing spirit in anguish writhes,
 Stung with the scorpion Care.

Darkness within and darkness without;
 My soul responds to the sea,
 For my full heart throbs like the restless waves
 With a sleepless agony.

AN APPEAL TO HUMANITY.

Written for the Leeds Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

ARISE my countrymen, awake from sleep ;
 List to the groanings of your fellow-men,
 Bow'd to the dust 'neath Slavery's awful yoke :
 Behold the wounds upon those shackled limbs,
 Conceive the wounds within those bleeding hearts ;
 Intently gaze upon the agony
 Depicted on those grief-worn countenances,
 And say how long shall Slavery exist.
 Turn not aside, say not, " We cannot help."
 The poor slave is thy brother, though his skin
 Be black as midnight : he is form'd like thee
 In body and in mind : his feelings are
 Akin to thine ; he has a deathless soul
 Precious as thine in the Almighty's sight.
 England, put forth thy arm in all its strength !
 Land of the free, oh snatch the writhing slave
 From fierce Oppression's grasp ! Rest not until
 The serpent-head of Slavery be crush'd
 Beneath the foot of Justice, and the cry,
 The wild despairing cry, of pain be changed
 Into a glorious shout of Liberty.

 TO THE REV. ———.

How beautiful is thy belovèd church !
 Each part combines in an harmonious whole ;
 Chasteness, and elegance, and choicest taste
 Are there exemplified. The stainèd glass
 Casts a dim, solemn, soul-subduing light
 Upon the carven wood and sculptur'd flowers,
 Till the pale lilies blush like living blooms
 Suffused with sunset glories. Now thy church
 Is worthy of thyself, much valued friend !
 Full many years there may thy voice be heard :
 Still may thy genius-freighted thoughts in words
 Of comfort sink into each listener's heart ;
 And when the faithful pastor and his flock
 Have pass'd from earth, oh, may they meet in heaven.

LIFE.

How wonderful a mystery is Life!
 How full of joys, and griefs, of sun and shade—
 An April day made up of smiles and tears!
 In happy childhood, and in thoughtless youth,
 We peer with longing eyes into the future,
 And, prophet-like, would view what lies in store
 Within the womb of veil'd Futurity.
 In manhood's prime, we battle with the waves
 That madly surge and buffet us around,—
 Now overwhelmed with the moaning tide,
 Now borne aloft upon some soaring billow,
 Then suddenly dash'd down to yawning gulfs.
 Old age creeps on with slow and stealthy steps,
 Crowning our heads with undissolving snows,
 And freezing up the marrow in our bones;
 Then, with the eye of Mem'ry, we look back
 Upon the sunny spring-tide of our life,
 So like a pleasant dream of yesternight.
 We sit and dream, till Death steps gently in,
 And with his icy hand unlocks the door,
 And lets the soul out from its prison-cage.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Be kind to every creature! Let thy heart
 O'erflow with love to all thy God hath made.
 There's not a form that breathes the breath of life,
 Whether endow'd with beauty's glorious gift
 Or wanting grace and symmetry of shape,
 But which was fashion'd by thy Maker's hands,
 And therefore worthy of thy tenderest care.
 The bird which thrills the air with melody,
 And the poor worm that crawleth at thy feet,
 Alike enjoy their Maker's providence
 The noble dog, man's faithful, changeless friend,
 Deserves thy lasting love. Let not thy hand
 Be ever raised to cause the slightest harm,

Or thy foot rudely spurn him from thy path :
 Speak kindly to him ; let each look and tone
 Be sweeten'd with affection warm and true,
 And he'll repay thy love a thousand-fold. -
 Kindness is God-like ! he whose bosom glows
 With this grand attribute of Deity
 Enjoys a heaven on earth ; life is to him
 An Eden blest with God's unclouded smile.
 The flowers yield sweeter fragrance ; Nature's face
 Beams with unfading beauty ; and his heart
 Throbs with a rapture words can ne'er express.
 His dog runs up to meet his fond caress,
 And, with a joyous bark, looks in his face,
 Whilst every movement speaks his happiness.
 The purring cat awakes her loudest song,
 And rubs her glossy coat against his legs,
 And follows to the stable, where his horse
 Gives signs of recognition, pleased to see
 His master home, to hear his cheerful voice,
 And feel his gentle hand upon his neck.
 Unkindness is the fruit of a bad heart,
 One of the greatest sins we can commit.
 No good man is unkind to anything.
 The king of hell glories in eruelty :
 Oh, would ye imitate Beelzebub ?
 The Book of books proclaims the sacred law
 Of kindness ; for the power of speech was given,
 Miraculously to Balaam's ass, to chide
 His master's cruelty. Solomon said
 That the good man is kind unto his beast ;
 And the pure Lamb of God proclaim'd that they
 Were blessed who were merciful, and said
 " A sparrow falleth not unto the ground
 Without your Heavenly Father knoweth it."
 Oh, then with kindness let thy bosom glow !
 Show an example unto all the world,
 And teach a glorious lesson to mankind.
 Do ever unto others as thou wouldst
 Another did to thee ; this sacred law
 Engrave upon the tablets of thy heart.
 Be kind in all thine actions, and thy thoughts,
 And thou shalt be rewarded, for the joy
 Of doing good will be a fount of bliss ;
 Thou shalt be doubly blest, both in this life
 And in the everlasting life to come.

TWO PICTURES.

PICTURE I.—DEATH.

HUSH! tread lightly, for it is the chamber of Death! The holy moonlight falls gently upon the calm face of the dead; it falls, too, upon the sorrowful face of the living, for a daughter mourns a mother's loss. In an agony of grief the bereft one gazes upon the motionless countenance of her parent. "Mother, mother, darling mother! do speak to me;" but no response, no sound, save the wailing of the wind and the passionate sobs of the heart-broken one. In still more agonizing tones she cries, "Will you not wake, my mother? it is your little Laura who calls you. You have slept so long, will you not wake and speak to me? Look upon me, smile upon me as you used to do, dearest mother?" But still no look, no smile, except the glance of the moonbeams illuminating the room with a solemn radiance, as if they knew the place was sacred. Through her veil of tears the child intently gazes upon her parent's face; she entwines her little fingers in the silken tresses, and presses her trembling lips upon the clay-cold cheek, and, with a broken voice and deeper sobs, cries out in louder tones, "O mother, mother, wake! you have slept so long, and you are so very cold. O darling mother, do wake up!" She will not awaken at thy bidding, poor Laura; she will only awake at the sound of the trumpet—awake never to sleep again.

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Is the picture too sad, are the colours too sombre? then I will try to paint a brighter one—to portray a joyous home-scene: for life is not all sombre; it has its lights as well as its shades, and the latter but serve to throw its brighter parts into relief.

PICTURE II.—LIFE.

Behold that fine old mansion in the heart of the country; before it stretches far away a picturesque park, dotted with herds of deer; the shadows of the noble trees sleep on the emerald sward, and tremble in the expansive lake, where the silvery water-lilies bloom in unsullied purity; and the golden sunbeams of a summer day sweetly smile upon the scene, and glancing through the blushing roses, fall upon the happy group within that baronial hall—the

husband, the wife, and child—the parents united not alone by the bonds of marriage, but by the indissoluble ties of affection. Happy, supremely happy, are they in each other's society; she is to him next dearest to his Creator; and with what unfathomable love he gazes upon her and the infant nestling in her arms, to whom she is singing a sweet lullaby! Beautiful, very beautiful, is the face of the mother, and it is doubly beautiful illumined with the fadeless light of love. Oh, what is so holy as a mother's love! Eden is not quite lost whilst such love remains.—Books, music, paintings, and flowers adorn the apartment; flowers scattered in sweet profusion everywhere. Over the daisied lawn bounds the first-born, a fine, noble boy, joy beaming from his brilliant eyes, joy suffusing his whole countenance: he darts through the richly stained glass folding-doors, and running up to his parents, exclaims, "I have had such a nice ride on my pretty pony; and now, papa, will you not read to mamma and me some more of that beautiful story you began yesterday?" and he almost smothers the baby with kisses, till she wonderingly opens her eyes and smiles at the intruder, and they all join in a merry laugh, and the sunlight and the flowers all seem to smile, while a bird awakes a joyous carol, and within and without all is happiness.

THE SISTER-ROSES.

A Story for Children.

IN a garden grew a rose-tree, and the rose-tree bore two blossoms: one was very beautiful, and every-one admired it and said, "Oh, what a lovely flower!" so that it grew vain, and looked down upon its sister, which, alas! was quite plain in comparison with itself; and though the gentle rain fell and the sun smiled upon both alike, yet the less attractive envied the other, and murmured, "Why was not I made as beautiful as my sister, so that I too might be admired?" Day after day passed away, and still the lovelier one grew more lovely, gaining more admiration and becoming vainer and vainer; but its sister remained the same in appearance, and still repined at its fate. The-beautiful one did all it could to attract the attention of every one, and was never more pleased than when being admired. Yet the gentle rain fell and the sun smiled upon both alike. But one day, as the proud lovely flower was boasting to its

sister of the praises it received, it was rudely snatched from its stem and borne away to droop and die; and a balmy breeze breathed on the leaves of the rose-tree, and thus it gently whispered to the plain one, "Ah, why did you repine at your lot! If you had been as lovely as your sister, perhaps you too would have shared her fate. Did not the rain fall and the sun smile upon you both alike? Was not Nature as kind to you as to her, although you were not made so lovely?" And the rose hung down its blushing head in shame, and never more murmured at its lot.

Learn a lesson from the sister-roses, dear little reader. If thou art beautiful, be not vain of it: if thou art plain, do not repine: strive to make thyself beautiful by thine actions, for the beauty of mind will outlive and outweigh the beauty of form, and thy Creator, who has made thee as thou art, will smile upon thee all the same whether thou art beautiful or not. *He* looks alone at the heart.

THE GOOSEBERRY BUSH.

A Story for Children.

MAMMA, may I go into the garden?" asked a little blue-eyed girl of her parent, who was making her a pretty summer dress. "Yes, Katie; you may go after you have given me a kiss," was the reply: and Katie twined her little arms around her mother's neck, and imprinted an affectionate kiss upon her smiling lips. "But," continued her parent, "you must not touch any of the fruit, as you will have some after dinner." "No mamma, I will not go near the fruit garden," answered the happy fairy, as she ran into the flower garden. For some time she felt satisfied with gazing on the pretty plots of flowers arrayed in their gay attire, sweetening the gentle air. There were geraniums, roses, pinks, carnations, sweet-williams, lilies, fuchsias, and many, many others. But on coming to the end of the flower-beds she caught a glimpse of the fruit garden, and could see the rosy gooseberries looking so tempting among the green leaves. "I must just have a look at them," she exclaimed. "But," whispered the voice of Conscience, "you promised not to go near them." "Yes," she thought, "but mamma only said I was not to touch them, and I am sure I shall only look at them." So, unheeding the warning voice within, she strolled into the fruit garden. After standing for some time, looking with longing

eyes on one of the trees heavily laden with the luscious-looking gooseberries, she whispered to herself, "How I should like to taste one of them! they look so nice, and there are so many, I am sure it would never be missed." "Don't touch them," said Conscience; "go back into the flower garden, so that they may not tempt you." "But only one," still argued Katie, "nobody will know." "God will know, if no one else does," exclaimed the solemn voice within. "But, oh, there is such a nice large one just within those leaves! I must have it," cried the naughty little girl; and, after timidly looking all around, she reached forth her hand to pluck it; but instead of grasping the gooseberry, she ran a sharp thorn into her finger, so that she was glad to draw back her hand as quickly as possible; and with tears of pain and disappointment in her eyes, she tried with all her might to extract the thorn, but all her efforts were in vain; and, as the pain was increasing every moment, she was obliged to hurry into the house, and sobbingly telling her mother all that had happened, she implored her to pull out the thorn. The thorn was extracted, but it left much pain behind; and as the mother bent down "to kiss the place and make it well," she told Katie always to remember that *disobedience never went unpunished*.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

THE mind of man is superior to every other work of creation, but in comparison with its Creator, the source of truth and centre of perfection, it is as nothing, it is utter ignorance; and the greatest prodigy of human erudition must confess all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Divine truth. Man, whose intellect can explore the wonders of the works of nature, and the organization of the material world—who can unfold the complicated mysteries of astronomy, and penetrate the depths of philosophy—fails, in the attempt to comprehend within the sphere of his mental vision the mysterious workings of Omnipotence. That knowledge is only to be attained in another and more spiritual existence, which the soul of man only becomes capable of when it has left its frail tenement of mortality, and winged its mysterious flight to the footstool of the Eternal.

We know, from our intellectual capacities, the high and noble instincts which animate our nature, and the strength and depth of our reasoning faculties, that we are not made for earth alone; but as our minds can comprehend and

aspire after a higher state of being, so our souls are susceptible of the possession and enjoyment thereof. Neither the things of the ideal nor the natural world can satisfy the desires, or fill the ambition, of the heart of man, because it is formed for the possession of that which here is not to be found in them, even for the vastness of eternity. Hence, the reason why man cannot be satisfied with anything he possesseth upon earth! He may be full of all the pleasures, the enjoyments, and the riches of the world, but there will still remain in his longing soul a desire for something more, and that is the knowledge of God: it is this alone which can fill that aching void, and satisfy the craving soul of man.

As the mind of man has a divine tendency, so every work of creation is of divine significance: all "bespeak the work of an Almighty Hand," and show the nobleness of man, and the exaltation of his nature, by being made subservient unto him.

But man, though the noblest and greatest of the works of creation, is still but one of them; and, like him, all of them have their "times and seasons:" the departing and returning of the sun and moon—the falling of the leaves in Autumn, and their luxuriant reappearance in the Spring—the breaking in of the light of day, dispelling the shadows of nocturnal darkness—are but types and resemblances of the life of man. He appears beneath the firmament for a little time, full of life and activity: after a while he departs: but like the withering flower, and the receding shadow, he is not gone never to return—he will live again, and in that second life will enjoy a more exalted existence, clothed in a more spiritual nature and adorned with the garments of immortality.

So all things of this material world carry with them, as it were, the instruments of their own destruction, and the seeds of their reproduction; and there is a fine analogy drawn by St. Paul between animal and vegetable life when confuting the early sceptics on the doctrine of the resurrection: "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die;" it, the outward body, decays; but the germ, the inward principle of life, remains uncorrupted by the surrounding element. So it is with man; the material parts decay; but the soul sees no corruption; the body "returns to the earth as it was; the spirit unto God who gave it." But the analogy does not hold between the *decay* of plants, and the *death* of living creatures, because one of the things compared is void of what is chief in the other, namely, the power of perception.

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THE DYING CHILD.

It was a glorious summer evening; the sun was setting in brightest splendour—slowly it was sinking behind the distant hills, tinging the picturesque scenery with hues of crimson and of gold. The birds were warbling their farewell lays: the bee and the butterfly forsook the closing flowers, and were soaring away to their homes.

“Mother, dear mother, farewell! I am dying; but do not weep for me.” The words came faintly forth through a casement that was almost hidden from the view by the roses and honeysuckle that were blooming there, loving entwined together. Within that darkened chamber a lonely widow’s only child was lying upon the bed of death:—his eyes were bright, but it was with the glare of approaching dissolution. The bereaved wife, soon to be a childless mother, was sorrowfully bending over her beloved boy: her hair mingled with his,—her tears fell fast upon his pale, pale cheeks, and her arms were fondly clasped around her child, her only child. Oh, bitterly she wept! “And must *thou*, too, leave me, my lovely boy!” she murmured amid her sobs, “Oh, what shall I do without thee! I shall be truly desolate when thou art gone. I shall miss thy welcome voice in the morning, awakening me from my slumber, to roam with thee, and brush the dew-drop from the flowery mead. I shall miss thy merry voice throughout the livelong day; I shall miss thy morning and evening prayer, as on bended knees, and with hands joined in devotion, thy sweet voice lisped the prayers I had taught thee. I shall miss thy blooming cheeks, fondly offered for a mother’s kiss before retiring to slumber on thy little couch. O! my boy! my dear, dear child! would that I could go with thee, and not be left behind to mourn my irreparable loss!” With passionate grief she clasped her treasure to her aching heart, and sadly gazed upon those features so very dear to her, but which were so soon to bear the inerascable impress of Death. The dying child looked anxiously in his mother’s face, and burst into tears: “I grieve to part from thee, dear mother,” he faintly said, “but I am going to meet my father in the celestial world; for do you not remember when he was dying he told us not to mourn for him, but look forward to that blissful time when we should be re-united in that joyful home above?” Feebler and fainter grew his trembling voice. Through the open casement stole the balmy air, fragrant with the perfume of many lovely flowers; the gentle breeze fanned the hot brow of the child, and he softly whispered: “Oh, how refreshing is this cooling breeze. Dear mother,

look at the sunbeams that are tinging those beautiful roses—oh, draw that lovely screen aside, and let me once more behold the glorious sunset.” The weeping mother went to the casement that veiled the sunset, and the crimson rays entered the chamber and enveloped the head of the dying boy in a flood of brightness. Already his features had assumed an unearthly serenity, and he looked like a denizen of the “far-off land.” And as his mother bent over him, her anxious ear caught the faint whisperings of his half-closed lips: “The angels are beckoning me away; they are hovering around my head, and their splendour overpowers my sight. They are come to bear my soul away to the land where death can never enter; they tell me I shall meet my father there! But sweeter far than all, they tell me that I am going to Jesus, to be with my beloved Redeemer while everlasting ages are rolling away. Mother, dear mother, farewell! I cannot see your beloved face, for the light is so dazzling; but I can feel your tears. Oh, dry those tears, my mother dear; your child will soon be an angel. Their arms are outstretched to bear me home, the lovely veil of heaven is drawn aside for my passage,—and oh, what blissful scenes! Give me one kiss, a last fond kiss—for—I—am—dying!”

He ceased, for his spirit had winged its flight to heaven; and as it was freed from the trammels of the flesh, at that blissful moment when heaven gained another soul from earth, the sun set in all his grandeur, crimsoning the clouds that watched his departure. But the dazzling orb of day; would again return; while he, that only, dearly beloved child of the almost broken-hearted mother was for ever gone. And as she gazed upon the corpse of her darling boy, as she thought of the many happy days they had spent together, and that they were now gone, *never* to return, that the future must be passed in loneliness and sorrow;—as the pictures of the past and the present blended; oh, then her tears fell upon the lifeless clay, and mournfully she gazed upon her child, as he slept the sacred sleep of death.

THE SUN.

WORLD-CHEERING smile of Deity, thou type
Of the unsetting Sun of Righteousness;
Life-giving, earth-arousing, changeless king,—
Mute monarch, but in silence eloquent;
The heart of Nature, causing her rich blood
Warmly to flow throughout her swelling veins;
The grand and glory-beaming face of Day;
Bridegroom of Summer; friend of flower-wreath'd Spring,
And fruit-crown'd Autumn; Winter's visitor.

AN ECSTASY.

HE hung about her neck, and sobb'd and sobb'd,
 As if his wildly throbbing heart would break
 With its infinity of bliss ; his eyes
 Fill'd and o'erflow'd with tears, sweet happy tears ;
 And through the watery veil he gazed, and gazed,
 In speechless ecstasy, into her eyes—
 Those language-laden eyes, those heavenly eyes,
 Eloquent with the glory of the soul,
 And beaming with the lustrous light of love.
 They were to him his sun, his moon, and stars ;
 She was to him his world, existence, all.
 Hourly and daily had he pray'd for this,
 In an intense soul agony, full oft
 He'd bent his burning brow within his hands,
 As madly it had throb'd, and throb'd, and throb'd,
 With anguish such as but the few can feel.
 But what was now the Past, the cloud-veil'd Past !
 Oh, it but serv'd to make the blissful Present
 More brilliant with the sun of happiness !
 The night was gone ; the cloudless morn was come ;
 And from the depths of his full heart he cried,
 " I thank Thee my Creator for this bliss."

—:o:—

FRAGMENTS.

KIND thoughts are flowers budding in the heart ;
 Kind actions are those flow'rs in fullest bloom.

IT is to the dark cloud that we are indebted for the Bow of Promise ; and so it is often in the gloomy hour of adversity that God chooses to manifest Himself in a peculiar manner to His children. The gorgeous colours of the glorious rainbow are caused by the reflection of the sun's rays upon the falling rain : and some in hours of deepest sorrow, and amid fast falling tears, have felt a joy too deep for utterance, and with which " a stranger may not intermeddle."

THE pale, silvery snowdrop droops its pearly head, clad in the robe of Innocence, bearing to man its silent lesson of purity and humility.

THE Past, borne silently away upon the restless stream of Time, with its sorrowful look reproaches us for wasted hours. The Future comes with its countenance beaming with smiles, and as joyous as a bright spring morning ; oh, may it not depart without blessing us !

Oh, bright is the clime where the orange flowers bloom,
 And lade the warm air with sweetest perfume ;
 And the rich, fragrant odours are wafted away.
 By the soft, gentle zephyrs, that wooingly stray
 O'er valleys and groves of fruits and flowers,
 By musical streams and Elysian bowers,
 The loveliest the fairest that Earth can boast
 Oh, beauteous as Eden, ere Eden was lost,
 Ere Earth's paradise was veil'd to the view,
 And the banish'd ones wept an eternal adieu.

UPON the garden of Gethsemane
 Fall agonizing drops of priceless blood,
 Rolling from the Redeemer's burning brow.
 At dead of night—fit hour for such a scene,—
 As earnestly He prays, and prays again,
 And yet again, in fainting heaviness,
 With soul unstain'd, but sorrowful as death.
 That from His lips the bitter cup might pass.
 Of which He has to drink and drain the dregs.

DAY hath died in glorious splendour ;
 And the starry-mantled Night
 Cometh from her eastern chamber,
 Robed magnificently bright.
 And her veiled sister, Silence,
 Slowly stealeth by her side,
 In a solemn nun-like beauty,
 Like a sorrow-laden bride.
 The pale lady-moon uprises
 From the calmly sleeping deep,
 And she hastes to bid them welcome,
 And her silent watch to keep.

HARK to the voice of God, that grandly rolls
 In solemn eloquence among the clouds ;
 Behold the glances of His searching eye,
 Firing with glory the expansive gloom ;
 And let thy spirit tremble with deep awe,
 And thy heart fill with fear and reverence.

THE morn ever succeedeth to the night, and the night to
 the morn ; so sunshine and shadow alternately reign within
 the heart, like dream following dream in the labyrinthine
 chambers of slumber.

STARS are the sky's bright flow'rs; they brighter shine
 Upon a winter's night, compassioning
 The dark, dull, dreary earth, that she hath lost
 Her lovely stars, the spirit-cheering flowers.

MEMORY is the spontaneous artist of the mind; at a single
 thought her tablets glow with scenes which Time has long
 since buried in the grave of the Past.

WE pine after the Future; yet when it appears, how often
 do we wish it to depart! We long for the eyes of a prophet,
 to pierce its mysteries; but it is wisely ordained by a kind
 Providence that we should not know what we have to suffer
 and contend with.

EACH moment I expected she would wing
 Her glorious flight, and part the silver clouds,
 She look'd as she were not of mortal mould.

TEARS are rich pearls; the heart their ocean is;
 And thoughts are divers to its secret depths.

PALE, thoughtful stars, how sorrowful ye look!
 As if ye were the many wasted hours
 My immortal soul hath lost, set in the sky
 To gaze reproachfully upon me now.

DARK shadows tremble in the quiet pool,
 Like troubled dreams in a fair sleeping form.

MUSIC's sweet strains steal through my lonely heart,
 Unlock its fountains with their plaintive tones,
 Until my ev'ry thought is drown'd in tears.

LIGHT hath conquered Darkness, and, overflowing with joy
 at her victory, she smiles upon the face of Nature until it
 becomes radiant with beauty. The birds awaken from their
 slumbers, and greet her with a universal song of praise.

RICH music floats in golden strains
 From rose-enamell'd bowers,
 And in delicious melodies
 Streams o'er the jewell'd flowers.
 Sweet rose-buds part their ruby lips,
 And sip the pearly dew;
 While silvery gems in violets shine
 Like tears in eyes of blue.

FRIENDSHIP is a bright sunbeam gilding the clouds of adversity.

GREAT truths are inextinguishable beacons, kindled by the children of genius, to guide us over the billows of time.

How often are we found mourning over wasted moments, when we should be endeavouring to compensate for the moments lost, by actively employing those that remain to us.

Who would wish to mar the happiness of childhood? Who would convert the genial smile which its features wear into an expression of sadness, or impress its bright and unclouded brow with a premature furrow of care? If all the ardent wishes and desires which the soul can feel could be of any avail, no tear should wet its innocent cheek, nor its tender heart beat with an emotion of grief. The world will dart its arrows there soon enough: let it not be bared to receive them, or its sorrows be anticipated.

Its deafening peals the roaring thunder rolls
 Reverberatingly along the sky,
 As though its voice the death of Nature tolls:
 Wild, vivid lightnings flash a grand reply,
 While madden'd waves dash furiously by.
 Foaming with passion at the tempest's fire;
 And blackest clouds in deep sublimity
 Glow with fleet flashes of electric fire,
 Whose forlorn streaks of flame in darker glooms expire.

SWEET dove-like Peace e'er bears its olive-branch
 O'er the wide waters of the sea of life,
 Unto some sinking soul.

HORN is the angel-sister of pure Love:
 A heavenly guest to many a weary heart
 Faint with its heavy weight of bitter woe.

MEMORY is full of joy and sorrow—one moment radiant with smiles, and the next moment clouded with sadness. The scenes she awakens steal o'er our senses like an forgotten melody. She holds in her hands two vessels—one containing sweets and the other bitters; and if we taste of the one, we must taste of the other also. She is constantly unfolding a panorama to our view, upon which are vividly depicted the scenes of our past lives; and as they pass and repass before our eyes, they cause tears to spring from the heart until our sight grows dim, and we can gaze no longer.

ALL is beautiful around : the very fields
 Seem to be clad in richer, brighter hues,
 The birds to warble in more joyous tone,
 The bee to murmur, and the stream to flow,
 With sweeter music, as it were to greet
 The cheerful sunshine of a Sabbath-day.

A BRIGHT thought flash'd into my lonely heart,
 Like a glad sunbeam in a darken'd room.

TRUTH is the imperishable impress of Divinity.

THE mystical twilight deepens,
 And the shadows darker grow,
 Till the stain'd and pictured easement
 Loses its crimson glow ;—
 Till the scenes on the ancient arras
 A sombre veil assume ;—
 Till the stern old warriors' portraits
 Fade away in the gathering gloom.

Words of kindness life impart
 To the drooping, wither'd heart,
 Like the soft and gentle showers
 Nourishing the thirsty flowers.

LOVE is the fruit of heaven, the food of angels, and God
 is the Root from whence it springs.

THE rainbow beautifies the clouds,
 And the clouds refresh the earth ;
 And the fair young Spring, with her gentle voice,
 Calls sweetest flowers to birth.

TIME has given birth to Fatuity. Mantled in its mystic
 shroud, the Future steals through the opening portal of Life,
 and upon its shadowy brow glimmers its awe-inspiring name:
 but as nearer it approaches, it is gradually transformed into
 the active Present, and anon its thoughtful brow brightly
 sparkles with the spirit-thrilling characters. And now, like
 a spectre, it majestically glides away ; but as it turns to take
 a last farewell, lo ! its countenance is again changed, and
 around its mournful brow is wreathed the name of Past.

THE mournful bells of Memory are ringing into the ears
 of Conscience the deeds that Time has buried in the grave
 of the Past ; and those sorrowful sounds strike the heart
 until the waters gush freely from it.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

THROUGH life, Lieinius, you will safer steer,
 By neither sailing always on the main,
 Nor keeping to the dangerous coast too near,
 Dreading the hurricane.

Whoe'er is to the golden mean disposed
 Would shun the poorness of a crumbling cell,
 Nor in a lordly residence, exposed
 To envy, would he dwell.

More frequently before the tempest bends
 The lofty pine; a heavier ruin smites
 The highest tow'rs: the flaming lightning rends
 The cloud-veil'd mountain-heights.

Hope in distress, Fear in prosperity,
 Within a duly-temper'd breast abides.
 The Power that sends us winter's gloom is He
 Who summer's light provides.

Ill will depart, though for a while it makes
 Its stay with us. With accents sweet and low
 The peaceful lyre at times Apollo wakes,
 Nor always bends his bow.

Amid tempestuous troubles, oh be strong
 And brave of heart:—and so, when prosperous gales
 With swollen canvass bear your barque along,
 Wisely contract the sails!

—:—

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GREEK.

Enjoy thy wealth as if this day would finish thy career;
 Yet husband it, as thou wert sure of living many a year.
 The wise man sets a medium prudently
 Betwixt extravagance and penny.

FANCY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THOUGH my dwelling place be narrow,
Yet I have the gift of Fancy,

 Opening all the world to me,
With the wonders it possesses,
On the heights and in the hollows,
 And within the rolling sea.

On the loftiest mountain-summits
She can sit with lordly eagles,

 Gazing on the orb of day :
She can lurk within the caverns,
High above whose roaring waters
 Crystal domes hang in array.

She can wander with the tempest,
Tread where wave on wave is passing
 Wildly on the boundless deep ;

And descend to its abysses,
Where the sharks amid the branches
 Of the coral calmly sleep.

She can thread the crag-wall'd passes,
Linger where the storm-lash'd torrents,
 Fierce with anger, loudly roar :

'Neath the palm-trees, too, can ramble,
Where through ever-verdant foliage
 Sunbeams soften'd lustre pour.

Musing, she directs her foot-steps
Through those far-extending regions
 Where the sun exhausts the wells,

Where the winds scorch like a furnace,
And upon the fiery sand-waste
 Death-like Silence ever dwells.

Joyfully she waves her pinions
Where the rivers by the vine-hills
 Richly-laden vessels bear :

While the corn waves in the valleys,
And the deer leap in the forest,—
 Labour stirring everywhere.

Grandly by Thy Word, Creator,
Is this earth of ours embellish'd,—

 And my own I call the earth :
For the pow'r to me is given
Which enables me unfetter'd
 To enjoy its wondrous worth.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF BERNARD RASCAS.

ALL earthly things must one day pass away,
 But not the love of God, which lives for aye.
 Our bodies to the worms shall offer food :
 The fresh and tender green shall leave the wood ;
 The forest-birds shall cease to sing their lays,
 The gentle nightingale his voice to raise :
 The cattle on the mead, the white-clad sheep,
 Shall feel Death's pointed arrows enter deep :
 The ravenous wolf, fierce boar, and subtle fox,
 The stag, the goat, the chamois of the rocks,
 The savage bear, shall moulder into dust.
 Dolphin and whale, each ocean monster must
 Waste into slime : so every race and realm,
 Monarch and noble, Death shall overwhelm.
 While, Scripture tells, this earth so widely spread,
 Shall, with the star-lit firmament o'erhead,
 Dissolve, and lose its form : all pass away,
 But not the love of God, which lives for aye.

—:0:—

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

O'er shrouded earth I journey far :
 No light is there from moon or star,
 The wind is blowing cold.
 Oft have I trod these weary miles
 When shed the sun his golden smiles,
 And whisp'ring zephyrs stroll'd.

I pass the gloomy garden by :
 The bare trees sadly moan and sigh,
 As down their dead leaves fall.
 Communing with my Love I roam'd
 Here often, when the roses bloom'd,
 And love pervaded all.

The sunshine now has pass'd away,
 The roses fallen to decay.
 My Love a grave has found.
 O'er shrouded earth I journey on,
 While tempest's rage, and light is gone,
 And wrap my mantle round.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

FROM THE GREEK.

Una Pars.

CANST thou point out to me but one career
 Which man may follow free from trouble here ?
 In politics deceit and strife abound,
 And discord in domestic life is found :
 The farmer's care and labour never cease ;
 The merchant, fearing shipwreck, finds no peace :
 The traveller, if rich, must live in dread,—
 If poor, contempt will fall upon his head.
 Anxiety comes with the wedded state,
 Yet celibacy leaves us desolate ;
 So children prove a burden to the mind,
 But childless people leave no trace behind ;
 While thoughtlessness oft mars our youthful years,
 And imbecility in age appears.
 I would, had I been able to decide,
 Never have lived, or in my childhood died.

Altera Pars.

In each career we may, if so inclined,
 Some good to balance ev'ry evil find.
 In politics obtain we fame and pow'r,
 And in domestic life the quiet hour :
 The farmer's toil by harvest is repaid,—
 The merchant's fortune by the ocean made :
 If rich, the trav'ler information gains,—
 If poor, his poverty unscann'd remains.
 In matrimony sympathy we share,
 And celibacy leaves us void of care ;
 So children plant affection in the heart,
 Yet childless people have a lighter part ;
 While health and vigour bless our youthful years,
 And in old age sagacity appears.
 Oh, rather far, had choice been left to me,
 I would have lived, and still would living be !

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

“ WHITHER, thou troubled wave
 Whither so quick away,
 As if in search of prey ? ”

“ I am Life’s turbid wave,
 Impure with river clay ;
 I hasten from the press
 Of this small stream, to lave
 In ocean-boundlessness,
 And free me from the slime
 Brought from the shores of Time.”

—:o:—

THE LARK.

FROM THE SCLAVONIC.

WITHIN a noble garden-ground is weeding hemp a maiden,
 A lark flies near, and thus it sings, “ Why art thou sorrow-
 laden ?”

“ Ah how can I be happy then, thou pretty little lark,
 They’ve torn my lover from my side and shut in dungeon
 dark.

Oh, had I but the means to write, a letter thou shouldst carry
 And bear unto my lover dear, and not a moment tarry !
 But wing thy flight unto him now, and greet him, lark, I
 pray,
 And warble to my love in song that here I pine away.

—:o:—

THE ROSE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF JAMI.

MORE precious than all the sweet flow’rs of the vale
 Is the ever-dear rose to the fond Nightingale :
 You may bring all the herbs with rich fragrances sweet,
 Yet still for the rose will his faithful heart beat ;
 And sadly he’ll grieve for its odorous breath,
 And singing its praise pine away unto death.

—:o:—

JUSTICE.

FROM THE CHINESE.

So arrange the seat of honour
 According unto moral worth,
 And good offices confer
 On the talented of Earth.
 Give thou large emoluments
 Unto him who labours hard,
 And the dignities of rank
 To the virtuous man award.

THE LYRE,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHIABRERA.

Love, when he would hear me sing,
Takes his bow—the cruel thing—
Flies to Amarilla's eyes,
And while there he lurking lies,
With a glance of hers for dart
Shoots, and wounds me in the heart.

Soon as I receive the blow,
With my lyre instead of bow—
While Apollo, my ally,
Doth the sweetest notes supply—
I assault the maiden's heart,
Who provided love the dart.

Not the learn'd doctor's skill,
Not the potent magic pill,
When sweet beauty wounds the heart,
Ever can relief impart :
Solace may alone be found
In the lyre's delicious sound.

—:O:—

LINES.

FROM THE CHINESE.

Written on the Gate of the Temple at Canton.

Truth and falsehood, right and wrong upon earth are blended ;
But remember all in heaven is distinguish'd clearly.

—:O:—

SPRING.

FROM THE BATAVIAN OF DE DECKER.

The boughs are robed with quivering leaves,
And warm winds wander through the air,
And on the green floor of the earth
Bloom myriad flower's of beauty rare.

Sweet music wanders through the woods
From happy birds and loosen'd rill.
The heart of earth with new life throbs,
While cattle low on vale and hill.

Nature is holding jubilee
For its release from winter's chains :
And all around, above, below,
A universal beauty reigns.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

FROM THE SPANISH OF MARTINEZ.

Whither goest, cruel boy,
 With that nest—thou full of joy,
 While the captives in thy prize
 Utter loud and mournful cries?
 But a moment where they left
 By their mother now bereft,
 While she went in search of food
 For her darling infant brood.
 Hear how piteously she cries,—
 See how frantically she flies
 To and fro from tree to tree,
 Here and there pursuing thee,
 Praying Heav'n to grant relief
 To a parent's bitter grief:
 While her little ones in vain
 Strive their free tom to regain.
 Boy, thou hadst a mother too,
 Taken early from thy view,
 Leaving thee on earth to mourn,
 Homeless, destitute, forlorn.
 Teardrops quickly to the eyes
 Of the orphan boy arise,
 And ashamed, confounded he
 Leaves the nest upon the tree.

—:o:—

MY ANGEL-CHILD.

FROM THE POLISH OF KOCHANOWSKI.

My angel-child, thy pretty dress awakens bitter pain:
 Thy decorations, made for joy, now make me weep again.
 Oh, thou wilt wear those treasured gems, ah, never, nevermore!
 All peace, all hope, have fled with thee: all happiness is o'er;
 A sleep, a deep, a breathless sleep, holds thee in its embrace,
 And night, dark night, hath drawn its curtains round thy
 resting-place.
 Dim is thy once bright golden belt: sever'd thy flower-
 wreath'd tresses,
 By many a mourner fondly prized: and thy gay summer
 dresses,
 That thy poor mother wrought for thee must now be laid aside;
 She had array'd thee to be loved, and now thou'rt Death's
 young bride.
 In the grave's bridal-bed thou'rt lain clad in a little shroud,
 While over our now desolate home hangs Sorrow's darkest
 cloud.

A NEW-YEAR'S LAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LANGBEIN.

Out of heaven's starlit halls
Comes there forth a glad New-Year,
And from ev'ry side resound
Prayers and wishes in his ear.

WANT complains: "My drink is water,
Bread as hard as stone is mine;
Like rich epicures, oh give me
Dainty fare and gladd'ning wine!"

AVARICE cries: "I cannot rest,—
After gold I still must strive;
Let my idol in the chest
Ever flourish ever thrive!"

Says AMBITION: "I am struggling
Up the mountain-height of pow'r;
To a station more exalted
Raise me with thy ev'ry hour!"

SELFISHNESS exhorts: "Give all—
Give, give ev'rything to me!
Care not for the thing around,—
Mine let all thy presents be!"

FRIENDSHIP prays: "Be thy best treasures
To my faithful friend supplied!
For myself demand I nothing,
So that nought is him denied."

And we others all beseech:
"Give each dweller on this sphere,
In the palace or the cot,
Happiness throughout the year!"

—:—:—

THE DEPARTED.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

The mighty tow'rs the monarch Time o'erethrows,
He may upraise the same as they appear'd;
But, ah! the ruins of departed joys
Can never more to happiness be rear'd.

The forests which the woodman's axe hath fell'd
May nature-waking Spring to life renew;
But tell me have the dying or the dead,
A germ which Spring can rouse from slumber too?

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

FROM THE SPANISH OF MARTINEZ.

SOLE solace of man's many miseries,

Sweet balsam for the wounded breast !

Come, gentle Sleep ! and close my weary eyes
In sorrow-soothing rest.

Come, shadow-wing'd and silent deity !

Upon my lonely couch alight.

Where one time Happiness reposed with me,
But Grief abides to-night.

And while thy soft embrace enfolds my form,

Lull'd by the rustling of the trees,

And by the murmuring of the distant storm.

My heart shall be at ease.

* * * *

—:O:—

TIME.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

Written in 1657.

On eagle wings time ever speeds away ;

Nor for a single moment will it stay :

But, stream-like, glides along unceasingly

And in its track life's crumbling ruins lie.

Nor rich nor poor can stem its rapid course,

It sweeps all onward with resistless force.

But there is something stronger still we see,

Who o'er it reigns in glorious majesty !

'Time's scythe destroys it not : 'Time's with'ring breath

Can neither bring decay, nor blight, nor death.

'Tis virtuous fame, born of a noble soul,

That lives and glows while endless ages roll.

—:O:—

THE VOW.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KOSTROW.

Of Flora's bright treasures the rose I love best,

So on its fair tablets, with crimson hues drest,

I vow'd that till into the grave I should sink,

Of thy sweet, smiling face I would never more think.

But scarce had I utter'd the vow, ere the breeze

Came like a gay sprite, and danced 'mong the trees :

And borne on the soft viewless wings of the gale,

Fled tablet and promise away through the vale.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HUBERT.

FAR in the frozen ocean of the North,
 Where Sol his light reluctantly gives forth,
 Is a deep valley in a desert isle,
 Which never yet was blest with heaven's smile.
 Dead cypress-trees cumber the arid ground,
 Among whose boughs ill-omen'd birds abound:
 There none but deadly-pois'nous plants arise,
 And dreary winter ever shrouds the skies:
 The fields around, like untrimm'd graveyards grow;
 Torrents of blood in place of rivers flow,
 Choked up with putrid corpses, paved with bones,
 Instead of murmur'ing, uttering hollow groans.
 Down in this valley, since the world was framed,
 Has stood a huge round temple, widely famed:
 East, west, north, south, erected by the Fates,
 Dividing earth, are massive iron gates:
 At each throngs ever in a motley crowd,
 Alike of young and old, of base and proud;
 Age, War, Disease, and Want, a trusty band,
 Untiring warders at these portals stand:
 While hosts of human woes keep guard around,
 In black robes clad; and o'er the walls are bound
 Funereal pulis, that trail upon the ground.
 Torches of pitch, placed here and there on tombs,
 Spread darkness in their suffocating fumes.
 A senseless, sightless monster ever reigns
 Despotie monarch of these drear domains;
 And ev'ry earthly thing that draweth breath
 Must one day bow to him—his name is DEATH.

—:—

MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

FROM THE FRANCIC.

THE flowers beautify the fields,
 And leaves of green array the trees;
 The beasts their wonted courses run,
 And birds pour forth their melodies.
 All creatures e'er obeys the laws
 That the Creator wisely made,
 Save the two latest form'd to whom
 Immortal spirits were convey'd.
 They spurn Jehovah's high command,
 Preferring sin's tyrannic reign:
 From disobedience first began,
 In Eden's bow'r's, all mortal pain.

TO-NIGHT.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

THE clouds on high conceal the sky,
 My love, to-night, and veil the light
 Of moon and star ;
 Yet deep there lies in thy blue eyes
 A hue more bright ; they shed a light
 More radiant far.

No zephyrs soft their fragrance waft,
 Nor bear along the tuneful song
 Of joyous birds.

Than zephyrs are, thy breath is far
 More sweet to me, with melody
 Of loving words.

Cold is the air, the boughs are bare ;
 The silent grove, where'er we rove,
 Is wrapt in gloom.

Thy heart is warm, and fair thy form,
 My love, my light ! and thou art bright
 With vernal bloom.

——:O:——

FAITHFULNESS.

FROM THE POLISH OF GAWINSKI.

I FOUGHT, my native land, for thee,
 For thee I fell, and rest my head
 On, not beneath, thy mould. Ah, see
 How faithful I am unto thee !
 I serv'd thee living, guard thee dead.

——:O:——

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

A ROVING butterfly
 Is flitting to and fro,
 Now rapidly and high,
 Now tardily and low,
 In errant passage over :
 A blooming field of clover.
 A boy, with longing gaze,
 The roving insect views,
 And through its devious ways
 He hastily pursues,
 Till on a bloom reposing,
 The butterfly seems dozing.

Then softly, silently,
 To it the boy draws near;
 His heart beats hurriedly
 With mingled hope and fear;
 His cheeks the rose resemble,
 His feet beneath him tremble.

With eager hand the bloom
 He grasps impetuously,
 And with its sweet perfume
 The heedless butterfly :
 So tightly he enfolds it,
 'Tis dying as he holds it.

Fill'd with a thousand joys,
 He loudly from their play
 Summons the other boys
 Immediately away,
 To share with him the pleasure
 Of gazing on his treasure.

The lovely majesty
 And beauty of his prize
 He wishes all to see :
 'There with expectant eyes
 They stand ; but still he lingers,
 Nor yet unlocks his fingers.

Meanwhile each lustrous hue,
 The purple and the gold,
 The wings that lightly flew,
 And o'er the meadows stroll'd,
 Untiringly he praises
 In many sounding phrases.

At length he can decide
 The captive to display :
 His hand he opens wide—
 Lo ! there to his dismay,
 A little dust is lying—
 A worthless grub is dying !

* * * *

Soon from the butterfly had fled
 The beauty so much coveted.
 When in the boy's hand press'd :
 So what we eagerly desire,
 Alas ! leaves nothing to admire
 Ofttimes, when once possess'd.

THE TREE OF HOPE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF MARTINEZ.

At the foot of a cradle growing
 Is Hope's aspiring tree,
 And it bends when the breeze is blowing,
 Like grass upon the lea.
 Peradventure one moment sees it
 Caress'd by zephyrs soft;
 But more frequently north-winds freeze it,
 And south-winds parch it oft.
 Though it grows up and blossoms fairly,
 Its fruits are few and small;
 For the sweet buds appear too early,
 Untimely die, and fall.
 And when higher its boughs are rising,
 They greater perils meet,
 As the cedar-tree earth despising,
 Encounters storm and heat.
 Now alights on its lordly summit
 The eagle on his way,
 While the insects and worms o'ercome it,
 Sapping its life away.
 As its roots are in earth descending,
 Its branches spreading wide,
 In a sheltering shade extending,
 Death fells it in its pride.

—:O:—

LINES

*Written under a Statue representing Cupid with a Flaming
 Torch reversed.*

FROM THE DUTCH OF JAN KRULL.

To earth's cold breast, his flaming torch, the child of Venus
 turns,
 Which when he most attempts to quench the more intensely
 burns.
 'Tis ever thus with those who strive love's mighty course to
 change,
 The stronger barriers they make the wider is its range;
 And so throughout the world where love in fetters long hath
 been,
 Its greatest influence is found, its mightiest strength is seen.

THE FLOWERET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Through the wide forest
 At leisure I went;
 Nothing to seek for,
 Then had I intent.

In the shade saw I
 A flow'ret arise,
 Beaming like starlets,
 And lovely as eyes.

I went to pluck it,
 It whisper'd to me,
 "Shall I to wither
 Be broken by thee?"

Up then I took it,
 The rootlets and all,
 Bore to the garden
 That flow'ret so small.

There I replanted
 It, in a still place:
 Now again blooms it,
 And groweth apace.

—:o:—

BEAUTY.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE ITALIAN OF LEMENO.

Grew a rose-tree by a brook,
 Grew so close that it could look
 On its charms reflected there—
 Contemplate its beauties rare,
 Leaf and flow'r and tender bud,
 Tracing in the mirror-flood.
 Came an angry breeze along,
 Came impetuous and strong,
 Scatter'd all the roses' bloom,
 Reckless of their sweet perfume.
 By the current borne away,
 Soon the drifting flow'rs decay,
 And beneath the gliding wave
 Sink into an early grave.
 Ah! that Beauty oft should flee,
 Like the roses on that tree.

TO SWEDEN.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

LAND of feelings deep and strong,
 Land of sweet pathetic song,—
 Land where clear streams glide along,
 Where the wild swans sing,—
 Where the beech-woods scent the gale,
 Where fair flow'rets paint the vale,
 Where the whisp'ring zephyrs sail,
 Gently journeying.
 Land of lakes so calm and deep,
 Land where pine-trees crown each steep,
 Land where laughing rivers sweep,
 Sparkingly along,—
 Land of mountains, grand, sublime,
 Spirit-haunted, holy clime,
 Thou shalt live as long as Time.—
 Glorious Sweden land of song !

—:o:—

SPRING.

FROM THE TURKISH OF MESHI.

A POWER of joy in each grove Spring hath spread,
 Where the almond-tree's bright silver blossoms are shed ;
 The hill, and the valleys with flowers are gay,
 And light clouds o'er the blue sea of heav'n sail away ;
 The groves and the gardens rich roses adorn,
 And the clouds scatter gems on their leaves ev'ry morn ;
 The air is so fragrant in Nature's fair halls,
 That the dew to rose-water is chang'd ere it falls.
 Be cheerful, be joyous, the Spring will not last,
 Ah, soon will its beauties and pleasures be past !

—:o:—

MAY.

FROM THE ALEMANNIC OF KIRCHBERG.

MAY, bright May is here again,
 Roaming over hill and plain ;
 Children, wander forth and see
 Her rich treasures and her glee.
 All around her she is flinging
 Myriad flow'rs, and sweetly singing ;
 Through the forest now she rambles,
 Wreathing all the trees and brambles ;
 With sweet lays the songsters greet her,
 And with kisses zephyrs meet her.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DIAZ.

HERE lies the garment cast off by a spirit,—
 A soul of heav'n that grew 'mid many griefs,
 Like to a flow'r 'mong thorns. Ye who pass by
 Inquire not who I was; a cloudlet bright
 That in a moment melted in life's sea;
 A burst of dawn whose sun hath never set;
 On earth a dream, a real life above;
 A new bud dropp'd upon the stream of Time,
 Borne to eternity's unbounded shores,
 A gift of love to my Creator, God.
 Ask not my name; weep not; pass on thy way.

—:0:—

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

WHERE dwells the soul of Love?

It dwells in tree and flow'r:
 The buds, when sweetly parting,
 And into blossoms starting,
 Proclaim its magic pow'r.

Where dwells the soul of Love?

In sunset's glow it dwells,
 And down in shaded valleys;
 With butterflies it sallies
 Forth from their gloomy shells.

Where dwells the soul of Love?

It thrills the maiden's breast;
 Upon her cheek it blushes,
 And in her soft song gushes,
 To cheer the heart oppress'd.

Where dwells the soul of Love?

In fire, and wind, and wave;
 It breathes through all creation,
 Pervades all animation,
 Lives even in the grave.

Where dwells the soul of Love?

Throughout the universe:
 Sun, moon, and stars effuse it;
 And earth, were she to lose it,
 In chaos would disperse.

ADMONITIONS.

FROM THE HINDOOSTANEE OF JUWAN.

CONSIDER thou the present time, O youth,
As a most precious blessing, which alone
The fool despiseth ; and if thou be wise
Give an attentive ear unto my words.
When grey hairs summon man unto the grave
For reformation it will be too late ;
Youth is the season, then, for mental action ;
Now store thy mind with science, and perform
Actions to make thee noble, since from these
A man alone can gain the world's esteem.
Those who blast innocence with the foul breath
Of scandal are all worthless murderers.
Justice, and generosity and virtue—
Practise thou these, for each of them will prove
More durable then monuments of brass.
The man whose heart is free from ev'ry stain,
He has a conscience clear as limped stream.

—:o:—

EVER NEAR ME.

FROM THE MAGYAR OF KISFALUDY.

In the morning's rosy glow,
Thee, dear one, alone I see ;
In the streamlet's gentle flow,
Thee, dear maiden, only thee ;
Thee in grand unclouded day,
Gazing from each golden ray :
Thee in moon-illumin'd night,
Glancing from each orb of light.
Following me where'er I wander,
With thy sweet face beauty-laden ;
Meeting me where'er I linger :—
Oh, forbear, thou cruel maiden.

—:o:—

SPRING.

FROM THE SUABIAN OF NIFEN.

The winter is gone : up, up, let us greet
The young smiling Spring with her flowers so sweet !
Oh, bright is the sun, and the little birds sing,
And flow'rets start up in the footsteps of Spring.
Where the snow clad the earth in a mantle of white,
There dew-sprinkled verdure appears to the sight.
Up, up, let us wander through valleys and bow'rs,
Enjoy the warm sunshine, and gaze on the flow'rs.

MY FRIENDLY HOST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

I KNOW a host extremely kind,
 And lately was his guest :
 A golden apple was his sign,
 That on a bough did rest.
 It was the friendly Appletree,
 This worthy host of mine ;
 And dainty fare he gave to me,
 With drink as good as wine.
 Beneath his verdant shelter came
 Full many a happy guest,
 Who merrily kept holiday,
 And sang with hearty zest.
 On tender grass, for soothing rest,
 I found an ample bed ;
 For covering, mine host himself
 His shade above me spread.
 The morn, I ask'd what was to pay,—
 He only shook his head :
 The sweetest sun-shine, softest rain,
 Be ever o'er him shed !

—:o:—

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

FROM THE WELSH OF AP EWAN.

THOUGH strong and thick the granite wall
 Of this round tow'r so high,
 Where, in a dungeon dark and small,
 A prisoner I lie :
 Though fast retain'd, year after year,
 By massive lock and key ;
 I am not wholly captive here,—
 My spirit still is free.
 It soars beyond these iron bars,
 Mounts to the azure dome,
 And wanders where the radiant stars
 Have their pavilion-home.
 When warblers sing their morning lay,
 It joins in their sweet song ;
 And when they widely wing their way,
 It flies with them along.
 When goats on yonder mountain steep,
 That tow'rs amid the blue,
 From crag to crag so fearless leap,
 My spirit leapeth too.

Of human fellowship bereft
 Though I may ever be,
 Stars, mountains, goats, and birds are left
 To bear me company.

—:o:—

A THUNDER STORM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ST. LAMBERT.

FROM the horizon two small clouds arise ;—
 They slowly meet together in the skies,
 And gradually blacken as they spread ;
 While distant thunder-claps are heard o'er-head,
 That agitate the air, disturb the seas,
 And make the leaves all quiver on the trees.
 The dread peals echo 'mid the mountain-slopes,
 Till nature trembling at the uproar, weeps.
 But now a death-like calm gives short respite,
 And earth, in silence, listens with affright.
 Plains, mountains, woods, the vast expanse of blue,
 'Neath a black veil soon vanish from the view :
 The clouds grow thicker, others too appear,
 And weigh on the hot, breathless atmosphere.
 Now lightning-flashes cleave the darken'd sky,
 And thunder shakes the heavy mass on high :
 Flash after flash, peal after peal succeeds ;
 A more than midnight gloom incessant leads
 Unto a ghastly, fleeting kind of day.
 A fierce wind from the west joins in the fray,
 And rushing o'er the plains, lays low the corn ;
 While clouds of dust, upon its wings upborne,
 Whirl round and round, in wild impetuous flight,
 Robbing the fields of their remaining light,
 The stricken people hear the church-bells sound,
 To God's house gather from the homesteads round,
 And deprecate His wrath in humble prayer,
 Beseeching Him their food, their lives to spare.
 Alas ! the ice-balls fall from fery heav'n,
 Crushing the grain already earthward driv'n
 The clouds by wind and thunder now are torn ;
 The farmer views his wasted fruit and corn,
 And claps his trembling children to his heart.
 The storm subsides : but foaming torrents start
 From cloud-robed mountains, with infuriate roar,
 And sweep the land of what was left before.
 The crops are all destroy'd, or wash'd away,
 And a year's toil undone in one short day.

THOUGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Good deeds in the grave ne'er lie,
 Evil actions cannot die ;
 These by infamy survive,
 Those by fame are kept alive.—[LOGAU.]

Who threatens from without,
 Is thy least enemy ;
 Who in thy bosom dwells.
 Can do more injury.—[TSCHERNING.]

Return not evil when thy foes assail ;
 So over self and them thou wilt prevail.—[*Ibid.*]
 Thy life be such as, when death summons thee,
 Thou wouldst desire thy life had been.—[GELLERT.]

—:0:—

AN INSCRIPTION ON A PILLAR NEAR BUDDAL.

FROM THE SANSKRIT.

He did not o'er the ignorant exult ;
 Among the needy he his riches spent ;
 No adulation would he e'er accept,
 Nor did he ever utter honey'd words.
 So vast his talents and so great his power,
 He had no equal in the universe ;
 He was the wonder of all virtuous men.
 The pleasures of this life he did despise,
 For he look'd up to a supreme abode.

—:0:—

REYNARD'S MISDEEDS.

FROM THE FLEMISH OF GRIMM.

'Twas on a Whitsunday, when merry birds sing,
 And o'er hedgerow and bush wave the green leaves of spring ;
 That at the command of the monarch there came
 All beasts to his court with many a name.
 The great and the small submissively drew
 To show they were subjects both faithful and true ;
 Yea, all but sly Reynard ; he did not appear—
 He durst not approach for he trembled with fear
 At his terrible deeds ; and he ne'er show'd his face
 At the court where he'd got in such woful disgrace.
 The moral to my ditty I'll indite
A guilty conscience ever shuns the light.

ON 'THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

FROM THE SYRIAC OF SYRUS.

O my belovèd son, my well belovèd !
 Thou camest into life upon this earth
 With a frail flow'r's susceptibilities ;
 But Death put forth a fierce and scorching heat,
 Scatt'ring thy leaves, with'ring and killing thee.
 I fear to weep for thee, for I am told
 That heaven's eternal King hath taken thee
 Unto His bright abode. But sorrow moves
 Me unto tears, because thou'rt gone away :
 Yet when I think of the beatic home
 To which they have transplanted thee, I fear
 Lest I the dwelling-place of God should stain
 By weeping, which is all unknown to it ;
 And lest I should be met with a reproof
 For coming to the regions of the blest
 With tears which only unto grief belong.
 Oh, therefore will I make my soul rejoice.
 Approaching with my humble offering,
 The sound of thy sweet notes once caught mine ear,
 Moved me, and caused me much to wonder then.
 Again my mem'ry listens to thy voice,
 And is affected by the gentle tones
 And the clear tender harmonies. But when
 My spirit groans aloud in bitterness,
 Thinking of this, my judgment calls me back,
 And then in deepest ecstacy I list
 Unto the songs of those who live above :
 The voices of the angel-hosts, who shout
 " Hosannah ! " at thy marriage festival.

—:o:—

A RECOMPENSE.

FROM THE ARMENIAN.

He that in another's grief
 Giveth pity and relief,
 In his own adversity
 Shall be blest with sympathy.

—:o:—

THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

FROM THE TAMIL.

CLOSE not thy heart to the sweet voice of love,
 Nor the kind call of friendship e'er reprove.
 'Thou wert not made to live and die alone,
 With none to share thy joy, relieve thy moan,
 Bless thee through life, receive thy parting breath,
 And gently lay thee in the arms of Death.

THE SONG OF THE SUN.

FROM THE ICELANDIC OF SÆMUNDAR.

WHAT thou hast done in passion's madd'ning bonds,
 Think not that thou can'st e'er obliterate
 By further evil; seek by deeds of love
 To pluck the sorrow from the heart thou'st pain'd,
 And thou shalt share the healing happiness.
 Whoever longs for blessings manifold,
 Let him the good Creator supplicate.
 Oh, may he be accursed whose pois'nous tongue
 Hath dared blaspheme his heav'nly Father's name.
 Whate'er may be the wishes of thy heart,
 Ask them of God and He will grant thy wants.

—:O:—

A CREED.

FROM THE FERROE OF THRAND.

ALL good angels come from God,
 And I never go alone,
 For my footsteps ever follow
 Five from th' Eternal One.
 Pray I for myself a prayer,
 My request to Christ they bear;
 And if I seven psalms do sing,
 For my soul they see their King.

—:O:—

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE MOLDAVIAN.

As we stood beside the fountain,
 Titian gently said to me,
 Not a hand the earth containeth
 Fitted for portraying thee:
 But I vow, if thou should'st wish it,
 By the brilliant god of day,
 By attempting but thy shadow
 I will make thee live for aye.

—:O:—

THE BRIDAL.

FROM THE ROUMAN OF ALEXANDRI.

Go tell my friends that I a lovely queen
 Have wedded—and 'tis Death, the world's betrothed—
 That at the moment of our union
 A bright star fell. The sun and moon did hold
 Above our heads the solemn bridal-crown.
 We had the pines and plane-trees of the forest
 For witnesses, the mountains for our priests,
 The birds for choir, thousands of singing birds,
 For torches all the glowing stars of heaven.

GOD ETERNAL.

FROM THE KAREN OF THAH-BYU.

God is eternal and unchangeable :
 He was in the beginning of the world,
 And He existed in primeval time.
 The life of God will never have an end.
 In ev'ry meritorious attribute
 He is all-perfect, and He will not die
 Through all the ages of eternity.

—:O:—

MALVINA'S SONG,

FROM THE GAELIC OF OSSIAN.

DELIGHTFUL is thy song in Ossian's ear,
 Daughter of streamy Lutha. 'Thou hast heard
 The music of the bards whose days are o'er,
 While thou in dreams didst rest, when gentle sleep
 Fell on thine eyes at Moruth's murmuring ;
 When from the chase thy footsteps did return
 In sunlight-circled eve, then thou hast heard
 The strains of bards ; and lovely is thy song ;
 'Tis lovely, O Malvina ! and it melts
 The soul. There is a joy in grief when peace
 Dwells in the sadden'd breast ; but sorrow wastes
 The mournful, and their days on earth are few,
 Daughter of Toscar, and they fall away
 Like flow'rs on which the sun looks in his strength
 After the mildew has pass'd over them,
 And heavy are their heads with drops of night.

—:O:—

KNOWLEDGE.

FROM THE ARABIC.

YE who reason would expand,
 Culture it, till thought's rich land ;
 For 'tis like the secret fire
 That the dark flint doth conceal,
 Which will only spring to light
 When 'tis stricken with the steel.

—:O:—

FAREWELL !

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

FAREWELL ! farewell, my love !

To-day, alas ! we sever.

One kiss, one kiss bestow,—

The last, perhaps, for ever !

One blossom, but one blossom,

Pluck from thy fav'rite tree ;

For fruit, for fruit I wait not,—

I leave it all to thee !

THE KNIGHT OF MALAGA.

FROM THE CATALONIAN.

In the town of Malaga

Dwelt a gallant knight of yore,

And he loved a noble lady,

Thinking of her evermore.

But her father would not give her

Unto him she loved so well ;

And he built a lofty tower

Where a pris'ner she did dwell.

It was built upon a mountain

That o'erlook'd the boundless sea ;

And whilst days and nights departed,

There she pined unceasingly.

Through her lattice look'd the maiden,

And she saw her lover come,

Battling with the surging billows,

To her solitary home !

* * * *

Clasp'd together, Knight and Maiden,

Down they sprang into the tide—

Loving one another lived they,

Loving one another died.

—:o:—

FAREWELL.

FROM THE BENGALÉE.

Oh, say not yet farewell—the word recall !

Alas, my wish is vain, and now I feel

This hour possesses all that fate can find

To fill two loving hearts with bitter pain.

Farewell!—Love was first taught by Hope

To sound the word at parting, with a smile ;

But soon Despair a mournful echo breathed,

And bade it evermore be drown'd in sighs.

Love growing silent, the fond heart in vain

Would tell its latest and its dearest wish,

Until the happier power the eyes had learnt,

To speak farewell with tongueless tears ; and still

When tears are mutely shed and flow uncheck'd,

When nought breaks Sorrow's spell, ah then we see

How the torn heart acutely feels the word.

—:o:—

A PROVERB.

FROM THE MAHRATTEE.

This is the rule of wisdom, ne'er delay ;

Whate'er thou hast to do, do it to-day.

BALDER THE GOOD.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN.

His battle-ery was peace, good-will to all ;
 Love was his two-edged sword, and innocence
 Sat dove-like on his silver helmet's crest ;
 His words, his deeds, his life were mark'd with grace :
 His death-sigh breath'd " Forgive." 'Neath distant palms
 Pilgrims from many lands search for his tomb ;
 Peace-shod his tidings go from shore to shore,
 Subduing hardest hearts, bringing all men
 Into the loving bonds of brotherhood.

—:O:—

PROVERBS, &c.

FROM THE BASQUE.

Oh, sweet is sympathy to hearts that grieve,
 And pitying teardrops many a pain relieve.

FROM THE ROMANIC.

KINDNESS and wisdom, modesty and grace,
 More beauteous are than beauties of the face.

FROM THE CELTIC.

Who cannot rule himself, unfit is he
 A ruler over other men to be.

FROM THE COPTIC.

HONOUR yourself if you would honour'd be ;
 Live both for time and for eternity.

FROM THE BRETON.

Would that we were more wise, not half so vain ;
 And never would let passion hold its reign.

FROM THE ETHIOPIC.

GIVE unto ev'ry man his utmost due :
 In all thine actions, aye be just and true.

FROM THE GEORGIAN.

THE face of woman lightens up the eyes,
 But oft her looks and words cause bitter sighs.

FROM THE BULGARIAN.

WORK for the future, labour for tomorrow ;
 Action will rob thee of all pain and sorrow.

FROM THE SINGHALESE.

GET a contented mind, a conscience clear,
 And ev'rything in beauty will appear.

FROM THE MALAGASSE.

BE not downcast whatever may befall ;
 There is an all-wise Maker ruling all.

THE LOVER TO THE MAIDEN.

FROM THE LAPPISH.

I SEEK a calm amid the stormy fray,
 A monitor to quell pride's evil sway,
 An ever-faithful friend till life is o'er,
 And in ill-fortune a good counsellor ;
 In joy a curb, a comforter in grief,
 In need a consolation and relief.

—:O:—

GENEROSITY.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SADI.

WHEN of great Alexander people ask'd,
 "How did'st thou conquer all the east and west,
 When kings whose wealth and armies thine surpass'd
 Were yet with such grand viet'ries never blest?"
 Thus he replied, " By aid of the high God ;
 Whenever I a country had subdued,
 I did not rule it with an iron rod,
 Nor of its kings said aught but what was good."

—:O:—

PRAISE THE LORD.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON OF KING ALFRED.

Written about 885.

Now must we praise the Guardian of Heav'n,
 And unto Him be praises ever giv'n !
 Glorious Creator ! who can tell His might,
 And His mind's thought ! th' eternal Lord of light,
 Father of men, of ev'ry wonder, He.
 The grand beginning from eternity
 He form'd, all glory to His lofty Name !
 First as a roof the heavens He did frame
 For children of the earth ; then mid-earth He,
 Holy Creator, Guardian of all we see,
 Then afterwards the earth He made for men,
 The Lord Almighty, praise His Name again !

—:O:—

A DIRGE.

FROM THE ALBANIAN.

AH, woe, O Derven Aga ! thou hast left
 Thy valiant ones like dead men on the field.
 Thy sword now sheath'd and hung upon the wall
 Cries " Where's my lord ? why am I not drawn forth ?"
 Thy noble steed neighs in his stall, and saith,
 " What has befall'n my master ? Let him come
 And saddle me, and mount and ride away."

MIRA.

FROM THE SERVIAN.

YOUNG Mira on her mother's bosom lay,
 And there the weeping maiden pined away.
 "What ails thee, Mira?" the fond mother cried,
 "Oh, ask me not dear mother," she replied;
 "I feel that death is near me. When I'm dead
 And laid within the tomb's cold, clammy bed,
 Then, mother mine, give all my friends so dear
 The little gifts that I have gather'd here.
 Oh, bring around me pious pilgrims now
 And holy priests, and bathe my burning brow
 In the sweet roses' water: let it be
 Dried with the rose-leaves from my favourite tree.
 And, mother mine, oh let me have my grave
 Close to my Mirjo's, that one tree may wave
 Above us both—that when he wakes he'll see
 The one he loved, and loved so faithfully.

—:O:—

A PROVERB.

FROM THE HEBREW OF SYRA.

THOUGH many be thy counsellors, and wise,
 Yet not thy own soul's counsel e'er despise.

—:O:—

PROVERBS.

FROM THE GUZERUTTEE.

STORE thy mind with useful facts,
 Spend thy life in kindly acts,
 Seek out those that are in need,
 Heal the hearts that mutely bleed.

—:O:—

FAULTS.

FROM THE TELUGU.

EACH has some faults we readily believe;
 But yet, blind fools, we never will perceive
 Our own short-comings. Let us first uproot
 Our own ill weeds, or be for ever mute.

—:O:—

THE DAY'S DUTIES.

FROM THE BURMESE.

THINK of all thy daily duties
 At the rising of the sun;
 And when the bright god is setting,
 Ask thyself what thou hast done.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, ON "HOURS OF SUN AND SHADE."

"SINCE the publication of the poems of Emma Tatham, whose early death put an end to the hopes her singularly beautiful writings had awakened respecting her future career,—we have not met with a volume possessing so large a share of the true poetic fire, as the one before us. Although the author has scarcely reached the age of manhood, there is a vigour and freshness about his thoughts, and a classical chasteness about his language, which argue a maturity of judgment, and a mind disciplined to a point seldom attained by veterans in the same school."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"Happiest among the late singers of the season is Mr. de Montgomery. His melodies are bright and warm, and full of elegant harmony."—*The Athenæum*.

"The young poet has a large poetic imagination, and some power. Some of the stanzas are really much better than those achieved by Byron at the same age."—*Home Thoughts*.

"This volume displays poetic feeling, wealth of imagery, and graceful versification; but, best of all, it evinces a mind under the influence of Divine Truth. We assign to this young writer a place among not the least promising of our youthful poets.—The lyrics especially not only display much facile beauty of expression, but also convey excellent moral teaching. In a religious sense, this is almost a faultless book: and with this, we are sorry to say, our modern poets seldom supply us.—The translations are done with great ability: and, so far as we are acquainted with the originals, with great fidelity. Our readers will be pleased with the following on 'Fancy'..... This must be taken as a specimen, *unum pro multis*, of the masterly character of Mr. de Montgomery's translations."—*The Patriot*.

"Many of the poems contained in this volume are extremely beautiful, and display much poetic taste: they are calculated to elevate and refine the feelings, and lead the thoughts to the contemplation of holy and heavenly themes. The prose portions of this volume are equally as interesting and elevating as the poetry. We are glad to hear that the author is preparing another volume for publication."—*British Mother's Journal*.

"We have great pleasure in speaking on this argosy of a youthful writer. The volume, a mingling of prose and verse, exhibits nice taste, a facility of expression, and a cultivated ear—excellent attributes in a writer of poems;—but it does more; it imbues the reader with the conviction that the poetry is a part of the author's nature, and by no means confined to the rhythmical productions in it. The essay on 'The Beautiful' is from beginning to end a poem in prose. Unlike the majority of the poetical writers of the day, Mr. de Montgomery evinces respect for the laws of verse, and carefully eschews the loose and untrammelled style in which even our poets *par excellence* are wont to indulge. His versification is smooth as his expressions are felicitous. Amongst the smaller poems many graceful passages occur,

and where he passes from passive beauty and idealities to deal with human feelings, we find him only too learned for one so young in the power of vividly depicting them."—*New Monthly Belle Assemblée*.

"Calculated to interest, instruct, and edify."—*Protestant Magazine*.

"Mr. de Montgomery's pieces are in many instances highly creditable to him. He has considerable felicity and sprightliness of style. His translations show variety of learning, and fitness for rendering with force and faithfulness from one language into another."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

"There is unquestionably talent in this volume. Here are flowers, the earnest we would hope of ripened fruit. We are of opinion that the author may gain a worthy name in literature. We extract the pleasing 'Gospel Song.'"—*Church of England Magazine*.

"This is in many ways a remarkable volume. That Mr. de Montgomery can write poetry, and good poetry, is certain. His translations are exceedingly successful and well done."—*Churchman's Companion*.

"Ideas truly poetical. The music which runs through every sentence is alluring and pleasing to a degree, while an ever-present tone of healthful solidity catches the attention, and deserves admiration."—*Lady's Newspaper*.

"These 'musings in prose and verse' are imaginative and poetical: the author is not only an educated but also a thoughtful man; and he writes with feeling and elegance. There is a pious fervour in the opening poem, 'The Eternal,' which will be appreciated and admired."—*News of the World*.

"We must say that Mr. de Montgomery shows great promise. He has imagination, fluency, facility in versification, earnestness, and a profound religious spirit, which must win for him favour and respect. He has a keen perception of the beauties of nature, and his muse soars heavenward."—*Weekly Times*.

"The translations from foreign authors are admirably rendered."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"Mr. de Montgomery is a man of considerable acquirements. He has great facility of versification, and his poem, 'The Eternal,' is a somewhat remarkable proof of this."—*The Era*.

"Many of the poems have much beauty. There is a pervading tone of religious feeling in this volume. 'The Song of the Stream of Life' is a poem of great beauty."—*Christian Lady's Magazine*.

"Mr. de Montgomery has some poetic fire in him, evinces a delicate appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, and can convey his thoughts and impressions in musical language, and correct and pleasing numbers."—*Morning Post*.

"Descriptions of material beauty in rhythmical verse, with more than average fluency of expression."—*The Guardian*.

"Some of the translations give evidence of great skill and taste."—*Morning Star*.

"A volume of considerable merit."—*British Messenger*.

"These poems have met with the countenance and support of numerous noblemen and dignitaries of the Established Church; they

have won the commendations of distinguished critics and eminent poets, and the Author bids fair to become eminent himself among the sons of song. We have read the first poem in this volume, called 'The Eternal,' with much interest and satisfaction, and several of the smaller pieces with pleasure. The prose articles display considerable ability, and command of language."—*Primitive Methodist Magazine*.

"A very pleasing collection of poems by a young and promising poet, many of whose effusions abound with high sentiment, and are clothed in the sweetest language of poetry. We can scarcely find one amongst them that would not reflect credit upon much older and more experienced versifiers."—*Reynold's Newspaper*.

"Many beauties of composition and sentiment are to be found in this volume. Some of the shorter pieces are especially deserving of commendation."—*London Journal*.

"Both prose and poetry exhibit a high standard of excellence, and, what is seldom to be seen in similar productions, the complete command of the author over his subject. There is here no prose run mad, nor sentimental rubbish set in jingling rhyme, but the outpourings of a highly-cultivated and happily-tuned mind, wandering amongst the beautiful and the sublime. We pay Mr. de Montgomery the highest compliment in our power, when we say that his book is worthy of its substantial list of subscribers, and of the patronage of the Duke of Cambridge and the Poet Laureate, whose names we are glad to observe amongst his supporters."—*Sherborne Journal*.

"There is more poetry in Mr. de Montgomery's book than in any book we have seen new from in press for the last six months. Many of the poems, especially 'The Eternal,' breathe a fervour truly refreshing. The lines appear for the most part to be unforced, and finished with artistic precision. Some of the similes have a boldness and beauty which we sincerely admire, and prove the author unmistakeably a poet. There is a warmth of feeling in most of what he has penned, and a richness of colouring eminent for its diversity. Many of the poems will well reward the reader, for they are pervaded with a pious sentiment, and beam with a true luxuriousness of fancy. We heartily commend the work to our readers."—*Nottingham Review*.

"Mr. de Montgomery evidently possesses the poetic faculty in the highest degree. Gems of thought cluster in every page, and expressed in a style at once natural and appropriate. The versification is smooth and flowing. We have been highly gratified by its perusal, and have much pleasure in recommending it to our readers."—*Oxford Chronicle*.

"Mr. de Montgomery is a poet of no ordinary merit. The poem entitled 'The Eternal' contains some very fine passages, and the prose compositions contain more poetry than many books published in the present day bearing the title of 'poems.'"—*Maldstone Journal*.

"This is a very interesting and praiseworthy volume, containing a miscellaneous selection of reflective compositions in prose and verse, all of which display great talent, and are pervaded by a truly refined and christian feeling. The author is a young gentleman who has made

himself known in the literary world by the delivery of an excellent lecture 'On the Beautiful,' in several of our provincial towns, and who bids fair to take a prominent place among the poets and essayists of this kingdom. All his compositions are above the average of similar productions, and will amply repay an attentive perusal."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"His productions show a lively fancy, and are imbued with good feeling, while the versification is sweet and flowing. The volume will not be out of place on the boudoir table of any of our lady readers."—*Hereford Times*.

"This work is full of bright thoughts and happy imagery. 'The Eternal' affords abundant evidence of the writer's capabilities; his ideas rise with his subject, and are clothed in language at once mellifluous, rich and varied. There are several poetic pieces in the book deserving of favourable notice for their vivid descriptions of the beautiful things with which the Great Creator has blessed and beautified our earth. Of this character is the poem 'Sunset, Twilight, Night.' We hope at some future time to make further extracts from this very cheap and interesting volume, which does the greatest credit to the writer's head and heart."—*Western Flying Post*.

"There is a chastity of construction, and a moral elevation about these pieces, altogether pleasing; and the softened flow of language, not unmingled with a tinge of pathos, falls soothingly on the imagination. Our author revels with delight in the beauties of creation, and becomes inspired in the presence of flowers and the glories of the Seasons. There is much, very much, to admire throughout the work."—*Tunbridge Wells Gazette*.

"There are indications in this book of the true poetic instinct, and every where a fine and genuine tone of feeling. There are many fine thoughts, and a spirit of contemplation pitched to a lofty key. Warm and generous sympathies and deep piety, among the noblest qualities of the poet, distinguish this volume, and give good promise for the future."—*Dover Chronicle*.

"The production of a young gentleman of considerable promise as a poet. We hope to meet with many of his maturer efforts. A spirit of kindness displays itself throughout the volume. His prose contains some beautiful ideas, beautifully expressed. There is the ring of soundness in such utterances, and the young man who can thus write, gives promise of usefulness in his vocation as an author."—*Westonsuper-Mare Gazette*.

"We have been much pleased by the perusal of Mr. de Montgomery's 'Hours of Sun and Shade,' and we cordially recommend the book to our readers. It is a graceful volume, full of poetical feeling, whose sentiment is genuine, and versification smooth and agreeable. His book is well worth reading, and will amply repay any one who is disposed to read it. As the production of so young a man, 'The Eternal' is really written marvellously well. 'Thoughts on the Beautiful' is a very creditable performance. There are many sweet, short pieces, very creditably executed. We heartily congratulate Mr. de Montgomery

on the production of his 'Hours of Sun and Shade,' and trust, ere long, to meet him again in the literary field."—*Monmouthshire Merlin*.

"These productions evince in a creditable degree cultivated taste, combined with a pleasing facility of expression."—*Bristol Mercury*.

"Much excellent imagery tastefully expressed. We cannot but admire the devotional feeling which pervades the whole work. 'The Eternal' contains much sublimity of thought and purity of sentiment."—*Brighton Gazette*.

"The writer has underrated the merits of his effusions, several of his miscellaneous poems being distinguished by earnestness, purity of thought, and high and ennobling sentiments, expressed in sweet and harmonious verse."—*Plymouth Journal*.

"This is a volume of prose and poetry, written by a young gentleman whose genius is considerably above mediocre. He possesses the vein of harmony, and throughout his productions this is manifest, for his very prose is poetical. There is a beautiful flow of feeling and expression running through his writings, which at once captivates the mind, exerts a healthful influence on the judgment, and tends to ennoble our desires and aspirations. 'The Eternal' is a poem of great merit; the master-piece of the work is 'Sunset, Twilight, Night,' a poem in blank verse. Some of the sentiments are of surpassing beauty, and we should be much disappointed if it does not take its place in the catalogue of the brightest gems of English muse. 'Weep not, 'The Old Hall,' and 'Flowers, fair Flowers,' abound in thrilling pathos. Of the prose pieces, 'The Beautiful,' and 'The Sabbath in the Country,' are rich in language, and chaste in expression. The Author is young, being only twenty-three years of age, some of the pieces were written when he was only sixteen, and 'The Eternal,' at the age of eighteen. We strongly recommend the work to our readers."—*Yarmouth Free Press*.

"The verses on 'The Old Hall,' manifest depth of feeling; it is picturesque, tender, and touching. The imagery in 'The Eternal,' is sublime; and his painting of flowers accurate and happy; indeed, there is striking evidence of poetic power."—*Stockport Advertiser*.

"This volume contains a variety of original poems and translations rarely to be met with. Indeed we never remember to have read a volume which contains such true poetic feeling. Every page abounds with ennobling thoughts and truly poetic images. 'The Eternal,' which was written in the author's eighteenth year, is full of pathos, and exhibits a genius rarely found at a much more advanced age. The miscellaneous pieces are most of them first-class. We commend the volume to the notice of all who appreciate *good* poetry."—*Man of Ross Newspaper*.

"The writer has a strong, struggling natural power. We expect from the same mind many excellent tokens of true poetry. There are some very worthy passages in 'The Eternal.' 'The Old Hall' is the best thing in the volume, and 'The Sunset' a very admirable companion to it. Both are full of promise, rich, pure. The tone of everything in this work is sound, and the sentiment serious and simple.

It were a pity such a spirit as his went for ever without the reward of true genius, and we hope his will not go without the crown."—Dorset County Chronicle.

"The author possesses sentiment, deep religious feeling, and considerable poetic taste."—Liverpool Chronicle.

"The religious strain and the love for the beautiful in nature which pervades these pieces, will gain for them many admirers."—Coventry Herald.

"The author's happiness is to hear 'tongues in trees,' read 'sermons in stones,' and find 'good in everything.'"—Gateshead Observer.

"The translations from the dead languages are really well executed."—Liverpool Courier.

"The author is evidently a man of taste and talent. Some of his poems are very beautiful, and his reflections in prose not without force and originality."—Leeds Times.

"This volume contains some very pretty poems and sketches, and also some good translations from various languages. They have been written in sickness and suffering, and their tone is gentle, pious, and resigned. We cordially recommend the volume to our readers."—Scotsman.

"Mr. de Montgomery writes equally well upon every subject."—Atlas.

On the Lecture on "The Beautiful."

"On Wednesday evening, the first and 'opening' public lecture for the Winter Session, in connection with the Tunbridge Wells Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Association, was delivered at the Corn Exchange,—being the 'maiden' effort of the members in the engagement of public lecturers. 'First attempts are fruitless,' it is said; but the first attempt of this persevering Institution, was an open contradiction to the statement—being most successful, both as regards the extent of the audience, and the quality of the lecture. The Committee had engaged Vernon de Montgomery, Esq., to deliver a lecture on 'The Beautiful,' and more than two hundred members and friends to the Institution assembled to partake of the anticipated treat. We had calculated, from the nature of the subject, on an entertainment of the most *recherche* kind; but were hardly prepared for the gush of gorgeous language which characterised it—rich in sunny overflows of imagery—tinted with the prismatic reflections of the Good—fringed with flowing and graceful pencillings of the Beautiful—crowded with clusters of bright, sweet-smelling flowers—dancing rivulets, brooks, and water-breaks—twinkling stars and the myriad apertures whence the exuberance of gladdened Nature flows in smiling utterances—laughing amidst the muck and the moil of life, and leading, by their eloquent teachings, the heart and the imagination to dwell upon the existence of a brighter and a better land, and on the goodness and

power of an all-pervading Supreme. Mr. de Montgomery encircled his hearers with a tastefully wrought fantastic wreath of his own culling—shut them in from the harsh, practical, work-day world of the present age, and slowly commenced piling up, with the consummate skill of an artist, an elaborate pyramid of poetry—gracefully blent, and harmoniously and beautifully arranged—whose mellow fragrance at first stole over the senses sweetly and softly as expiring music—whose teeming incense increased with the enlargement of the glowing pile, till at length the imagination ached in raptures at its richness. The area of Earth and the arc of the sky, were superficially mown of their brightest blossoms, for the compilation of the chaste bouquet. The earth was not delved for its hidden veins of gold and silver, and precious stones: the sea was not dived for its caverned pearls of peerless price: the sky was not probed for its ideal wealth; the heart of man was not remorselessly guaged for its secret and magic lore: but the fair face of Nature was bared to the wondering imagination—a face fraught with sunny ringlets, and laughing eyes, luscious lips, and dainty dawning dimples, gladdening smiles, and merry melodious laughter; and the twinkling orbs of Heaven were plucked and lavishly scattered over the whole, to give the gazer a glimpse of fairy-land. Such was the nature of the entertainment—and it was appreciated. The Lecturer was applauded throughout: and after a vote of thanks to him, the assembly dispersed, evidently much gratified.”—*Tanbridge Well’s Gazette*.

“**ABINGDON MECHANICS’ INSTITUTE.**—The winter course of Lectures was commenced on Friday, the 12th inst., when Vernon de Montgomery, Esq., delivered a Lecture on ‘The Beautiful.’ The subject of the Lecture was well sustained, and admirably calculated to raise the mind to the contemplation of the beauties with which the Divine Being has invested Himself, and the works and wonders of Creation. The sentiments were beautifully enunciated, and the language equally refined and beautiful; and to the members of the Institute, and others present, it proved a pleasurable treat not often shared.”—*Reading Mercury*.

“We must confess that the talented lecturer treated his subject in a most pleasing and successful manner. His language was truly pure, and most eloquent and beautiful. The audience were apparently much delighted, and returned a vote of thanks to Mr. de Montgomery for the intellectual treat he had afforded them.”—*Bucks and Oxon Advertiser*.

“**HIGHWORTH LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.**—The opening Lecture for the season was given on September the 25th, by Vernon de Montgomery, Esq. His very talented Lecture on ‘The Beautiful’ was listened to with great attention, and with evident admiration, by a very numerous audience. His ideas are chaste and holy, and he clothed them in language sublime and poetically beautiful. We feel satisfied that the members of Institutes who love the Beautiful will be highly gratified if they engage him to lecture to them.”—*Wiltshire Independent*.

On the Lecture on "Knowledge ; its Pleasures, Advantages, and Responsibilities.

"HARWICH INSTITUTE.—On Wednesday evening Vernon de Montgomery, Esq., kindly gave his Lecture on 'Knowledge ; its Pleasures, Advantages, and Responsibilities,' for the benefit of the Institute. The President, R. J. Bagshaw, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair. The Lecture was of a most instructive and interesting character, taking a glance at the various branches of study in the pursuit of knowledge ; philosophy, history, astronomy, art, theology, the study of languages, &c., &c. The Lecturer then dwelt upon man, the most difficult of all subjects ; nature, and all the glorious fields for the study of knowledge therein contained : railways and steam, as exemplifying the power of knowledge. The latter part of the Lecture was devoted to the subject of reading and the selection of books in the pursuit of knowledge, with some excellent and useful practical advice to all upon the subject. He also made some admirable remarks upon education. The Lecture was embellished with several choice poetical selections, and was listened to with the greatest attention. The President, at the close, said he felt that the Lecture they had had the pleasure of listening to was the most appropriate, useful, and interesting that they had heard since the formation of the Institute, and one which reflected the greatest credit on the talented Lecturer. He felt extremely obliged to the highly talented Lecturer for his kindness, and he was only sorry that any member of the Institute should have been absent on that occasion. A cordial vote of thanks was passed to the Lecturer."—Essex Standard.

"DEAL MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.—On Tuesday evening the opening Lecture was given by Vernon de Montgomery, Esq., on 'Knowledge ; its Pleasures, Advantages, and Responsibilities.' The Lecture throughout evinced great talent, and the language was most eloquent and beautiful, well calculated to instruct as well as to entertain such an audience as had the pleasure of hearing him."—Kent Herald.

"ASHBOURN LITERARY INSTITUTE.—The opening Lecture of the present session was delivered by Vernon de Montgomery, Esq., on 'Knowledge ; its Pleasures, Advantages, and Responsibilities.' The Lecture was most ably delivered, and was listened to by a numerous audience with evident interest. Many practical remarks on the formation of knowledge were made by the able Lecturer."—Derby Reporter.

"BELPER MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The opening Lecture was delivered by Vernon de Montgomery, Esq., upon 'Knowledge ; its Pleasures, Advantages, and Responsibilities.' The Lecture was extremely interesting, and was listened to with the deepest attention."—Derby Mercury.

"NEWBURY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday evening a very interesting Lecture was delivered gratuitously by Vernon de Montgomery, Esq., to the members of this Institution. The subject was 'Knowledge ; its Pleasures, Advantages, and Responsibilities.' The art of printing and the power of the press were forcibly dwelt upon by the talented gentlemen, who also very ably recited several appropriate pieces of poetry of his own composition. The admirable Lecture gave universal satisfaction."—Reading Mercury.

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